

Some Thoughts on God

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Recommended Citation

Shakhshir, S. (). Some Thoughts on God, *Mad River Review*, 2 (1).

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SHARIF SHAKHSHIR

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God Like a Child

Sitting criss-cross apple sauce,
He makes the linoleum floor
the venue of creation.
Crayon and printer paper
become the scribbles of an imperfect world
handed to people
for them
to figure out what it is.

A Woman Like God

Downstairs leather sofa.
Her son on the coffee table.
Hot Wheels Corvette in hand
Her son looks at me, saying
Play nice, then she won't hurt you.
The toy says,
Vroom vroom.

God Like a Woman

Bracing herself
against the doorway.
A downward gaze.
I'm not saying you're evil.
I just wish you were
a little more faithful.
I wish it was in my power
to stop loving you.

A Child Like Man

Hide and seek time in Nordstrom's,
center of a clothes rack.

Emerging from rows of designer skirts
he finds himself lost.

Lights turning off, the store is closing,
the child ponders what it means to be here forever

before the conflicted embrace
of relief, love, and wrath.