

*Jean Esteve*

PANTHEIST

From an overhanging limb  
Nature spoke to him.  
“Sweet, sweet, sweet,” it said  
And he believed each word.

On the way to where he worked  
He passed St. Andrew’s church.  
It called out “Ding, dang, dell,”  
Which he believed as well.

When he reached the factory  
With its looming chimney,  
Came a whisper “Puff, puff, puff.”  
“Amen,” he answered, looking up.