

Godpresent

Close as a heartbeat , remote as a deserted isle,
Looking like a rose; smelling like a skunk,
Teaching a Sunday school class or reading a smutty novel,
Donating to a street person; lying on your income tax.

Sometimes fowl—sometimes feathers.
Tanning under the summer sun or racing from a hailstorm.
Laughing children on a teeter-totter; silence in the ICU.
Clearly visible in a sweet smile; hidden in a teardrop.

Riding in a limo or hanging atop a boxcar.
Breathing peacefully or hooked up to life support.
Sipping an orange juice; getting stinking drunk.
Walking upstairs and plunging down.

Ankle-deep in a play pool; trapped in a flash flood.
The smell of a redwood forest; rolling up the windows at the city dump.
A friend's embrace; an enemy's evil eye.
In bed with your mate as well as a trip to a bordello.

Sleeping in a king-sized bed; dozing under a freeway underpass.
Walking a toddler to school and browsing sex toys,
Riding a merry-go-round; stealing a T-Bird.
Nursing a drink on a luxury cruise or mingling on Skid Row.

Sharing an afternoon tea and wallowing in a pig pen.
In a mother's gentle hug, or horse-whipped by a father.
Taking pride in an "A;" ashamed of an "F."
Watching a cartoon or a fiend feeding body parts into a woodchipper.

More pervasive than air,
God is no squatter. God doesn't just "drop by."
God is everywhere—all the time.
Enough? Enough!