# Job's Eyes

## Far

The birds would laugh at Job,
their song would torture him.
Always a steady rain fell,
soakingand chilling him.
He could always see a dry,
light place on the horizon.
He would walk for miles, muttering,
"I'm sure this rain won't last. I'm sure it's time is up.
Though it's pouring down, I'm sure this rain won't last."As it fell on Job's eyes,
this water of doubt,
he said, "I'm wading in lies, it's wearing me out.
But if you want it, all right. I'll buy it."The trees whispered to Job.
The wind screamed,
"blood too dirty for mosquitos,
I hope that you die soon.
Pray to any god you believe in."
One day, Job screamed back.
"Those people, they had families.
Their families don't have them.
You're not any god I believe in.
I hope the rain ruins the work you did."At that moment, the clouds parted.
Job found himself in the sun.
Job's god was left in the storm that he'd created.
He moaned, "I'm sure this rain won't last.
I'm sure it's time is up.
Though it's pouring down,
I'm sure this rain won't last."

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