

WHO ERRED

A heavenly conversation: God¹ and Angels

Angel (peering down): Look, he made a mistake, he erred

God (mutters): must be human. Take life from him?

Angel (processes): he's not a cat. You gave cats nine lives

God: details, details, always details! Throw a thunderbolt at him?

Angel: how good is your aim? Had a few near misses lately

God: (angrily) Are you saying I'm getting old? Angel: Yes

God: be off with you, begone; be not a bearer of bad news

Angel angelically skulls off; muttering. Change of scene

God on his throne, various and multiple angels gather around him

God: Item number a million and one on the gender: this human erred

What is our response? I was informed I had given cats nine lives

I can't remember why. Upset one of you by getting angry about the truth
I am getting old. So, what are we going to do about it? Muffled discussion
Ensued; "burn him?", send a flood, a drought, a tornado", "Change his gender"
A topic of much discussion; a precursor of the war between the sexes?

"What does he enjoy?", asked an angel; a suitable punishment would be
the deprivation of that. Yes?" Mutters and murmurs, interrupted by God
"Jolly good idea"! What does he enjoy? Food, wine, pleasures of the flesh
Academic pursuits (always asking 'why'). Burn his books! They can be replaced.

"Oh, yes! Married, significant other?" Angels, not being sexual creatures, are
Dumbfounded. "A sexual partner? Oh that, hey say suddenly, and in an angelic chorus.
"Hallelujah", sounds better, mutters God. "I don't know", they replied. Then find out,
said God. "Item one million and two"

Scene 3, a week later; another meeting; matters arising from business
This guy, who erred [made a mistake, stuffed up] what do we know about him?
Anything exciting, or provocative? Does he read my bible nightly? Does he pray?
"No, your magnificence, he writes poems; lets his imagination run wild and
unrestrained

He's unrepentant and untrained. He not only disbelieves in you but questions a need
For your presence. "Interesting," said God' stroking his beard, "a challenge
I had fun with Freud, Marx (Karl), Einstein and Hawking. Maybe, I should have fun
Again." The Angels look at God, shocked. "It gets boring being perfect!" God replied.

Oblivious to all this attention, the human, male, carries on; writing poems
Writing verse; thinking outside the square. He sits, nurses his coffee and types
“Is the presence/absence of a godhead synonymous with Schrodinger's Cat?”
God and angels stare, “What’s he talking about? Cats? Nine lives?”

Who or what is a Schrodinger? I want a full report now!”

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1. “God” is traditionally stated and assumed God is male. There is no proof, is there? So for the purpose of this poem “God” is gender-neutral.

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