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Loops

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ABSTRACT:

Imagine God, Jesus, the Holy Spirit, Mother Mary and a few of the saints in modern corporate attire placed in a modern corporate setting. The protagonist is waiting for the outcome of today's discussion by the Holy Ones.

LOOPS

by Jessika Satori

Every morning I am alive

God convenes a meeting in The Boardroom.

Jesus and the Holy Spirit file in,
pressed in shining corporate attire,

portfolios placed on the perfectly
polished executive oak table.

Mother Mary sometimes joins them,
with a good word,
wrapped in her all-encompassing mantle.

She loves the swivel chairs.

Around the corner, just outside,

St. John the Baptist and St. Ignatius of
Loyola

share an uncomfortably plush sofa,

in anticipation of a quick summons by
The Big Three.

At times I stand in the waiting room with
them,

but we don't talk. Ignatius gazes
heavenward

inspired by the sun's beams through the
skylights while



The Baptist looks incredulously at the gurgling water cooler.

Other times they just stare at me like older brothers,

puzzled why I got myself into the trouble I did and what they have to bail me out.

My head in humble bow, my eyes moan in a restless confession,
counting the loops in the carpet

1, 2, 3. . .

Every *single* morning I am alive on the earth.

God, Jesus and the Holy Spirit

meet in the floor-to-ceiling glassed Boardroom

to discuss my spiritual progress.

What is she doing well?

Why is she derailing opportunities like a runaway train?

and maybe the most important,

who will be the one to tell her what needs to change?

Sometimes they bring me into the meeting. The smell of coffee brewing
is the big hint (I am the only one who craves caffeine).

They warn me however, that I may not stay if:

“You name a scapegoat,” God cautions,

“You run on sass and spite,” Jesus speaks in his kind yet firm tone,

“Especially if you are unwilling to take direction,” the Holy Spirit breathes.

But today, today the train has really jumped the tracks
an odious wreck in the depths of a cruel canyon.

Today, all six of them that I care about the most are in there, corralled.
Booming voices punctuated by delicate pleas of compassion.
Chewing on my sour lip, in my glassy eyes I view,
the number of loops in a row is 32.

