

Conversation

God and I in space alone,
and nobody else in view.

“And where are all the people,
Oh Lord,” I said,
“the earth below and
the sky overhead and
the dead that I once knew?”

“That was a dream,” God smiled and said:
“The dream that seemed to be true;
there were no people living or dead;
there was no earth and no sky overhead;
there was only myself in you.”

“Why do I feel no fear?” I asked,
“meeting you here in this way?
For I have sinned, I know full well and
is there heaven and is there hell, and
is this Judgment Day?”

“Nay, those were but dreams” God said,
“dreams that have ceased to be.
There are no such things as fear and sin;
there is no you...you never have been.
There is nothing at all but me.”

Ellen Wheeler Wilcox