

The New School Prayer

Published
December, 2000

Now I sit me down in school
Where praying is against the rule
For this great nation under God
Finds mention of him very odd.
If Scripture now the class recites,
It violates the Bill of Rights.
And any time my head I bow
Becomes a Federal matter now.
Our hair can be purple, orange, or green,
That's no offense; it's a freedom scene.
The law is specific, the law is precise.
Prayers spoken aloud is a serious vice.
For praying in a public hall
Might offend someone with no faith at all.
In silence alone we must meditate,
God's name is prohibited by the state.
We're allowed to cuss and dress as freaks,
And pierce our noses, tongues, and cheeks.
They've outlawed guns, but FIRST the Bible.
To quote the Good Book makes me liable.
We can elect a pregnant Senior Queen,
And the "unwed daddy," our Senior King.
It's "inappropriate" to teach right from wrong,
We're taught that such 'judgments' do not
belong.
We can get our [gadgets for] birth control,
Study witchcraft, vampires, and totem poles.
But the Ten Commandments are not allowed,
No word of God must reach this crowd.
It's scary here I must confess,
When chaos reigns the school's a mess.
So, Lord, this silent plea I make:
Should I be shot; My soul please take!
Amen.

(The above was adapted from a poem by a teen in Bagdad, Arizona. - via
Words of Life).