

# Covenant

by Margaret Halaska

God  
knocks at my door  
seeking a home for his son.  
Rent is cheap, I say.

I don't want to rent. I want to buy, says God.

I'm not sure I want to sell,  
but you might come in and look around.

I think I will, says God.

I might let you have a room or two.

I like it, says God. I'll take the two. You might decide to give me more some day.  
I can wait, says God.

I'd like to give you more,  
but it's a bit difficult. I need some space for me.

I know, says God, but I'll wait. I like what I see.

Hm, maybe I can let you have another room.  
I really don't need that much.

Thanks, says God, I'll take it. I like what I see.

I'd like to give you the whole house  
but I'm not sure ...

Think on it, says God. I wouldn't put you out.  
Your house would be mine and my son would live in it.  
You'd have more space than you'd ever had before.

I don't understand at all.

I know, says God, but I can't tell you about that.  
You'll have to discover it for yourself.  
That can only happen if you let me have the whole house.

A bit risky, I say.

Yes, says God, but try me.

I'm not sure –  
I'll let you know.

I can wait, says God, I like what I see.