

God

David McCooley

God, the lonely father,
shuffles through the
corridors of heaven,
haunted by angels —
memories of desire,
the source of nostalgia.

He's got forever to
remember, too many
books to think
about reading, a CD
collection to get
him through the next
millennium.

He stopped checking
the phone machine years ago.
He watches television
through the endless night.

Everything
he looks at is in
his own image.