

Cartoon God Following Us Like a Cloud

I pray now mostly out of fear, some hunger.

Thou holdest mine eyes waking.

The city is more beautiful than swans hiding the water.

The salt on the sidewalk, a low shatter. Our January hands

bright like meat in front rooms where we shake
off coats, white like fox-bellies. In us,

there are elaborate structures. I feel the thicket of you
close, warm. And the blue background of the nightly news

is a holy sonnet of bodies battered, badly, and maybe after
looking God in the eye. The nightly news spills over your neck,

tentacle of light. We are deep-sea creatures in our dark.

You are eerie beside me. I remember a man

at a party who said to me *Here you are, drunk*, like it was some
miracle—and then *I've lost God*. He said because God

is a God who asks, a God who wanted everything dead
a few times over, commands *ash* and *utter consuming*

and none allowed left. Even the animals burned.