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How God is Like a Truffle

Dana Roeser

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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.