

How Did I Make God Feel?

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When my house is disorder and the yard in disarray,
When my hand stretches out for workless pay,
And the dog is chained in the shadeless sun and heat,
When my children have no shoes on their feet,
When I watch TV and drink the night away,
Did I ever think, "How did I make God feel today?"

When I encroach on neighbors and they do the same,
When my temper is high and my judgement is wane,
And my life's quest is more and more material gain,
When I mind their business and not my own,
When I 'Google it' and laze the night away,
Did I ever reflect, "How did I make God feel today?"

When I strive for one cure without first protecting myself,
When safety is first and security is life's legal heir,
And I search for black cats that are never there,
When the dog is out in the frigid air,
When I listen to music and whittle the night away,
Did I ever say, "How did I make God feel today?"

When the desire for learning is routed and sent out,
When demons, monsters and wizards lurk about,
And harmony is gone, and the drumbeat is loud,
When my Spirit is trapped in a science cloud,
When my family is 'Twittering' the night away,
Did I ever surmise, "How did I make God feel today?"

When my acts are equal in virtue and vice,
When the Shadow comes and I behave with spite,
And I sleep with anger and awake with wrath,
When demon dreams are now my conscious map,
When I am alone and wasting the night away,
Did I ever ask, "How did I make God feel today?"

When bombs, screams and bodies are scattered about,
When my talk of war is bandied with no doubt,
And horns of iron are butting and killing with no regret,
When life is a friendless world in a friendless App,
When I eat my fill and wile the night away,
Did I ever consider, "How did I make God feel today?"

When votes are counted and the die is cast,
When the war is over with nothing said or gained,
And the arc of consequence destroys all we say,
When power feeds its own and then on itself,
When we spin again and again a worthless wheel,
Did we ever ask, "How did we make God feel?"

When my journey is ending and the heartache is done,
When my body is frail and weak,
And my memory fails from week to week,
When my children are gone and the dog is dead,
When drumbeats are quiet and no man will deliver,
I lie in my bed and stare with no zeal,
And only wonder, "How did I make God feel?"

