

The pastor's wife considers gray

by [Nola Garrett](#) in the [August 9, 2011](#) issue

*Am I a God near by, says the Lord,  
and not a God far off?*

Jeremiah 23:23

Some days Yahweh's crayon box  
holds colors for tiptoeing within regret's bold  
lines, and others for scribbling acceptance's  
Wild Blue Yonder on bathroom walls,

jet trails through every grown-up's sky. Silver  
becomes the dime I find in Seven Eleven's  
parking lot, the memory of a minnow's flash  
or Aunt Mary's lost ring—found.

And there's *this* gray crayon's violet wrap,  
labeled Purple Mountains' Majesty,  
Crayola's Rosetta Stone, a god gone corporate,  
and international conspiracy to grab a child's soul.

But what I'd like to believe is that Yahweh, most  
mornings, strolls through his garden toward a hillside  
door, tugs it open, waves on light, revealing  
countless casks holding dyes, glimmers, petals,

screams, crushed insects, explosions, rust,  
ointments, folded galaxies, sage, giggles,  
lightning streaks, old lady dandelion hair,  
locomotives, wine, grief (some casks leak),

blank peacock feathers, neon gas, angel raiment rags.  
Then, Yahweh plays.