

# Play it, Sam

*by Mathew Paust*

Would the divine were meek,  
a power sublime disinclined to meddle  
to quell our crises,  
preferring supplication, to be needed so completely one offers up  
self  
for the touch of grace?

Would reason be in play,  
a mutuality of sorts,  
open invitation: you seek us out, we take you in,  
succor's yours, your soul joins ours,  
all in kind?

Would this be culling,  
recruiting kindred spirits from the random multitude  
with still the same old signs that point the way from primal  
to live with love  
or die?

