

BRUCE ALFORD

from ALFORD'S DEVOTIONAL

This is an accident waiting to happen.

At the end of a sanctimonious bridge,
tractor-trailers pass astonishingly near

and when the coast is clear, we dash down the highway.
We are so afraid and don't want to be in anybody's
way.

And people, in passing, consider our backs. Then their
faces turn backward. We run from them, and we are
scared to hold our heads up, to think of what they
think of us—nothing at all.

Because they have their love songs on inside their
cars. But I mustn't blame their songs too much: love
makes life worth living. Even today

the sun looks down, far from a motherly place.
She shines on us from a distance.

Where is your car?

She asks more for the benefit of her audience than
for herself. We had a breakdown. Help us, we pray.

She has no pity but asks for perseverance, the only
thing that can prove our worthiness.

We look for the end of the road as though looking
for the world's demise.

We thought it would stop before we died. Because
it keeps on getting compressed. Life persists. And we
suspect the world will continue after us, just like this train

and this traffic passing, the worldly world remains, the way the trash in this deep canal becomes so great that we can't bear to look down without looking differently. We say nothing, become nothing and gather ground.

Nothing but action now. The old woman points, and hell opens wide. She has the power to scorch us with fire. Hour after hour, she hits us with the greatest force. Who knows which way to go? We question, if we can and wonder why at every step.

Behave as though many paths are possible. Go on at intervals for days, without asking are we there yet?

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