

## 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