

ROBERT M. MARTIN

## 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.  
Signs. A rainbow. A dove.  
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.