



God

sometimes you've got to give your all
hold nothing back rethink everything
coincidence / synchronicity / dream conspire
yesterdays explanations become inadequate
and you find yourself in an either this time
or never again circumstance
you alone choose how you respond / the part you play

you understand it one way or another
although never without narrative
our culture prizes competition / hierarchy / privilege
masculinity / power / force
our ideas of God like those of nature
reflect and reproduce the story we tell about ourselves

shards of sacred pottery hieroglyphs and fragments
we've long sensed a personal presence greater than a separate self
a larger meaning experience gathers round
a possible benevolence immanent in events / influencing outcomes
taming the infinite / making death bearable
keeping the peaceable kingdom thinkable
who knows when we started down the path leading to crusades and inquisition
chaplains standing armed forces mullahs jihad
poverty / wealth — until, oh man! now the garden on the block
no surprise some don't believe; others choose not to think about it

yet can any of us say we've never found ourselves outside time and language
brought there by the eyes / hand / thoughts / words of another
or an ancestral temple / synagogue / church / mosque / concert moment
in the quiet 'round a campfire / 'neath the stars / a mountain reach
touched by grace / wonder / mystery that brings us to a Presence
to whom we might turn when all else fails
when our systems are broken / and the path we're on is headed for tragic
who sets hearts in motion
who moves the tides
help