

# ***Curled on my couch while the heavens weep***

by Ruth Gladwyn-Nash

Dear God,

Hi God!

Hey God.

What's up, God?

We haven't talked for a while, sorry about that.

I mean, I don't really have to tell you because I guess you know everything, but there's just been a lot of everything.

Life has just been

a lot

lately.

It's hard to speak to someone steadfast and true,

perfect in all of his ways

when I can never measure up.

But maybe that's the point?

To come,

small and exhausted and broken

to someone who wept for his friends, who hungered and

thirsted,

who was beaten and

broken

too.

Maybe you understand.

So, hey.

What's up, God?

I need you

but I don't even know

where to start.