

THE GRADE

God does not grade
on the curve,
I'm sure of it.

But we sit around
Like high school students
In an important class,
Whose teacher has drawn
On the blackboard
The tiny wedges
For the A's and the E's
And the great bulge
For the C's

We sigh in veiled relief
As the person down the row
Messes up,
Because it makes us
Look better
And probably means an E
For him, which is good,
Because while we have
Nothing against him personally
It means an A is more
Available to us.

And we secretly sorrow
When the person in front of us
Does really well,
Although we like her okay,
Because there goes another good grade,
Darn it, and we're looking
Worse and worse
And slipping further down the curve.

And God, I think,
Sits at the front of the class,
Holding A's enough for all,
Watching us
Work out our salvation
In fear and competition.

-Author unknown-