

My neighbor looks for God on the back of a burner,
watching out windows to the garden front gate.
Wouldn't he come like a man in blue clothing?
Wouldn't he be here like a library card?
Someone like me said I can't even read but
I bit into God and chewed saltwater chocolate,
passing stale, sacred tastes across the width of my tongue.
I even swallowed God with a trace of enamel
and still had room for the dinner I made.
I didn't try hard but hid God in my stomach.
I ate without asking, without eating at all.