

An Atheist Stays at an Airbnb with a Prayer Room

by Al Kratz

He wants to drink whiskey in the prayer room. Kick the throw pillows around until they show more to life than where they are placed. Make damn sure they know about pain before he agrees to trust them.

He wants to have sex in the prayer room. Pull his clothes off like he is wringing a sponge for his last few drops of water. Dive straight to the bottom to find out what the top is all about.

But, he doesn't know about the place. A prayer room is confusing. Let's at least say it isn't what he expected it to be. Let's say these differences require a subjunctive mood for resolution.

And so, maybe in there he remembers his parents, or he feels, in a strange, but peaceful way, that their Jesus doesn't care about him. Maybe that's okay. There are too many people in the world. Not everyone would even fit in the prayer room. Maybe he doesn't mind being alone. Maybe he listens to water rolling over the meditation rock, and he's not thirsty at all. Maybe he finds

confirmation for the things he can believe in. Maybe everything is how they are meant to be, calm in the prayer room.