

God is good, all the time
And all the time, God is good.
Is good good within itself?
Then good places itself above the whims of God, removing the mantle of an all powerful deity
Is good good because God deems it so?
Then God could make whatever he chooses good
(Did I lose you?)
So then we equate God to goodness and by extension create a dichotomy
Good opposed to the other
And the other, we call evil.
Then who will men appoint as authority to determine goodness?
The church, the state, the schools, the home
Societal religiosity determines goodness
And therefore, interprets God
Institutional hierarchy, White supremacy, and fundamentalism then become good
Revolutions of all types are formed and created to redefine this classification
Promoting the welfare of the oppressed within these movements
Every action has an equal and opposite reaction so therefore
Black Lives Matter
But within those movements intersectionality appears
Individuals who ask a philosophical query
Where do I belong?
But they are told to wait
Wait your turn for revolution
Because maybe if we wait long enough for justice, we can ignore the fact that an injustice happened in the first place
That sounds familiar
Does "say her name" mean just Brianna Taylor and Sandra Bland?
Or does "say her name" count for Dominique Fells too?
I am given Romans 1:26-27
But I take from Matthew 7:17 and 20
Every good tree bears good fruit, and by their fruit you will recognize them
When we shake off the mantle of the oppressor, can we look at ourselves and ask who is it that we have oppressed?
When we fight for our own individuality, whose individuality have we stifled?
Does who I am and who I love fit within the spectrum of goodness?
Is love good?
Ah, but we have another saying for that don't we?
God is love.
Amen.

4:01am

Coffee stains the laminate desk in concentric rings

These bring to mind the fluidity of time as it drips out of my ear from my psyche

3rd shift is not a shift, it is an alternate dimension

Cubicles are bigger, monitors are brighter, and moments stand immovable

Peers and coworkers stare out in a glaze

As they maneuver through the haze dependent upon the level of their caffeine intake

Gravity is heavier here

In fact, equations of mass, acceleration and velocity

Vectored forward to venial sins of leaving the work for 1st shift to handle

Because my legs cannot create enough force to move from this spot

The dust bunny stirs on the phone of my desk and yawns

He knows he will not be disturbed, and will slumber for infinity on an item that remains undisturbed

Fluorescent lighting permeates the haze

A brightly burning white star, reflected and refracted across millenia, preventing the soul sweet rest

Hear the silent shuffle of too heavy shoes against the freshly polished floor

Shuffle away, shuffle around, then squeak past the disapproving glare of custodial services

Guardians of the scared off hours that were unceremoniously interrupted

Focus slips back into the AS400 screens blinking cursor

Beckoning entry to fingers that remain stiffened with apathy

Movement flickers within the peripheral of my vision as my eyes flit to the bottom corner of the screen

4:02am

A mouse skitters across the office floor.
She sashays in a serpentine pattern
Dodging glances before tucking into the safety of the fax machine's homey warmth.
Does the rat know she's a part of the rat race?
Will she ever know a life outside of offices and fax machines and crumbs and
spreadsheets and emails and bills and rent and taxes?
Will she ever know freedom of expression?
She is put into categories of appearance and background and religion and family
The dollar slices through self worth with generational reality
We trade in love and culture and knowledge and humanity but then someone decided to
label us rats
Big banks have been told they are too big to fail
But a society that fails its citizens has already fallen
Justice is a concept controlled by money and power
But ignore the bodies make sure your paid by the hour
Media coverage and talking heads and debates and hand wringing trends for the
celebrity
But communities are crumbling and suffering yet can't get coverage on the TV
Light luminous fluorescent bulbs bathe the crisp white tiles that line the floor
She darts the dances out the open door
Animals weren't meant to be away from the sun
But the copy machine sure feels warm to me.