Untitled

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I once believed in God,  
Until I didn't.  
This epiphany was not reached through some catastrophic event;  
No death or loves lost brought on his dismissal;  
In truth, he nullified himself.  
  
The struggle to please him was immense;  
The monotonous daily chore of attempting to live an examined life  
Consumed me—wholly.  
One realizes this impossibility quickly:  
Depression rears its ugly face.  
  
Living my life to glorify God helped no one;  
It does not feed the mouths of the hungry,  
It does not stop crimes against humanity,  
Houses cannot be rebuilt with glory,  
After God decides to wash them away.  
  
The ground we stand on is solid,  
our actions create reactions: the Earth is very real.  
Yet  
Through God, we focus on what we cannot see,  
that which we cannot touch  
and find solace through it, ignoring reality;  
suppressing ourselves so willingly to those who know how to capitalize on it.  
  
It is though them and their teaching of God  
That we hate in the name of God,  
We go to war in the name of God,  
We kill in the name of God,  
We die in the name of God.  
  
And yet, though all the transgressions made in his name;  
And in honor of him, he does nothing.  
The sheep never had a Shepherd.  
  
I once believed in him;  
Until I did no longer.  
  
Thank god.