

# Office Prayer

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Lord, deliver me from the drone of rush hour,  
the surface lot packed with hybrids and SUVs,  
my face's tentative reflection in the rearview mirror  
before I trudge inside to gain the whole world  
yet forfeit my soul. Lord, deliver me from failing  
to meet or exceed expectations and/or falling short  
of productivity goals and key metrics. Deliver me  
on time to staff meetings and sensitivity training  
so I can sit anxiously in a conference room. Let me be  
a fluorescent light shining on dull coworkers  
whose data is stored in the cloud and who pray  
to a micromanager above the clouds, creator of vague  
mission statements and shortsighted company policies.  
Lord, hear my humble prayer and please deliver me  
lunch delivery in thirty minutes or less or its free.  
Deliver me a supply room filled with pens and Post-its  
so upper management can complain about employees  
filching them. Lord, I'm guilty of giving too much  
too often to a career that could easily keel over  
like a poorly installed cubicle wall. With whom  
will I hustle through years of faithful employment  
and make it to the other side of retirement? Lord,  
give me enough patience to meet my coworkers  
partway. Show me how to be boastful enough  
during performance reviews, how to navigate  
the new software forced onto us by the IT department.  
I believe in my father's work ethic, the holy spirit  
of the broken-down copier, the dignity of dirty  
laundry, and the indignity of workplace gossip. Lord,  
please hear my prayer. Lord. Do you hear this prayer?