

Emancipation

I want to emancipate God.
I want to emancipate the concept of God
from gender,
from personhood,
from definition.

Language is the captive of mind.
Mind is held hostage by experience.

Our lives are bound by suffering.
We are fixed to each other,
hewed together in mutual need,
aligned by our co-vulnerability,
adhered by love,
rendered open by pain

Pain deviously planned and maliciously executed and pain carelessly spilt.

And yet, we are liberated for a moment,
a glimpse of understanding,
a sliver of insight.

We witness in a split second the vastness of the universe,
the beyond all-ness of God.

Look to the sky on a cloudless night,
Undiluted by the noise of light,
and feel a sense of your smallness,
your aloneness,

While, at the same time, knowing your inescapable connection to,
your inseparability from,
every single thing.

We are made of the same raw material as everything else
 sea slug,
 quarry rock,
 captive,
 conqueror,
 star.

This knowing, even as it fleets, is at once
 profoundly freeing and deeply grounding.

Bound to earth, as we are,
 we will continue to wound each other
 in small, personal, accidental ways
 and in enormous, anonymous, crushing ways.

And God forgives and life forgives.
 But the wonder is that we forgive,
 Forgive each other,
 forgive life,
 forgive God,
 our hearts growing greater and stronger
 with the scar tissue of irreconcilable mistakes.

We are emancipated by love
 found on the other side of injustice
 and we bow our heads
 remembering to pray to the one,
 which can not,
 and never will be
 bound in chains.