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God Explains What He Does Nowadays

In those days I was busy
Playing surprise visits,
Making things, breaking things,
Micromanaging,
Sending things:
Rainfalls, locusts, epidemics,
Lightning bolts, floods,
Leprosy, cures.
A transformation into a salt pillar
Or a constellation.
The deflection of an arrow
Away from a heart, or toward.
An opening in the sea
Or a closing.
A punishment or a reward.

But now I've downsized.
Reorganized. Laid off the staff.
Privatized.
No more job-related travel.
It runs itself down there by physics.
It's automated.
I no longer rain down all that
Miscellaneous trash.
I've cut back to the basics, the essentials.
The only thing I send down now is love.
The point's the same, really:
Love makes no physical sense.
Bizarre, capricious,
Unnatural, illegal,
It's a reward and a punishment,
A plague and a cure,
A sign and a command.
They know they can't control it,
That it's bigger than they are.
They fall into it
Like elephants into a trap.
It's the only sign of will in the clockwork
It's the only thing left that can make them think
That I am still here
And that they should be too.