

# “The Plea”

by Josef Rodriguez

I'm just a lump of clay  
Scooped out of the riverbank  
And molded to the shape of a natural man.  
I'm just a lump of clay  
A handful of water and a fistful of sand  
And a warm exhalation from  
God.  
Fifty per cent  
God  
And fifty percent just plain old river mud,  
That's me ....  
Sometimes I wonder if maybe  
God  
Isn't beginning to wonder  
If it wasn't all just a waste of breathe on  
His part ....  
Mud being Mud  
And  
God being God ....  
I'm just a lump of clay ....  
A seething bundle of great aspirations  
And expectations  
A juxtaposition of countries and nations  
And their innovations ...  
A shifting kaleidoscope  
Of religions and races ....  
Changing chameleon-like their color of skin  
With each shift of terrain;  
And with gentle irreverence,  
With innocent and colossal conceit,  
Changing the color of their ....  
God ....  
For  
Man must Worship a  
God  
In his own image it seems ....

I'm just a lump of clay  
And I've been fooled and tricked  
And taken again and again ....  
Through all the long dying ....  
Through all the long howling and crying of war ...  
I'm just a lump of clay ...  
And I'm cornered at last in a time  
Where the sky threatens to fall on me  
For all of eternity ...  
Cornered .... Holding in my hands and heart  
One last desperate simple plea ....  
For peace.  
I'm just a lump of clay  
And I'm alone and afraid .... Do I have to be?  
Listen to me .... I don't have to be!!  
Not while I can reach out to you  
And cry ....  
"Neighbor, neighbor, you and I  
Were born together beneath the same sky:  
Chinaman, African, Russian  
We'll hold up the sky and it won't fall  
Yes, I'm just a lump of clay,  
But put me together in a mass  
And there is weight there enough  
To level a forest, drain a sea  
Change the course of a universe  
Or of a war ....  
And so  
Kings, Dictators, and rulers of nations  
Don't tell me my world's going to end !!!!  
Why, I haven't seen enough rainbows  
Reached for enough stars  
Or kissed enough pretty young girls  
Under the smoked silver sliver of the moon;  
So don't you scream at me  
About killing and dying  
When I haven't even begun to live yet!!!  
Listen, Tender, Sparkers who ignite  
The fire of war ....  
I, the lump of clay ...

Am a stubborn, strong and sinewy thing and I won't step out  
Of your way  
Not while I have hands to plead  
And a voice to cry ...  
For peace!  
Peace ...  
That is my plea ...  
I ask it humbly ...  
After all,  
I'm just a lump of clay ...  
Scooped out of the river bank  
And molded to the shape  
Of a natural man ...  
I'm just a lump of clay ...  
A handful of water and a fistful of sand  
And a warm exhalation from  
God ...  
Fifty per cent  
God  
And fifty per cent  
Just plain old river mud, that's me ...  
Sometimes I wonder if maybe  
God  
Isn't beginning to wonder  
If it wasn't all just a waste of breath on His part  
Mud being Mud  
God being God.  
I'm just a lump of clay ...  
And I'm cornered  
And alone and afraid,  
But if you've listened to me  
If you'll answer my plea ...  
Do I have to be?