

GOD: THE BAD ROLE MODEL

'Tis lucky for us that God doesn't exist,
For in breaking the rules He'd ever persist.
Even His own commandments wouldn't be sacred,
Since he'd murder His own forms created.

Well, this would be goof, big time, a mistake,
So then a joyous rainbow He might make,
To show He'd no more rain a worldly lake,
But He could still destroy us all by earthquake!

He'd slay by flame and flood excruciate;
He'd entrap; he'd blame us for His mistake;
He'd hold grudges for our ancestors' sins;
He'd throw tantrums and fits; his name, God's Sake!

Other loves would not allowed by this Jealous One,
For He'd be the only one to enjoy the fun,
For His low esteem our adoration would be required,
This request being much like singing to the choir.

Would He have to rest on the 7th day,
After working 24-6 on making universal hay?
Or would He use boundless energy reserves,
Such that He could do it all in some instant blurb?

Would God's last name be known as 'Dammit',
With 'Herald' His name on Earth's planet,
And would be 'Art' named, when up in Heaven?
Would we swear in vain these names never taken?

We'd have to be so lazy on the Sabbath day,
Not even lifting up a finger or even wave a bug away,
Keeping holy and wholly the laundry on Sunday,
Even avoiding football, as the Pope doth say.

Cripes, He'd be in the right place at the right time,
Not ever having been made, not even costing a dime.

What luck to be unborn with so much talent,
Never having earned the spot with any effort spent.

Well, we'd still humor our dear parents,
Not telling them where we'd been apparent—
Honoring her offer, on her and off her,
Yet, we'd soon learn, through human nature.

If this non God we'd emulate, we could kill
Those who solicitate, and e'en more kill,
Even time, spouses, bugs, microbes, and other swill,
And, of course, outlaws, and, especially, in-laws.

So, if God's a good role model, a leader,
Someone that we would follow, imitate,
Emulate, be like, adore, or follow,
What else would his fine example allow?

We could jail people for the sins of their
Ancestors, exterminate humanity,
Allow known evil to exist and tempt,
And devise devious entrapment plans.

We could have temper tantrums and outbursts,
Envy, or not permit competitors,
Grant free will only it matched our own,
And covet worship, adoration, and praise.

The Christian God is vengeful, demands of,
And tortures us with threats of Hellish shove.

Well, if I were a God and ruled above,
You could remove all my powers but love.

Now, back to the commandments sultry;
Lo, should we freely admit adultery?

Should we banish all thoughts impure?
Well, that's simply our human nature.

Now, if He'd wanted us to be naked, say,
Then surely we'd have been born that way.
As for padding, that would false witness be,
So, please, please keep a breast of reality.

And no loving thy neighbors much too much,
By coveting their Heavenly bodies such,
But thy own ass do covet; it's not free;
Follow Moses, by always tying it to a tree.

There are stealers about, another shalt not,
Who take office supplies home a lot,
And take various and sundry restaurant items,
As well as keeping every pen, never buying them.

Now, really, never do one to others, too,
Before they can do one to you,
And never lie in court; no, not you;
Just let your lawyer do it for you!

Now, walking on water is very much out,
Unless there is solid ice—winter, no doubt,
And ever know that sin is fun's evil twin,
And ever enter that evil Sin-a-God.

So what more would this invented God be,
The One with neither paternity nor maternity?
Would we then be made so specially
That we'd be rewarded for all eternity?

If we'd worship Him from fear of Hell,
Then He'd rightly cast us into it;
If we'd worship Him from a desire for Paradise,
Then He'd deny us entrance into it.

He'd say to Adam and Eve in Eden:
"Do what you like, but don't eat the apple".
Well, we know that when you tell children
Not to touch something, they certainly will!

Only a Fool would blame His own creations
For the flaws therein, for His poor craftsmanship,
So rejoice, there's no Maker of Man; these 'flaws'
Provide for interesting character types!

Well, He's still on prozac, so they say,
For He works in mysterious [insane] ways.
The free will to us given is fully free,
Unless it doesn't match His own entirely.

So, we'd still think that ills, or sins, of a
Mental nature are caused by the Devil,
An evil tempting spirit; however, now
We know of brain chemistry gone awry.

He'd still detest evil so totally completely,
That he'd allow the Devil to tempt us mercilessly.
And sins, even the most horrible ones, well,
No big deal; just repent them to avoid Hell.

Rigged & jigged, God's perfect plans would be done,
But he'd long for some surprises yet to come,
So He might even roll the dice, trying for 'random';
"Darn!" He'd say, I already knew the outcome!"

The Diviner would just sit around, with nothing else to do,
His mind already full with what would become as new.
He couldn't play dice, scrambling the forecast,
For He would know all of which the die was cast.

One-night stands with engaged young virgins
Would be OK, but those are not good urgins;

And no fighting, especially if you are weak;
So, when one kisses your ass, turn the other cheek!

Thus, A God-who-is-a-being would, like us,
Be dependent on, and exist after,
The Ground of Ultimate Reality,
And so could not, in Himself, be His own cause.

Now Hail the All and the One, omnipresent,
For it's eternal and can neither be
Created nor destroyed, being its own cause
And the Ground of All: It is Energy!