

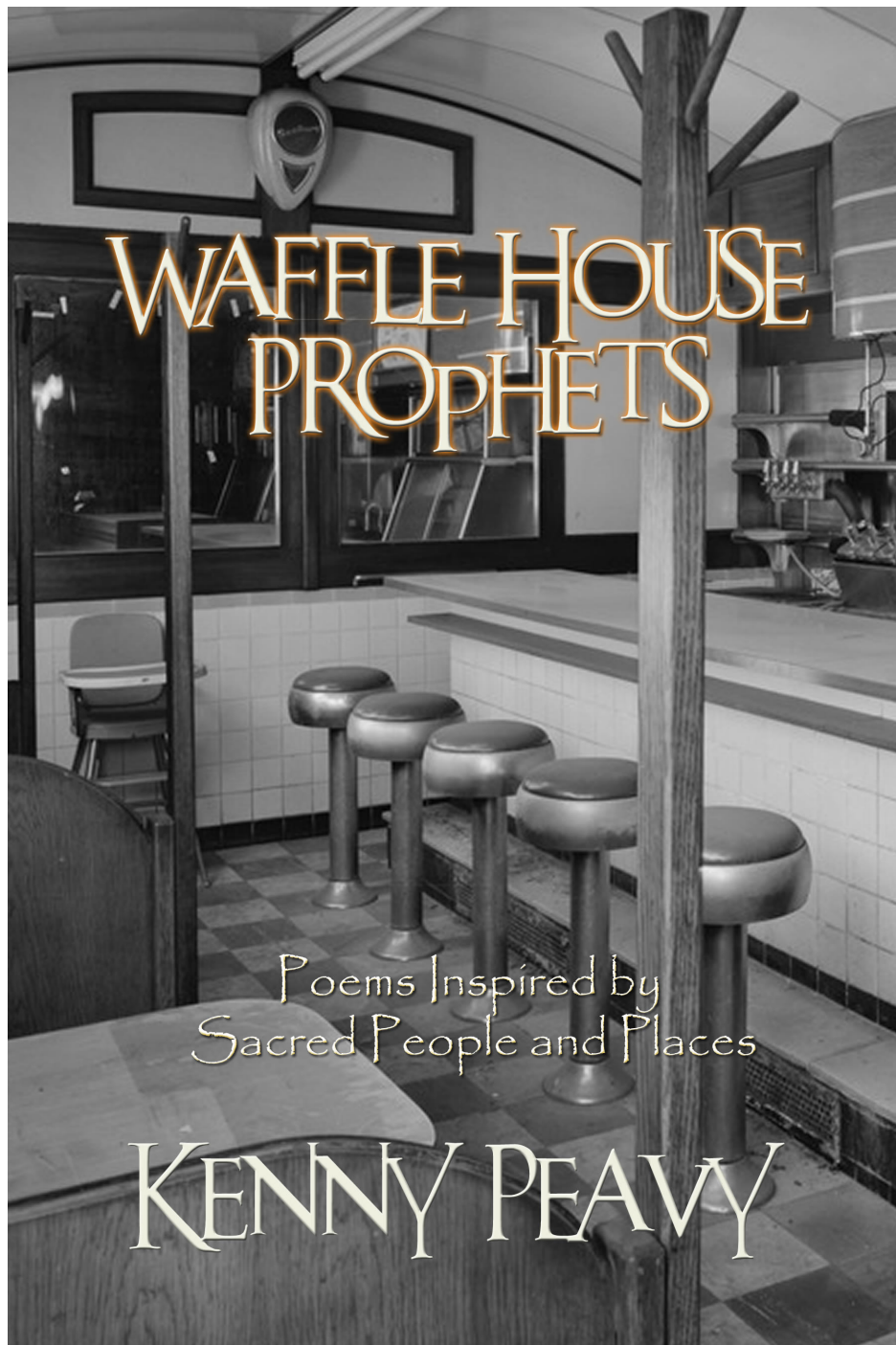
Excerpts from *Waffle House Prophets*
FREE SAMPLE PAGES

Book 3 of the Ersatz Trilogy
Kenny Peavy

<http://www.amazon.com/Waffle-Prophets-Inspired-Sacred-People-ebook/dp/B00UI3Y0N2>

<http://ersatztrilogy.com/>

<http://theearthmatters.asia/>



There is a sacred place found only in the Southeastern United States, at least one per interstate highway exit in many places. It is a sanctuary welcoming all walks of life and flavors of humanity.

A soul in need of black coffee or a place to sit and contemplate this life while passing time can order up sustenance and small talk 24-hours a day.

A side order of crispy bacon, cheese eggs and buttery grits mark the well-worn path to Waffle House Heaven. Find that path and you are already on your way.

A body seeking refuge from the cold, drizzling rain can count on the greasy spirit fuel when navigating the desolate roads of hard labor and sacrifice each of us must traverse sooner or later.

We all end up in this place at some point in life because everyone feels scattered, smothered and covered from time to time.

When we bear witness to the magic and mystery in the mundane and recognize the spiritual acts that inhabit our daily routines we realize that this life is a special gift we have been given.

Here we remember that everything is sacred if we choose to see.

These are the lessons we must learn and relearn constantly throughout our lives as we stumble from here to there seeking and searching. The Waffle House Prophets are here for you when you find yourself ready.

When you are hungry you must go looking for sustenance. Seek and ye shall find.

Luckily, the doors to this sanctuary are always open, even on Christmas and New Years.

Buddha would've liked grits

I think Buddha
Would've liked grits.
And how could he not?

The grains of the Earth
smashed,
boiled,
battered and salted
filling the bellies
of truckers
moving goods across
America.

Simple Existence

So much in
this world falls
upon deafened eyes
and blind hearts.

We invent complicated reasons
and esoteric sciences
of explanation.

While we could
simply exist within
this beauty.

Plight of the Philosopher

When I am sitting
on my couch
drinking coffee
contemplating Ficino
ill-understood Aquinas
and St. Augustine
trying to connect with my soul
I still have cravings
for pop-tarts
and root beer.

This life follows

Breathlessness
awaits
time.

A Poem
walks
downtown.

This life follows.

Mamma Calling

Running Running
wildly
Across the yard
Bust my butt,
never lose stride
collide with the front
porch.

Lime kool-aid
and butter cookies
with a hole in
the middle.
Wear it on my
finger, take small
bites until a
cookie ring is left.

Go back
throw rocks across
the kudzu field
hitting the
telephone pole
in the middle,
laughing wildly.

Back inside later
spilling Spaghetti-O's
from a yellow plastic
bowl 6 feet from
Ultra-Man and the
Flintstones.

It never hurt my eyes like
mama said.

Window unit AC
cools the room where
me and black dog,
Blackey, sleep on a
blanket pallet.

I will wake up later.