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God(less)

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The Abyss

On my side of time
From my unwavering image on the moving water,
I could not see clearly the meaning of my father’s gesture.
Was he safe or was I? Or, were we each in peril?
We entreated each other to cross the abyss,
our only protection from one another,
as a sign of faith.

The void coveted every nick of pain and
tortured every moment of joy that struggled to live in the shadow.
Though we may walk hand-in-hand, his indulgences used up
my belief was that his Godlessness had always been mine.
We each had tried to remake ourselves into what the other was not.

Were we here only to learn from this corporeal torment?
What creature’s plaything were we?
He tells me about things he did in his monastic life, but they amounted to nothing more now than soul-less chores; not for spirit, but as tasks to an end.

We had been doing our duty, he to be something he knew he was not, and I to deny what he really was and to be what he wanted me to be. His would not happen in this life.
My Father’s Glimpses of Heaven

drink and each thing he thought
to do in this world was his flight from consciousness.
Here, it was his punishment to feel, and ours.
He would not deny this.
Beauty would radiate from him for a while
after he returned from those times when we had the chance to laugh.
We wondered where he had gone, what he had seen, and why he didn’t stay?

When he made it to that other side,
leaving us with his pain and anger,
he would bring back, like treasures of
the way things could be and how.
If we could live there and here at the same time
we would be with God.

Each story was a presence, no past of pain,
no future to fear and question. Like a Williams poem,
pictures of simply being and how, on which,
so much depends.