God Ain’t Watching

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God Ain't Watching

I moved like smoke through dim rooms,

slow grin, pressed shirt,

phone turned face down by instinct.

No thunder.

No hand through the ceiling.

No angel at the hotel desk

asking whether the reservation

was under my name or my mother's disappointment.

If judgment had an invoice,

I thought, surely it would arrive.

So I collected nights:

perfume on a collar,

heels beside a bed,

hearts left open

like tabs I never planned to pay.

I prayed once for timing,

leaving forgiveness untouched.

Let nobody call while I am here.

Let each woman believe the silence

belongs only to her.

God did not strike me.

Years later I understood mercy

can look exactly like delay

when the man receiving it

has mistaken time for innocence.