

**Dear God!**  
**A poem by Devika Kumar**

Dear God, do You listen or would You rather say  
This may be put up another day?  
Does the clamour below upset Your plans  
Or do You turn away without a glance?  
Can it be possible that You are deaf,  
Heedless therefore of such stuff?  
I wonder how You function up there on high,  
Watching earthlings crawling by?  
Do You have a department for disaster management,  
Or a budget of goodwill to be spent?  
Is it a simple system of waiting in a queue...  
I'm next. So where are You?  
All priests claim You: ochre, black or white,  
And sink unfailing into the night;  
Frighten souls to their path for seeking grace,  
Or threaten time in the other place;  
Teaching religion while excluding Life,  
Dealing out Sanctity in lies.  
You have a form, You have not, they say,  
Yet each has a Form to pray:  
Your application to God must be just so  
Or He won't hear, you know;  
Fold your hands, face this way or that,  
Bend your knees---God's dictat?  
We shout out prayers at You all day,  
Anxious not to miss our say.  
The neighbour prays to reach You first;  
My way is better, greater my thirst!  
I wonder why this clamour world-wide  
Leaves a parched desert inside?  
Dear God, why do we cover You with words,  
When in silence You are heard?  
If I bent no knees, lit no lamps or candles,  
You'd still find a way into my temple.  
Your Grace is link'd to my actions, I'm told;  
Can dross cover this Gold?  
So often have I felt you near,  
Yet undeserving , I fear.  
I cannot see You with the lights so stark,  
But I've known You in the dark.  
I had no offerings Your heart to move:  
So, silent, I offered all my love.