

My Problem with Job, Part 1  
*Shelley Jinks Johnson*

I wonder  
    Incredulous  
at a deity that would  
    Destroy  
every goodness of a faithful  
    Servant.

Did anyone  
    Imagine  
that the imposter oxen could  
    Replace  
original living, breathing  
    Beasts  
that were once so loved?

Did the world  
    Believe  
that new daughters with  
    Different  
strands of black and auburn hair,  
    Alive  
now in place of those  
    Others  
born first of this family could  
    Endow  
A father with the same  
    Love  
felt, cherished before  
    Catastrophe?

Could sons with stranger eyes  
    Relate  
the same way to a mother who  
    Wept  
and weeps still for the shards of her  
    Heart  
that will never fit back in place in just the right  
    Way?

Surely -GOD- of all people  
    Knows  
not a single petal of humanity is  
    Replaceable.