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How God is Like a Truffle

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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.