God, If You're There, I'm Still Awake and It's 4 A.M.

Cameron Alexander Lawrence

Up with the moon again, I stand at the sink
filling a glass. And because of my life's long

desire, I think I hear it: your voice like an axe
through knotted pine. But who can be sure?

So I wait and drink, holding out for what
presence the silence might keep. After hours,

when once again you don't show, I choose
what I always choose: to continue believing

that, one day, after years on foot in the dark
forest of my heart, you'll appear—

dividing what I am from what I'm not. At last
I'll know: if you are the man chopping down

row after row of tall swaying trees, or if
you are the fire tearing through the abandoned

mountain village. How is it, Lord, I should pray
you are both or nothing at all?

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