

God

Andrew Quinlan

I don't think I believe in God
Not the way you might
But I see something called god
All the time
In stones, in moss, in trees
In cruelty and in death too
In the sad way wasps get stuck in apartments
In stars and in planets
And the desolate beauty of the moon
I see it even in cathedrals, too, (how could I not)
But maybe most of all
I see it in the way snowflakes fall
And land in my lover's hair

Andrew Quinlan is a commercial aviation major at the University of North Dakota. He is twenty-one years old and enjoys video games, reading science fiction, cooking, and spending time with his boyfriend and friends at restaurants and bars around town. He has a passion for imagining sci-fi stories and hasn't quite gotten around to writing any of them down—but he promises that one day, he will.