My Neighbor Is God in Disguise

He wears a lot of crazy clothes
everything from suit to sari
or nothing at all
Sometimes He is easy to love
and sometimes not
Sometimes I see Him everywhere
then again He is nowhere to be found
If I knock, He usually answers
(though I can't hear so well when the door is shut)

People are drawn to Him, like flies or bees
or buzzards or cattle,
sheep or doves…
Flowing or feeding like water or fire
Coming and going at all hours of the day and night.
Amid all that He is not easily recognized;
He can be tricky and fool those who expect Him
to appear just so.

I have grown to love Him, from near and afar.
I love the sight and smell of Him, the glance and touch of Him,
the hope that He fans in my heart…
Sometimes I am treated like a child
Or feel He is being my adversary,
Yet He seems to notice I have grown.

I can't describe Him exactly to you;
You will just have to meet Him.
Of course, He has been around all along
and He is your neighbor, too.

©2009 Judy Hays-Eberts
1/29/09