

In My Image

By Mark Edgemon

(Inspired by Robin Lipinski's challenge on the topic, "god says God does not exist".)

We pray to the god of our own making
To give us what we desire
For we are afraid to ask the True Eternal God
Of whom we might not see eye to eye.

Who gives us hope, but on His terms
Requiring obedience to His set of rules
To keep our paths straight, so we might not fall
Traveling a course we can only walk by faith.

But the few rules like walking in love
In front of those who do not know it
Is one rule too many, so we take upon ourselves
Hundreds of rules that keep ever changing.

And so we say to the god of our making
How can you reconcile your truth with The Almighty?
And he says with a serious minded demeanor,
"What God?" there is no one but me!

The End