

God, I miss you.

Let's dissect this.

*God:*

I am anything but pious. I am not Catholic, I am not Christian. There is nothing that could bring me to my knees in worship. And I do not mean to offend you. I don't know you. But the

*I:*

does. I, not the vessel, the flesh, the blood, I, the soul. Not built of skin and bone and muscle but instead housed inside of it, the soul is the closest to you out of anything possessed by man. My soul knows you. At the very least, it knew you at some point. Bound to the earth in flesh, my body will eventually rot. But my soul lacks the same visceral morality and shares your age. At some point it was housed in the body of your disciple, when society was built upon your name.

This is what I

*Miss:*

*Need.* My simple human brain can't rationalize a solution past omniscience, but you made me like this. The starvation I feel is more than primal. It is not the archaic need for nourishment nor something more human like greed or temptation, not stored in the body but the soul. With no intention of disrespect, you created a familiarity between us that fused our existence, and then you stripped me raw. What is that, the verdict of my eternal judgment?

*You:*

I am asking you to look at your creation in the same way that I am. You are absent, and our pathetic excuse of a replacement makes it all the more obvious. If your absence isn't total, you are deeply hidden. concealed now not out of humility or necessity but out of guilt. Out of threat.

Isn't that blasphemy?

In your place we fall before power in worship, governance on the altar and civilization at its feet.

Human nature is amusing in the way it tends to contradict itself. We have warped your word into profanity but remain devout in our attempts to become you. We are all trying to be God, each of us driven by one of three motivations: A desperate attempt to fill the space you left, an aspiration for perfection, or hunger for worship.

I was raised to fear you. I was also raised to venerate you, but I do neither. These, however, cultivated a deep respect for you. It is out of this respect that I tell you I don't understand you, and it is with no malicious intent that I tell you that I think you were mistaken when you made us. You create us in your image, but strip us of divinity. And now we inherently crave what is designated for only you, worship, creation, immunity. Freedom from the vessel, residence in something bigger than our infinitely small planet. Through our own disparity we learn what divinity is: protection from sin, purification of the soul. We exist naked, aware only through original sin, our own sin, unavoidable sin, sin that defines our species. You named our existence as a sin when you kept the divinity and birthed us into hell. We are so excessively naked under

you, so obviously draped in silk robes and holy light and you created seven billion of us to look at the difference between us two.

But your divinity must come with an understanding different from what was bestowed upon humanity, and I wouldn't dare question it.

The jealousy on earth is becoming so large it is almost visible. It is contagious.

I crave your divinity more than humanity combined, but not for myself. My body accepts its nudity but my soul mourns you.

God, I miss you. Do you still think about me?