

Happy Valentine's Day God

I'm making a Valentine's Day card
for God,
said the curly haired boy
crayons in hand.
Do you think he'll like it?
God will love it
I tell him with a smile.

You know my mother
will be going up there soon
to live with God.
If I send him a valentine
maybe
he'll be even nicer to my mother
treat her special.
Maybe
God will find
a cure for Aids
and she won't have to go to
heaven.

The man who gave
my mother Aids
won't be up there
cause he's down below
where it's hot.
You know where I mean?
You bet I do!
If only I could be a baby again
inside my mother
I'd punch that Aids
right out of her.

I think heaven is a nice place
he shares.
My mother told me
she'll be happy there.
No more throwing up.
No more hurting all the time.

She'll be able to see again.
No more bumping into
everything,
and best of all
no more wheelchairs.
My mother will be able
to walk again,
run,
even play baseball.
He pulls his chair closer.
and reaching
across the table
lightly
touches my face.
Do you think
God can
hear me talking to you?
he asks.
I believe he hears everything.
Good, he says.

With eyes turned upward
holding the card close
to his heart
he sends his greeting.
Happy Valentine's Day God
Take care of my mother
when she comes to live with you.

Then he turns the card over to me
and with a smile says
You'll know where to mail this.
Of course, I answer
holding God's valentine tightly.
All right! he exclaims
with shining eyes
and gives me a high five!

Jean Meyer