

GOD

A foggy Minnesota evening.

The streetlight turns the rain yellow as it slips across her shut window. Eerie patterns creep across her floor to the rhythm of the falling rain. And midnight silently stumbles into the city and then passes it by again. A siren rolls through the town into the harbor where it is silenced by a foghorn, calling to a departing ship. Car horns screech in the city like night owls in the dark branches of an oak tree. Gently, the rain taps on her window like chimes as God moves into her stuffy bedroom; searching for the heart that is beating all alone in a forlorn room.

Her tangled hair lays plaited against her forehead in a knotted mess, sliding down her neck in long beads of sweat and tears. Her cloudy eyes are low and threatening like a stormy sky. Her restless heart thumps like a conga drum. And she hides, trembling in the darkness, behind a wall of tears.

For seven hours He paces at the foot of her bed.

For seven hours she fights against her tears.

Then seven minutes before she leaves, He whispers the words against her aching heart.

*I love you.*

Ricochet.

She pulls herself into a lonely corner made for one.

He burns himself crazy in a wide, wide universe, searching for that one aching heart.

And slowly day envelops them. Swallow.

†

November.

The air reaches down your throat, cold against your soul. Ignite. Combustion. The wind's too harsh. The sky's too low. The world's too cold. And everything stands frozen in the shock. The city creaks painfully, trying to escape from the icy wind, as the people

rush about, too busy to care. In a pile on the stand a paper exposes the lives of a thousand souls to the eyes of the world. Behind the wall a muddy haired man smiles. She stands at the intersection, scarf whipped up by the wind, waiting for the next green light to let her go by.

Frenzied as the stormy sky, God watches her with jealousy. The lights turn green as the wind moves against her hair, spinning it in chaotic circles above her uncovered head. Her dark eyes study the pavement before her. Half the world skips a beat as God moves across the sky, following a girl to her empty apartment.

Grabbing a brush, He paints a golden sun sinking below the clouds.

She turns to watch the spectacle – light catching on her lashes.

The heavens go up in flames.

*Just for you.*

But then she walks away and doesn't say a word.

He rinses the sun off the horizon, paints the world in grey, and follows her as she shuts the door.

One more lonely night as the universe spins by outside. Brace yourself.

†

The Second Advent Sunday.

Winter stumbles into the atmosphere, catching the little Advent's flame and shocking it into a thousand sputtering sparks, as the busy world reels its way through another week. A little bird perches on the steps leading to the stone cathedral. Emerging from within, a crowd of well-dressed men and women march back into the world with hand held Bibles and smiles smeared across their faces in slurring lines. A girl in red shivers beneath her black coat. Someone hands her a scarf. And smiles. Across the street her overcast eyes watches their friendly antics as they shout out last "goodbye's" before dispersing.

A Spirit hovers in the arches of the masonry as God waits at the doorsteps. The crowd disappears. Something slowly pulls her heart to the mysterious shadows of His soul, but her feet stay rooted to the concrete.

For a moment He stands silently calling.

For a moment she hesitates

Then a moment breaks the silence.

*I love you. Won't you please come home?*

She turns away.

He watches His lonely tear roll through the heavens and shatter onto the world.

Slowly daylight crumbles into night. And the rain falls.

†

December 25.

Christmas suffocates the world with fake smiles and excess wrapping paper, while somewhere in time a pair of ratty shepherds and a child lay misplaced by Christmas trees and useless trappings. Outside, the city sleeps in a white blanket. Inside the cold mixes with laughter as it creeps through the cracks in her door and erupts over her. Her room lies white washed by a crescent moon. And in a purple sweater she shivers. Alone.

God watches her from across the room. The voice next door pounds against her walls. He waits. "Judgment day... Fire from Heaven... Repent!" She wraps herself against the ice and steam that rises from the fear knocking on her heart. He moves across the moon-baked floor to wrap her in His arms.

Slowly God pries her stubborn arms open, reaching for her heart.

She stumbles for her corner.

But He stands there with a gash in his side.

*It is finished.*

Collapse.

And for a moment she's too tired to fight.

He stands perfectly still.

And Spirit and soul collide. Tidal wave.

†

Dawn.

Spring creeps up beneath the ice patches. Green shoots, pressing through the frozen mud, emerge into a shivering world. Pink petals, unraveling themselves from the dead twigs, explode against an ice blue sky. The warm breeze, shivering in the city, dances across an open lot like something alive and mixes with the melody of a street musician. A butterfly, with yellow wings, alights upon her white windowsill. Inside a girl with cloudy eyes dances with the God of eternity.

A purple sweater lies draped across an empty bed. Her bare arms ripple and sway, unrestrained. Her narrow chest rises and falls to the rhythm of her heart as her feet move across the light stained floor. He smiles.

In the stillness of a silent evening God spins her.

In the intricate patterns of a setting sun they move in and out.

In the swaying shadows they exchange whispers.

*I love you.*

She pours her heart into His.

He embraces her with the arms of a frenzied lover.

And dancing they slip into the wild spinning of the universe.