The Good Shepherd

Craig Watts

If I were the neighborhood bishop
There'd be lots of things I couldn't really help with
No rolling up sleeves to fix Brother Nielsen's car
No driving some new tractor to plow snow
From the widows' driveways
No spring garden to plow

No, if I were bishop
I'd be huddled indoors with the weak, the old, the diseased
Where I belong
Trying to get through the days
Wrapped in quilts
In shuttered rooms
Hardly hoping to see the sun
Anymore

If I were bishop
It would all be about breaking down inside
Entropy of the collective heart
Watching the walls come down on us
Like we knew they would
Almost considering the end deliverance
If I were bishop
The ward would be an ox in the mire
Soft pleading eyes that have given up the struggle
The desperation behind us but still with us
The legs tired out, useless

This bishop would let everyone know
It's not all airy and light
It's not all muscle and hard work
Life beats us up slowly
With the inevitability of gravity

If I were the bishop
of the neighborhood

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