

God: Unplugged

Dan LaPonsie

“No, I think He looks better on the right,” Bejewel said.

Lisp slid god back over to a right-of-center place on the mantel. The electric god was plugged into a wall outlet, casting a shimmering white light on either the right or left of Lisp’s face—depending on where Lisp’s older sisters directed.

Yes, god was bright. So much so that the features were fairly indiscernible behind the brilliant glow. Yet, god was not painful to look at. And, god was not painful to touch. As a matter of fact, god was quite cool.

“Who the hell told you that god is a he?” Annabel asked.

“Who the shit told you that our god was an it?” Bejewel said. She crossed her arms and looked at her twin with a fighting look in her eye.

Annabel gasped and put a hand up over her mouth. “I cannot believe you just used that sort of language. And right in the presence of It!” She pointed at god, sitting on the fireplace mantel, as ambiguous as an idea.

Mother called from the kitchen that it was dinner time.

After the two sisters left the room, Lisp unplugged god. The shimmering glow lessened a bit, but was not extinguished. She took god gently into her hand. Smiled at god. Kissed god. And then with a heave, she lobbed god toward the center of the room. God crashed against the floor, shattered into pieces.

Lisp jumped down off the chair to inspect god. Some of god sat on the floor in big chunks, some in little fragments. Some of god turned to dust.

The 4-year-old took one of the larger chunks in her tiny hand, and placed it lovingly on the right side of the mantel. Another was placed at the very center. Another, she placed left-of-center on the mantel.

Still another chunk went on the floor beneath a chair looking up to the mantel. Another chunk she set on the corner bookshelf, with a sweeping view of the entire fireplace mantel, from left all the way over to the right.

The remaining pieces of god she set in various places about the living room. The dust she kicked up into the air, to hover wherever the wind carried it.

Smiling with self-satisfaction, she toddled off quietly into the dining room to join her family.

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