

# Where God Must Sleep

*Patrick Carrington*

I often wander by the park before dawn,  
 even when the weather turns  
 as ugly as my dreams.  
 By law, the doorways and underpasses  
 must empty when the streets grow  
 dark and lonely,  
 so each bench on the promenade is full—

you could easily think every man there  
 is without the sense or strength  
 to come in out of the rain  
 to the protection of an awning or bridge—  
 it's not some weakness  
 but the mandate of the city  
 that soaks them, its bias against bad luck.

Yet they sleep, and I can't. I feel a weird  
 sort of relief when they wake  
 and I hear them  
 mumble unintelligibly to themselves  
 with one breath and with the next  
 thank Him, quite elegantly,

for not taking them during the night,  
 as if that good fortune  
 was a matter of partnership.