

God and the Goddess Were Talking

*That thou art my son . . .
I have thy mother's word
- Falstaff*

God and the Goddess were talking, as they are prone to do,
of this and that and how in the natural order of things
it came to be; of so and so's disposition
and which one of themselves each godling most resembled;
of motion and movement, the unlikelihood of action
among all the things and stuff after the initial Act
they enjoyed (or enjoy: eternity knowing neither time nor tense,
a synchronicity of past and future perfect
with present, whatever moods might come — indicative,
subjunctive, imperative, conditional, and so forth —
all always here, potential and real at once)

which state of affairs reminded them again
as it tends to do, of their bodies, the forms they assumed and why
(having will after all) there were or ever should be
two instead of one, that nagging question suggesting all the longing,
power plays and ultimate frustrations involved
in creation and tending to lead to narratives
of giving and taking in kind; to imaginary leaps
into metaphor, to coupling like with unlike,
in a word, to coping with life's little imperfections —
ignorance pain and various unoriginal sins
of omission and commission, utter loneliness in the absence
of touch and touching, the art of making each other new.

