

The Counselor

God pays the lease on his office suite
A truck parked outside
never leaves and never arrives
A scene so mundane it belies the miracle

Inside he appears, just as a bright shadow does, when a light is turned on
He counsels
He has no life outside this room
If not here - then he is gone

At the end of the day
an angel sweeps up the tears
(much like hair from a barbershop floor)
Just enough tears to quench the thirst of the world