

A Promise Kept

I wanted to speak to my God,
To ask Her
Directly
Myself

To hear Her answer
Unfiltered thru a mesh of bouffant hair,
Crowing, a mouth of irrelevancies
Waving a book,
Written by men
Ages ago
To explain ...
What, god only knows.

No, I wanted to speak with my God
Hear Her words
Not those of a crow
Defiling nature.

I went and sat,
knelt,
butt perched on pew edge,
face hidden in hands,
Lest She see my shame
Or sense an insincerity.

I hid,
Tho a solitary presence
In an incensed-filled cavern.
My guilt echoing,
Calling my name,
Calling me out
Hurling barbs
Insults

HOW DARE YOU

I raised my eyes
There She was
Arms outstretched
Not a word said

I stood,
Turned,
Left.
Not an answer,
But a promise kept.