

The Day Ends with Nothing Done

The day ends
With nothing done,
And light bends
Through stratus and cirrocumulus
Tufts, presuming god
Or an all-knowing deity,
His Work, O!
Look and behold.
Effort is the evidence of presence
Yet I, for not having provided
Sufficient Effort nor Satisfactory Evidence,
Am all but a shell,
A projection of the mind. My existence
Depending on posts, on words, on thoughts transcribed
And told to someone else.
What if no one is there to listen?
Is it all a waste?
Does God have doubts, or issues of self-confidence?
Are unbelievers the same as deaf audience members?
Does he sit up there upon the Mount Zion,
Worried that no one will hear him cry out
In pain?
If he suffers no pain, then, why
Should he care if we believe?
So it goes, and it's all the same, from time everlasting.
Doubters doubt to provide
Evidence to the pious
That they should continue
In endeavors of conversion
And conversations of belief;
Until the whole world
Believes the same:
The Begotten Son of the Almighty
IS the Almighty.
And yet mankind was created in whose image?
Oh yes, His.
Humans want nothing but to hear themselves

Speak and be congratulated on
A Job Well Done,
Not a Job Medium Rare,
Not a Job Half Cooked,
Not a thought Half Baked,
Nor a talent wasted or buried.
And we spit and we scorn those who cannot
Compete.

And so it is,
Without Satisfactory Effort or Sufficient Evidence,
I'll waste away in my beliefs,
Not having convinced anybody of anything,
Not that I ever really tried, anyway.
And they'll continue Knocking,
And I'll continue Opposing,
And the cycle of disagreement
Shall continue until
We settle on a unifying theory:
It can be cooked
Any which way but raw.