

A CONVERSATION WITH GOD

Darwin went out at night so no one could see him. He wanted to be as far away from the world as he could get and so he left. He went from this side to the other, feeding every part of him, everything he could fit within the confinement of him and it was not enough. He yearned for more.

Darwin had come so far into isolation and only now was he truly realizing it as he broke even further away. The conversation he kept having with himself was frustrating. He felt nothing could tear him apart from himself. The horror he felt. Darwin had lost everything that he loved.

He finally found bliss, walking at night. He said to God.

“I see this which you have created and I see the beauty in it now.”

And as Darwin journeyed on he felt compelled to listen.

“Darwin, you may have driven yourself into ruin. The world may have given up on you, but I will not.”

And God continued.

“This is not beauty, this is sick, disgusting, and ugly.”

Darwin felt ashamed. Hearing this from God, knowing how he himself had failed. That his actions had brought him to this place of despair.

“But you are the painter.” Darwin said

And God liked this.

Darwin then saw someone come out of the bush behind him, far in the distance. So Darwin hurried home.