

Put Your Trust in God

by S.H. Gall

I have the "everything dream" problem.

Every night, I dream about everything in the entire universe. The human universe. Which may or may not be the world. I don't know yet.

I dream of my career, other careers, and finally every career that ever was. Most careers, due to the exponentially growing population, take place in a cubicle of some sort.

Then I dream of mothers, all mothers. And childhood, all childhoods. And food and movies and booze and trannies and Legos and cats and newspapers and the people who sell newspapers on corners, street corners, coins, and drains. Multiply that by a trillion and that will effectively constitute one night of dreams. This is my curse. I embrace it because to do otherwise would be suicide, matricide, patricide, and homicide.

Curiously absent from the "everything dream" are the picketers outside the abortion clinic, who beseech me, in my waking hours, to pray for an end to killing babies.

This can only mean one thing: the picketers don't exist here and now. They've been shuttled in from a weird archaic time when it was believed that fetuses were people. That fetuses actually walk among us, unseen, like ghosts but also like human beings with intelligence quotients - self aware and conveniently invisible.

Pray! Pray for our babies! But to whom I might pray is a complete mystery, because I dream nightly of everything that ever was and is,

so. I might be praying directly to the picketers. Is that what they want?

I will fall asleep tonight and have the "everything dream" and it will appall me and I will throw up into the wastebasket when morning comes because I believe in everything and my stomach disagrees. God is my stomach. Reigning.

