

DANA ROESER

*How God Is like a Truffle*

Like a goat  
    in a stall  
with a thoroughbred,  
    a truffle sealed  
in a plastic  
    bag  
with a dozen eggs  
    or raw,  
uncooked  
    rice. Like  
an apple slice  
    or piece  
of bread shut  
    away in an  
airtight container  
    with brown sugar—  
or a small  
    bowl of water  
placed next to  
    the hardened  
lump  
    and microwaved,  
my god  
    calms me,  
flavors me, restores  
    my softness. I tried  
to explain to  
    my husband  
about the love  
    animals have  
for each  
    other. How,  
at Christy's,  
    the donkey, Vinnie,  
herds and  
    nibbles Love Bug,

white pony who wears  
    an eye mask, who  
just returned from  
    cancer surgery. The  
two of them  
    in the sun.  
The donkey  
    nibbled my arm  
too, but  
    never bit. Don sat  
across from  
    me in my room  
under a poster of Van  
    Gogh's *Yellow House*,  
his eyes  
    at half-mast.  
He couldn't be  
    less interested  
in my "sacred."

    To be permeated  
with God,  
    I sit with him. I keep  
a red zafu on  
    the floor.

    Take  
the wait list  
    letter for Lucy's  
college, I said  
    to my husband  
and daughter  
    this morning,  
place it  
    in a sealed  
plastic bag  
    with  
an apple core or  
    dried flower,

wait to open,  
and there will  
be the acceptance  
you have been  
waiting for.