Ed Shaughnessy in the Eye of God

We are all dismantling the world we know. We get up each morning and imperceptibly place a bit more gray along the hair line, or a boy deepens his voice just slightly. She whose whole vocabulary once consisted of a well-pointed index finger is writing her third book.

We don’t notice our journey through space, or the hand of the dictator growing palsied, or the owl near the barn that feels so awkward in its feathers that it is growing an arm. The eye of God looks down on this and looks up on this. Nowhere, nowhere at all is there anything but the eye of God.

Fran Quinn