

My Dad Tells Me To Pray

My dad tells me to pray
for strength but I won't;
I'm already strong.
Should my strength falter?
I will grit my teeth,
strain my muscles
and hope to bring out
some hidden strength.

He says I should pray
for wisdom but I won't;
I know enough.
Should my knowledge
not be enough
I will wrack my brain
and hope my charm and wit
are enough to get me by.

He says I should pray
for patience but I won't;
I think I have far too much patience.
But if it should ever
run out of hope
my self-control will be enough.
My mom never tells me to pray;
it's always "tu Papá dice."

One day, I hope she will.
Just so I can hear *her* talk.