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Prayer for the Scared

by Janie Reynolds

You're a little scary sometimes, you know, that? We are all in shock that is happening to us. All we have done is scream at movies about the end of the world, while chomping on popcorn and sipping at Coke. We laughed at Nostradamus' dates, as they came and went with no catastrophe. We were told about the burning bush in the bible, but, for us, that was just a story. We didn't know that stories and films and books could come true.

But, from where I stand, it looks as though we are all going down. Today, I was blown by the gales, into a ditch, hitting my head and crying. When I looked up for someone to blame there was no one there.

I was scared when I saw the frozen iguanas falling out of Florida's trees, in their coldest summer yet. I am scared that I'm not being told the truth. And I'm scared that I am being told the truth. And I just feel like like no one, these days. Like a tiny, tiny, inconsequential thing. Which in fact, I am.

These days I get scared when I throw away my plastic. I wonder if I've put it in the right bin. And when I get on a plane, I am scared. Not that the plane will burst into flames but that the world will.

And it scares me to see the third world still striving to be the first, pouring out its smoke, in an attempt to create a bright future that it is, in fact, stealing. I watch the hot world trying to keep cool and the cold world trying to keep warm, bellowing out their noxious fumes as they do. I see the figures and the graphs, the arial film of a perishing planet. I see the icebergs collapsing and the snow retreating. The children marching, and the hordes rebelling, and as the water builds up at my own feet, I sink down into the ruptured rivers and flooded fields from whence I came.

So, I kneel before you, Lord, and ask for your forgiveness. Though I cycle and recycle, I too have two feet that leave prints in the sand.

I pray for my world that's disappearing and that the people and animals do not suffer too much. I don't know if there's a heaven but if there is I hope I go. Because down here I am trapped between the devil and the deep blue sea, not knowing whether I will burn on earth or in Hell.