

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.