Sometimes
I think about
The loneliness of Elohim (God).

And He
Is Farther than
Every Far

And He is somewhere
There
Father than every there
At the end of
The Endless

And He is also here, close
No one guess
How close

So close that sometimes
I want to whisper Him
Something

And maybe sometimes He dresses up
Like any person
And come down here?
Maybe he even lives here
In the neighborhood
Close to the sea?

Like a germ who can’t see
A person
Or the world
Or even a worm,
That’s how we too can’t
See Him.

And He is alone
And no one plays with him

And He has many many senses
That we don’t
And we have no concept at all that He has
But He has, for example, a kind of sense
Of humor the size of all of space
He just doesn’t have
Anyone
To laugh with Him.

But maybe, in any case
He has
Someone to laugh with Him
But this depends on their being other
Elohims.

But apparently there aren’t
And again
I whisper
Something

Because He is big lonely small

And from time to time
(when I was I was even smaller)
I was sad that he was so
Lonely

That He has no mother father and who
Worries about Him when He is thirsty, gives
Him something to drink and whether
He has brown, brown slippers
With a zipper?

Tell me, Daddy
Does Adonai have a mother
Does Adonai have a father or a grandfather?

And Daddy is quiet
A sign that Adonai is an orphan.

Daddy, does Adonai
Maybe, at least, have an
Adoniyah? (a wife)

If only He had an Adoniyah

And sometimes I hear the grownups
Blaming Him
And Elohim is good after all

So why are there, really,
in the world
so many things that…

What a hard
Thing it is
To be one

Or if he has a neighbor
Or a cousin

He surely likes prayers
Simply because
Finally
Someone is speaking to Him

The people pray to Him
And ask him for
All kinds of things
For themselves

And me too
Sometimes in my heart
I ask
requests

But always always
I say thank you
And I pray to Him
That he worry for himself
And marry Adoniyah
And that He be happy
And healthy.