

Questions for God

by [Rafael Campo](#) in the [June 24, 2015](#) issue

Why does the moon seem so intent to cry,
and yet it is your tears that give us dew?
Why do the flags grasp silently at wind?
Why does the sun refuse to let me stare,
and yet it is your hand upon my face
that burns? Why does my mother die
without remembering my name, while she
still sings in church? Why does the IV bag
float like my prayer does in this emptiness?
Where was it that I lost my way? Why do
I see the cross in window panes, in two
downed branches broken in the road, in shirts
hung out to dry? Why does the mystery
of faith sustain us when we keep on asking
such questions? Why must we ask such questions?