

“The Poems God and I Write At The Golden Table”

By: Lauren Foster

...are something you wouldn't expect the Highest Being to write
The poems God and I write at the Golden Table are truly sacred
Truly satisfying like red velvet icing sprinkled with Oreo bits
We dissect each line and stanza in bits
Sometimes a memory or a fever dream hits me, and my mind shatters to bits
Sometimes Satan's knee gut-punches my stomach, and I fall into Moses' river of blood straight
to Hell
Sometimes I wake up in the dark and realize God is a spirit
I yell, so He can hear it
 and on the outside to those who don't believe believe I'm mentally ill
But the God I serve will hear me still

I close my eyes and walk in His gilded palace
Every wicked thing, every wicked malice smashes as I walk to my Lord
Even though we have met here dozens of times, I still get nervous and I tremble at His feet
He lifts me up, and I realize I've never been this light before
He closes the kingdom doors, and we write
I say “we write,” but it's God writing and me proofreading
As He writes poetic melodies and metaphors, I look at the ceiling
Sealing away all the snakes that are stealing me away from my untapped potential
My potential energy suddenly turns kinetic
I can feel within my genetics that a fruit is growing in me

A fruit has grown in me
And the only person who can prick the fruit off the tree...is me
Because I am what's holding me back
I am my own worst enemy
I am what cradles me oh so gently and slams me on the ground vehemently
God lets go of the paper and pencil
Yet it still moves
I am alone in my room
Yet it still moves
My hands unknowingly pick up where God left off
And it still moves
God continues to move in me
He is watching the movie of me
I pray to and thank Him for believing in me

For seeing me as nothing less of a masterpiece
For allowing me to breathe and write all things serene and extreme
I thank Him
I wake up in the dark once again
But like times before then,
I am not alone