

Near Mountains

11 July 2022

When I consider the electrical wires,
the works of our hands, and when I consider
the cars, and the buildings made of steel,
I ask, what is God that we are mindful of him?

You will think I am being facetious,
but surely these things are our gods.

How have we gone astray? Is it maybe
that no one is driving the ship, that our voyage,
once rudderless, now must be captained?
Or is it that someone *is* driving, and driving badly,
and therefore the crew must resist?
Or is it that both have been tried and retried,
such that now we no longer know which to try?

I suggest thinking harder, and longer,
in some place more tranquil, near mountains.