

In God's Time

A platitude meant to calm
But what can it mean?

God's time is geologic,
Susan says. Frustrated wishes and demands tell her this.
She is right.

So to know this particular God,
We must become as patient as mountains,
Sand or the very evolving beasts
We already are. To know

This odd God. We must shrug off
Hurry and fearful fantasies,
Learn to love the Unknown.
To feel this God's presence

Learn to wait, wishing
For no more than the waiting,
Sweet for itself, for the
Exquisite taste of timelessness.

Learn to see God as
The gourd that holds
Gaseous new stars, baby birds, Wind and water.
Watch how God's time cradles felons
Walking four square feet
And refugees scaling fences Into the Unknown Present.

This specific God's time is geologic, despite Time's
Cruel evidence etched
In the aging bodies
We inhabit reluctantly.
Silly how our egos demand
We resolve the problems
We create in our tiny time,

While all around us
Evidence of eternity
Spins and sparkles
If only we see and come
To know we, too, are
Geologic and timeless.

— *Rebecca del Rio*

