Office Prayer
Adrian S. Potter

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?