

NOT SO, NOT SO

*(Look to Your Heart)*

I cannot walk an inch  
without trying to walk to God.  
I cannot move a finger  
without trying to touch God.

Perhaps it is this way:  
He is in the graves of the horses.  
He is in the swarm, the frenzy of the bees.  
He is in the tailor mending my pantsuit.  
He is in Boston, raised up by the skyscrapers.  
He is in the bird, that shameless flyer.  
He is in the potter who makes clay into a kiss.

Heaven replies:  
Not so! Not so!

I say thus and thus  
and heaven smashes my words.

Is not God in the hiss of the river?

Not so! Not so!

Is not God in the ant heap,  
stepping, clutching, dying, being born?

Not so! Not so!

Where then?  
I cannot move an inch.  
Look to your heart  
that flutters in and out like a moth.  
God is not indifferent to your need.  
You have a thousand prayers  
but God has one.