

When I was a child, outside I'd play & marvel at a world waiting to be discovered.

In utter fascination, I watched ants running up and down the hill of creation until the call of my mother's voice beckoned me back to my own hill where around the dinner table we listened to my dad's stories when suddenly my brother Marc would cry out, "Somebody tell a joke!" & all us ants would march back and forth in the chaos of pun upon pun, then back outside to kick the can, freeze tag, and "ally, ally in-free"

Now, out in the world I go exploring- I go exploring to see what I might find.

I find a colony of ants rushing through the catacombs of interstate highways & office cubicles

I feel the invisible umbilical chord of cell phones keeping us tied to sudden changes in appointments

& Like the hill of creation, I see on TV, I hear on the radio, I read in the papers a mountain, a mountain of information to be considered, reviewed, gossiped, & passed judgement about where someone's can is kicked, someone else feels tagged & frozen, & we all listen & pray for "Ally, Ally In-Free"

These are the Landmines of the Disconnect

& I would like life to s-l-o-o-o-o-w d-o-o-o-o-w-n
God is not conducting lab experiments on us
We are conducting experiments on God

God is not directing us with subtle & not so subtle messages from billboards on the side of the road-We are attempting to direct or at least negotiate with God

God is not reviewing or judging us-
We are judging God, We are judging each other, we are judging ourselves

Once we drop this laughable pretense & WE MERELY ARE
Then, We are listening, we are seeing, & we are aware of what is.
It is then; it is Now, God says: "Ally-Ally In-Free"

By Nick Boulet