

God and Darwin

do not get along because
God is female. She is.

Although I am also female,
I can't be expected
to love
only God because
Darwin is too
Dag-Gone Powerful.

You see,
he climbed
into my mouth
with two black-haired white hands
and bare black-haired white feet
and a gorilla shaped head
when I was twelve.

And now he sits cross-legged
on my heart,
making me *do* stuff.

I try to separate the two,
to make Darwin stop sitting on top of God
(I mean, why not?
My brain wouldn't mind the company.),
but he refuses to move,
sitting there complacently pulling
the strings of my life.

So they don't get along.

When I listen to Darwin too much,
God grows numb underneath him
(God is at least polite).
But when I listen to God,
Darwin throws such a fit,
jumping up and down
thrashing his arms about
spitting everywhere
and yelling loudly
until I finally pay attention to him again.

It's so sad, but often
God and I need *his* permission
for some female bonding time.

It's so hard to keep Her happy
like this,
but I do my best
to make Her understand that
although She created *him*,
it is now *his* world.

-Tricia Stratman