

If you, God, are my tabula rasa

by [Warren L. Molton](#) in the [May 27, 2015](#) issue

And I am one of your many amanuenses
writing letters recommending you,
then I am free
to know you as I do
and write you as I will,
searching out your ways as I find you
and longing to trust who it is I find.

But you are who I say you are and not,
who they wrote you were and often are,
who I wish you were and I hear *Wish again*.

So that I, exhausted, resign myself to Eckhart's
ecstatic, *My me is God*, and I am both glad and sad,
for I turn around and there you are
and it remains true that I see
so little of me in you.

Still, no one is searching for me the way you are,
even as I play my childish hide-and-seek with you,
until you grow weary of my game
and like a father with better things to do,
go back to writing the ever evolving You.

And the silence resumes.