

# 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.

