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How God is Like a Truffle

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DANA ROESER

How God Is like a Truffle

Like a goat
in a stall
with a thoroughbred,
a truffle sealed
in a plastic
bag
with a dozen eggs
or raw,
uncooked
rice. Like
an apple slice
or piece
of bread shut
away in an
airtight container
with brown sugar—
or a small
bowl of water
placed next to
the hardened
lump
and microwaved,
my god
calms me,
flavors me, restores
my softness. I tried
to explain to
my husband
about the love
animals have
for each
other. How,
at Christy’s,
the donkey, Vinnie,
herds and
nibbles Love Bug,
white pony who wears
  an eye mask, who
just returned from
  cancer surgery. The
two of them
  in the sun.
The donkey
  nibbled my arm
too, but
  never bit. Don sat
across from
  me in my room
under a poster of Van
  Gogh’s Yellow House,
his eyes
  at half-mast.
He couldn’t be
  less interested
in my “sacred.”

  To be permeated
with God,
    I sit with him. I keep
a red zafu on
    the floor.
      Take
the wait list
    letter for Lucy’s
college, I said
    to my husband
and daughter
    this morning,
place it
    in a sealed
plastic bag
    with
an apple core or
dried flower,
wait to open,
    and there will
be the acceptance
    you have been
waiting for.