

## A Prayer for the Mediocre

There are two ways of being in my world. The first: The marvel of the perfect life, an existence of Greatness, the poet; masterful - a mind of sheer brilliance. A presence upon the great stages of Broadway. A man of eloquence, a creature of magnificence.

And then there is the stronger possibility: Mediocrity. This is the eventuality of me as a lost soul, an intellectual automaton, nothing more. This is my existence as a nothing spot, insignificant. An Angel of Mediocrity doomed to a feverish hell of slight boons followed directly, infinitely, by monotony. Faltering before greatness. Seeing my dreams pass as memory, fit to die without ever living; pathetic concepts taken to the tomb.

And so I utter this prayer, to bring forth the first and abolish the second.

Wondrous Goddess of Inspiration, hear my plea.

This is my prayer  
for the unimportant, lost to history.  
This is my prayer,  
for the living dead,  
the multitudes,  
the beings of "ambition."

We Pray.

We will not be as it is to live like them.  
Allow us to transcend imperfection.  
Let us surmount the average.  
Allow us to be voices for humanity.  
And let us be joyous in death knowing that we are sublime.

For we love you, Goddess Eternal, though we understand you not.  
For we cherish your guidance, though its light is oft faint.  
For we long for your inspiration, though it comes as patience to a child.

For you are the Plenty, the Right, and the Only.  
Amen.