

Sleeping God

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On the ninth day of creation God
Had already slept for 63 hours.
Clouds had found their way across

The mountains, had dappled glens
With shadows, with light. Trees
Had begun to blossom. The robins

Had met the cardinals and noticed
How one red breast resembles another
But how much difference can lie

In a feather. Cats were catching
Sparrows. In the ocean whales
Were feeding on plankton, pods

Of dolphin leapt between swells.
And in the rivers salmon had begun
The journey back to pools that they

Had never come from but felt the need
To inhabit. This and more while God,
Dozing, might have dreamed a world

Into being where nothing needed him,
Where no one sued for intercession
Between himself and a sleeping god.