

fleeing from death/God
or
running towards God/death
by Steven Day

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Part I: Leave

*A man sitting alone in his
kitchen. He is at his wit's end...
he is broken... his heart churns
butter and his eyes sink into his
neck.*

FATHER.

I told him he was going to die
it is only what I was told

.

I told him I didn't want this for him
ofcourse

I told him his mother could not see him
she could not see anything
her eyes were flooded

.

I told him to go get the lamb
the perfect lamb
the lamb he had watched over for weeks
I couldn't tell him why
how could i

.

he was blameless

.

I told him the lamb would protect him
God would protect him

.

he believed it to be some chore
one final chore
so he ran out of the door

.

and I called out to him
I said "Anubis, come!
God protects this roof!
God protects this house!"

and he said
"I will escape God"

.

and he went off into the dark

He stands.

so he runs off
and I must stay here
I stay for Ebo
and for my wife

.

Ebo is not old enough to understand

.

and I stay here...

.

God is to kill all of the eldest sons of Egypt
that is for certain

.

what is not for certain is if Anubis will be spared

.

if he can run fast enough
or maybe it is if he can run far enough
or maybe he has to return

.

but he has chosen to run
so that's what he must do
a man makes a choice
a boy makes a choice

Part II: Where God is provincial

*Straight to: ANUBIS.
Cowering in fear in a
corner somewhere. He
fears for his life.*

ANUBIS.

God is to KILL ME? God is to kill me???

what a LIE that is

.

to be lied to by your father

and he says it was spoken to each person in the city but me

.

fetch the lamb oh, fetch me one more laborious assignment before I kill you in the name of God

.

I know I am unwanted and all you seek to do is get rid of me with your underhand methods

but do not blame GOD

.

do not use God in vain

.

God would never do such a thing

.

but to know God

.

.

the night is quiet

...

even the animals of the alley have even gone to hide

.

maybe I too should hide

.

if I could find my mothers room in the house where she cried

ask her if I can return and stay the night

but with my father by my side— no

no

i cannot return

.

and with a name of death I see from my birth what my father intended

.

oh my poor mother, to cry for me and hide
she should be ashamed of my father

.

the wind is growling

.

how could God murder
to take us in our innocence and take our breath
how could He

.

and after so much
after the waves of chaos

.

could God make a choice
if so many die
hundreds

.

how could God make a choice of violence for Good

.

God spares us
and gives us the choice...

.

.

He stands up.

FATHER?

BLACKOUT

