Imagine

Imagine.  
Breathe it in and hold it there.  
What if  
it was all planned by God?  
from the beginning  mapped out  
like a song and dance routine  
or a play.  
God instilled it all.  
and when He said,  
"Let there be,"  
what He meant  
was "Action."  
Now He sits in the balcony  
with a bowl of popcorn  
in His lap  
And a coke on ice  
in His hand  
Smiling  
as we say our lines  
on perfect cue.  
Breathe it out.

Imagine  
Breathe it in and hold it there.  
What if  
just the stage was planned by God?  
and He let us loose  
to play  
on the set.  
And He only intervenes  
when we ask Him to.  
And He sits in the front row  
chewing His nails  
on the edge of His seat.  
Breathe it out.

Imagine.  
Breathe it in and hold it there.  
What if  
There isn’t a God?  
And we just happened.  
Stumbling along  
Tripping over ourselves and  
Craning our necks to see  
Whenever someone screams  
"I think I found Him!"  
He’s here. Hiding under the dead leaves."  
Breathe it out.  
And hold it there.