out everything, protecting him in his blessed slumber. He liked that curtain. Hadn’t he seen something about a curtain in a verse of poetry once? “— And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain —” What was that? Poe? The Raven? Funny time to think of poetry.

He didn’t hear the shell come in, but it awakened his buddy.

God’s Will

Alan Markun

Infamous entity of the earth
Indifference of matter and existence both
Mankind in penance would cry unto the skies
Babbling prayers of supplication to non-existent gods
To that insensible Power that rules the universe
Revealed through the mute, unbiased hand of fate
Omnipotent force underneath all life
Atoms, construction stones of the universe
Filtering and transmuting in lofty accord
Deep hidden in their constituency of electricity
The semblance of Supreme motive or Deity
Moving the momentous tide of nature’s will
Contentedly altering in subtle, mysterious way
For their enormous colossus of constituency
Until the unfathomable, far-flung goal is reached.

— 35 —