

The Mud—by Matthew “Matt” Safrit, May 29th, 2020

They tell me I exist.

They tell me I exist, and in order for me to understand myself as a distinct being-in-the-world, I have to observe the multitude of objects that exist outside of me and make synthesizing judgements about them.

Apparently I exist, and I exist in the world.

They tell me god exists.

They tell me god exists, and that in order to understand god I must read books. These books tell me that god is good, god is all-powerful, god is love, and god is one.

They tell me I exist, and they tell me god exists. I can understand myself as a distinct being-in-the-world because I make synthesizing judgements in reference to the multitude of objects that exist outside of me. I can understand god, they tell me, because god is in a book.

They tell me they know god, and that god is good. They come here for rape, murder, and robbery, yet they read the books, and now understand that all which happened then, all that happens now, and all that *will* happen in the future, is working for their good. A person receives a letter from a long-lost friend, ‘You see! god is good!’ Another gets time taken off of their sentence, ‘Hallelujah! god is good!’ They come here for rape, murder, and robbery—it is *all* working for *their* good.

How many children died yesterday?

How many children are starving, being beaten, and being molested as you read these very words?

‘Bad things happen because god allows them! Don’t worry,’ they tell me, ‘everything is working for our good!’ Everything... *everything*, is working for our good... They refrain, like a chorus, as they tell me, ‘god is good.’

Staring through the Constantine wire I caught a glimpse of happiness today. It was quiet, the birds were chirping, and ‘July’ by Noah Cyrus came on not *once*, but *twice*, on my *personal* headset, as I turned my gaze to find infinity in a water puddle. In my little world, everything was okay. It was me, Noah, and the puddle—everything was good.

How many children died as I stared at that puddle?

How many children were starving, being beaten, and being molested as I found happiness in the mud?

They tell me god exists... they tell me god is all-powerful... and they tell me god is good...

Perhaps I should stay in the mud... everything is good in the mud.