

I'll Show You God

by Carl Santoro

"I'll show you God," she said
as she took my hand
and walked with me
up the creaking stairs.

The attic had no door,
but large windows
under the two gables.

Although this afternoon
was hot,
the room was filled
with a brightness
and a breeze,
making you think
you were up in
the clouds.

"Here, look out now. See?"
I had hoped to see
a surprising revelation -
a vision maybe - of a
supernatural being - a God.

"What am I supposed to see?" I asked.

"Open the window. Go ahead, grab the crank."
She pointed to the metal handle. I reached for it.

"Lean your head out. Go on. Stretch your neck.
And LOOK!"

There in the gutter was a family of baby robins.

"Is that God? Birds? Is that it?" I asked.

When I turned to her for an answer
she was gone.

"Jeremy, are you up there honey?" my Mom shouted.

"C'mon down now for supper, it's getting cold."

I twisted the casement crank handle
and closed the window.
It was dark outside.

"Son, stop pushing those peas and eat your mashed potatoes," Dad
demanded.

"His mind is wandering still, Hank. Thinking about Aunt Bella all the
time," Mom added.

"Well, I got over my sister's act, he better damn well too...and soon.
You hear me boy? I don't want you going up there any more. Forget
what you know. She ain't coming back!"

I woke next morning to the sound of a robin by my window.

Aunt Bella's last words once again rang in my head - "I'll show you
God."

I wish I held her hand a little longer.
A little tighter.

