

Creation

by [Janeal Turnbull Ravndal](#) in the [October 1, 2014](#) issue

Obvious of course, now and in the beginning:
God is not a perfectionist. Good at detail for sure,
and drama, but lacking the
compulsion to get every piece of
punctuation in its proper place, ever.
And forever forgetting the finishing touches:
a proper frame, that final proofreading.

Tempting to be critical of such sloppiness,
all those excesses and omissions. For instance,
surely there is too much sadness to go around,
more than what's necessary for lessons and poetry.

But I don't mean there is no serious business here.
Only that there is something else on the canvas,
an art in line and color, a splash of mystery,
a priority of passion perhaps,
well beyond the right answer and its rush of applause,
something still seeping into our soil.