

Motion

Road Rage

ALL things have a purpose, Lord –
All creatures, great and small.
Your judgment's something I applaud –
If You'll forgive my gall.

But sometimes, though I try my best,
I simply cannot find
A purpose that can be expressed,
Or what You had in mind.

And sometimes – please forgive me, Lord –
It's clear You haven't done
A job that's worth a gold award
On Your production run.

I have in mind the foul-mouthed slob –
The noisome cretin who,
When driving with his fellow-yob,
Takes pick-axe handle, too.

Then if some harmless motorist —
Who may not be at fault –
Upsets this oaf, he shakes his fist,
Then moves in for assault.

Road rage is the term we use.
It means, *one-sided fight*.
You know, of course, I don't accuse
You, Lord, of oversight. . .

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And yet, I wonder what explains
These morons and their bats.
It's surely, Lord, a lack of brains
Beneath their baseball hats.

And while it clearly wasn't You
Who failed to put them there,
Please, Lord, think what You can do
To see they get their share.
