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## Leaves in the Wind

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# Leaves in the Wind

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*David Schelhaas*

Dark linden leaves flutter on the umber couch in my study,  
shadows cast by the morning sun. Sunbeams draw my eyes  
outward to the tree where only a few leaves still hang  
and into the blue sky beyond, where God sits, somewhere,  
laughing, perhaps, or puzzled, as he deals out rain and wind and snow  
around the globe. Here he's spreading out buttery sunshine—  
and leaves, of course,  
which are raining down everywhere after last night's frost.  
Weather, war, the starving hoards, he must  
get tired of deciding things.  
And all those prayers that fly at him like leaves in the wind,  
words, words, words in a thousand different languages,  
some confident and faith full,  
some doubt full and timid as shy boys at a dance.  
How does he do it?  
Does he grab one here and there  
to answer and let the rest float on by?  
Oh, I know what the Book says but  
it is not always enough.  
The evidence of things seen beggars glib conclusion.

Do you think you know God? That you can  
go after him like a big game hunter, net him with  
large Latin words—omnipotent, omnipresent, omniscient—  
and cage him in a catechism?

I sit here all day fiddling with words,  
trying to put them into some sort of tune,  
an arrangement that harmonizes God,  
the world and my question-cluttered mind.  
To what end?  
Better to go outside and rake  
my leaf-littered lawn.