



## The Noise of Politics

We watch as the jets fly in  
with the power people and  
the money people,  
the suits, the budgets, the billions.

We wonder about monetary policy  
because we are among the haves,  
and about generosity  
because we care about the have-nots.

By slower modes we notice  
Lazarus and the poor arriving from Africa,  
and the beggars from Central Europe, and  
the throng of environmentalists  
with their vision of butterflies and oil  
of flowers and tanks  
of growing things and  
killing fields.

We wonder about peace and war,  
about ecology and development,  
about hope and entitlement.

We listen beyond jeering protesters and  
soaring jets and  
faintly we hear the mumbling of the crucified one,  
something about  
feeding the hungry  
and giving drink to the thirsty,  
about clothing the naked,  
and noticing the prisoners,  
more about the least and about holiness among them.

We are moved by the mumbles of the gospel,  
even while we are tenured in our privilege.

We are half ready to join the choir of hope,  
half afraid things might change,  
and in a third half of our faith,

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turning to you,  
and your outpouring love  
that works justice and  
that binds us each and all to one another.

So we pray amid jeering protesters  
and soaring jets.

Come by here and make new,  
even at some risk to our entitlements.

From ***Prayers for a Privileged People***

By Walter Brueggemann, 2008