Being God is hard.
One sneeze and the kid’s got three legs,
someone’s Mom has metastatic cancer;
and—oh right, world hunger.
Honest, I smited four kids in the first minute
then my privileges were revoked
by the people’s disbelief
until I remembered—hold it,
I’m God, like a sock is a sock.
You can tell the sock it’s not there
but what’s a sock to care? It is
whether you acknowledge the sock or not
so I carry on
weary, wearing a too-used pair of shoes
like that one kid always two blocks behind the bus
hurting down the street in the rain
a minute too late.
Yesterday, as the bus turned the corner,
he lied down, traded his eyeballs for cement
and went to sleep.

I too have watched that bus turn.
I too have wept.