Lazlo Talks to God About Lazlo's Role

Pat Brown
College of DuPage

Follow this and additional works at: https://dc.cod.edu/plr

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol9/iss1/47

This Selection is brought to you for free and open access by the College Publications at DigitalCommons@COD. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Prairie Light Review by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@COD. For more information, please contact orenick@cod.edu.
I’ve spoken before about the perplexity in the world: the rules & manifestations that seem somewhat less than well-conceived or thoughtfully deployed: platypus, for example, or abstract art & modern poetry (snips of this & that, jumbles of non sequiturs) or brassiere fasteners, God knows! - well, I’m sure You do, you have Your reasons for these, but

what’s Your reason for me, Laszlo? I know someone has to sell shoes, and I sell them with diligence, if not joy - but what’s my purpose? Am I a benchmark, a baseline for the Brents & Brandis encountering me to measure how far they’ve come? Or am I an experimental factor - just like the control group, minus one feature of consequence (say, looks ... or charm ... or charisma) - in your Cosmic Lab? Perhaps I’m Your Divine Canary, sensitive to some faint psychic toxin, whose demise will warn You things have gone too far.
At least these roles all serve some end; I beg that

I not be burdensome or useless in Your Scheme. I need to know I am not repugnant, not of a kind with halitosis or farts; not vexatious in the manner of child-proof bottlecaps or impotence or clattering tappets; certainly not onerous & wearisome like income taxes or pantyhose. I crave Your reassurance; please

give me a sign! A modest burning bush would do, though I know that’s not your style in the world today. Maybe an animal - nothing fancy ... a cat, say, or a sparrow- could speak to me in English - say “Attaway, Laszlo, keep it up!” or “Don’t let the bastards wear you down, Laz!”; then I’d know. Or if there could be the sunset of sunsets - all crimson blaze & bottomless violet & shrieking yellow - and above it (in gothic, perhaps) a large, tasteful “L”, I’d have a clue. If these are too obtrusive, how about the comely blonde across the hall suggesting that we mingle tête-à-tête? Just a thought.
Your Will be done - I’ll watch & wait in faith...