

The God in the Mirror

They built Him tall,
draped in gold and doctrine,
reflected in polished pulpits,
a god who never left their side of the aisle,
who never challenged,
never questioned,
never walked beyond the walls
they built for Him.

They hung mirrors in the sanctuary,
called it self-reflection,
but all they saw
were their own faces.

Their god wore their politics,
spoke their language,
punished their enemies,
rewarded their faithfulness
with good jobs and good children,
with land and security,
with a place in heaven
next to people just like them.

They mistook certainty for holiness,
mistook control for righteousness,
mistook the echo of their own voices
for the voice of God.

But the God I've met slips free,
won't fit the boxes I build.

He's the stranger at the door,
a carpenter in rough clothes,
telling parables that don't resolve,
that refuse to prove me right.

He walks in alleyways
behind churches with locked doors,
sits at tables we don't set,
breaks bread with the ones we fear,
with the ones we blame,
with the ones we refuse to see.

He is never where I expect Him,
never as comfortable as I want Him to be,
never as small as the god
we built to fit inside a mirror.