

**MEMO To: Debbie, re: God**

You don't  
*believe* in God,  
you enter into It  
like a moth into the Sun  
or an ant  
into a dance hall  
hesitantly  
into a wide hall  
where white silences echo  
to find no breadcrumbs  
on a vast  
white  
marble floor  
upon which  
seven silver white  
chandeliers chime  
like a rainfall of white  
constellations  
of white  
laughing  
light  
only to return  
if an ant  
in search of sugar  
in the night  
or if a moth  
not at all  
not at all.