

**YOU Can't Hide Anything**  
**from : Song of the Child**

You can't hide anything from god. He sees everything. He knows who you are and he knows everything about you. Too. You can't hide. He knows when you pour the vodka from your father's cup into the mother's house plants and he knows when you steal some Ruffels-Have-Ridges at night when the grown ups are sleeping loudly in your ears. He knows everything. And he never sleeps. He sees you sneak sips of coffee from the grown up cups when the company leaves. Good girls offer him some. They say, "God, I'm tasting this for you". Or, "Dear Lord, I taste you in this cold coffee. Alleluia. I'm not sure which. This way he won't think that you forgot about him and how it feels to only be offered wine and bread all the time. Or to only be bread and wine all the time. I'm not sure which. Maybe its both. Some days god eats and other days he is a small lunch for the drunks. Nothing is new to him. He sees your tears. He could be the one telling you, wake up and go downstairs and eat some chips while you pour away some of the stinky stuff in the bottles. Really. He gives assignments sometimes but he doesn't collect the homework. I don't know why. He's the principal of peace. The mother says. But you have to wait til you die for a grade. *I wouldn't tell you god was peeking at you all the time if he wasn't*, the mother says. She says when you are in the back seat, god is in the front seat. Remember *that* when you are a big girl. I do not care what god sees . You are never alone with a god like this. When the big boys play like you are the deer and they are going hunting. You are not alone. You can hope he makes them trip over branches and jam their guns. You never know what he'll do about anything. When you go to the woods and dig a hole and yell cuss words into it, he hears you. But he doesn't yell back. I know because I listen. Unless its in the wind and trees. The way they say, "Hush, now" and quiver..When you kiss Roxanne, god is there. He sees the light dance in your belly. He sees you shiver and quiver like the trees. If he doesn't like it he shouldn't always be watching. That's what I think. What is he afraid of that he doesn't ever want to sleep? If you want to be nice to Jesus, you can try to do what I do. Wait until the big people leave. That's important. Then take all the pictures of Jesus off their hooks and turn them to face the wall. Say, *there, there, I'm here now...I'll watch this room. You can rest for awhile*. Be careful when you hang the big one back up. Because why?. Because if the daddy comes home and slams the door hard and it falls down and crashes all over the living room with a big bang and glass in the carpet. He will start to shake and quiver and he will go to the cabinet and pull out his bottles that have no stinky stuff left. And he will get that awful look on his face... it will take days to go away. No one will understand why god got broken when you gave him a break so be careful when you hang him back up on the nail.

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