

Natural theology from the Sherman bench

by [Jeff Gundy](#) in the [November 15, 2011](#) issue

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If I really loved Jesus I would surely not be here in the sunshine.
I'd be trying to love the poets now reading in a room without me.
If I really, really loved I would not even think what I think,

and it would go easier. Because my neighbors' dogs bark
at dawn for sheer joy. Because like them I have known joy.
I have matched and folded the family socks, survived history

so far, seen my small desires satisfied. Did I come all this way
to sit on a bench? Did the ragged goose feather once have a home?
It's too hot to sit long in the sun. *Can we, can we, can we*, the girl

asks her mother, and her brother hitches his pants and runs fast
as he can down the wrong path. His sister calls and he runs back,
sniffs a yellow tulip. *Oh do what you want* says her mother

and the new weeds, and the cardinal says *I will do what I can*.