

Was This the Only Way?

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In nature, there is nothing contingent.

the ink of your traumas
bled into these sheets long ago
it cannot be erased
or rewritten
as I read those pages, I think

a monster wrote this story.

But it is absurd to affirm this of a Being absolutely infinite and supremely perfect.

this is how it was meant to be-
the only way it could be.

you, child-

do you sit up in the night and wonder
when the quill will descend next
or from which vein it will drink?

do you search yourself
looking for scars you don't yet know,
asking
if the ink is dry,
why am I still bleeding?

when the stars fall from the skies
do you make a wish
or do you wander
lost between lines of dead starlight
hoping to follow them to a better world?

*Immediately after the tribulation of those days,
the sun will be darkened,
and the moon will not give its light,
and the stars will fall from the sky,
and the powers of the heavens will be shaken.*