

## ANOTHER LETTER TO GOD . . . . .

Dear God, these calls for Armageddon would overwhelm a delicate soul. I suspect you could hear them before the first drop of dark energy, and well before the first amoeba. I guess that angels whispered these thoughts well before George Colkitto and a million others. I hear that Elgar put Gerontius upfront, before the stakes of Armageddon grew from individuals up to race, planet and galaxy. And if I had a proper education in the Classics, I'm sure I would discover that Greece and Rome had their snouts in the dystopian trough.

But I reckon, God, that you are tough. If a day is like a thousand years, you have had time to grow a pretty thick skin. And if a thousand years is but a day for you, then certainly it is a miracle if you pay attention to either George or me. But (like George) I will write to you anyway.

I see he has been watching these videos in the book of Revelation. Scary stuff. But one man's warning is another's fascination, just ask those Trump supporters about it. Just as well you dictated those letters first, without them John might have binned the rest. I say 'you dictated', but what do I know about your methods, *pace* Armageddon and all that? Specially when you say the writer is a dead man living – maybe a zombie to Colkitto, but I'm going to make a zeugma from it: the author holds our future and the keys to Armageddon.

Those letters sound a bit like George when Armageddon mood's not on him. Caring and compassionate. A man, or a God tough enough to stand outside the door and bang the knocker just a little. To wait while those inside jump up and down and throw things. To face the risk you embraced before that bigger bang that started everything.

Yes, heaven must be blue with all our bluster, and George never mentioned the blood. Nor the scales. The scales in which one kindly deed might count for more than endless cruelty, and one man's death for more than genocide. How strange is language! Scales, which went decimal last century, still cloak the serpent and the human eye. Do George and I, with human eyes, see same or different? I think we see the same, but choose a different frame.

Also yours,

Another Man

aka Brother Jock