

The God of Today

by Annie Dillard

5 Time is enough, more than enough, and matter multiple and given. The god of today is a child, a baby new and filling the house, remarkable here in the flesh. He is day. He thrives in a cup of wind, landlocked and thrashing. He unrolls, revealing his shape an edge at a time, a smatter of content, foot first: a word, a friend for coffee, a windshift, the shingling or coincidence of ideas. . . . In bed, I call to me my sad cat, and read on. Like a rug or wrap rolling unformed up a loom, the day discovers itself, like the poem.

10 The god of today is rampant and drenched. His arms spread, bearing moist pastures; his fingers spread, fingering the shore. He is time's live skin; he burgeons up from day like any tree. His legs spread crossing the heavens, flicking hugely, and flashing and arcing around the earth toward night.

15 This is the one world, bound to itself and exultant. It fizzes up in trees, trees heaving up streams of salt to their leaves. This is the one air, bitten by grackles; time is alone and in and out of mind. The god of today is a boy, pagan and fernfoot. His power is enthusiasm; his innocence is mystery. He sockets into everything that is, and that right holy. Loud as music, filling the grasses and skies, his day spreads rising at home in the hundred
20 senses. He rises, new and surrounding. He is everything that is, wholly here and emptied—flung, and flowing, sowing, unseen, and flown.