

**Barbara Bialick**

“God explodes...He was too weary to be angry  
anymore...”—Thomas Lux, “God Particles”

To God—

Sorry I haven't taken the time to talk to You lately.  
I've been grappling with the concepts of  
crazy and sane, as in the nosy evil eye of society.

I fear our communication relations are strained  
to the full cliché potential of these words.  
I'm scared to talk to you directly, or whoever  
creates Your cosmic coincidences, a holy angel  
somehow guiding my so-called “fateful” encounters  
just when they are “meant to be.”

Some call such meetings coincidental,  
a roll of the die, luck not fate.  
Maybe I should be rational like them,  
in order to walk through the green gelatin  
of existence.

Others wouldn't give my dilemma a thought.  
They bow, chant, holy roll, and in every way  
pray to You to be rescued or received.  
Certainly we hear tell that our panicked politicians  
are praying hard, and yet they all seem crazy...

Should I talk to You anyway, just to find inner peace?  
I don't want to fall into an existential hell  
if I don't interact with my Biggest Relationship!  
Yes! The Holy Die!  
Unless, reader, I'm only talking to you....