

We Dig For God

by Adrian Silbernagel

For nine months I watched you through your parlor window, kneeling in the dirt in front of your house, unearthing the things that would not grow, breaking up the soil so that you could plant new things in their place. Every so often I would look up from my notebook, to find the view had changed ever so slightly. I thought I knew all I needed to know about your God: the tradition he came from and its flaws, his name and pronouns. I had forgotten that we alcoholics have to dig for God, the way a gardener digs. That you always came back in with a sore back and dirty jeans.