**Just One Sign**

Greg Friedmann

As I child walking in the woods,

I would pray God would assign me

a mission, so I’d know who I was,

what to do, how to live. Luckily,

I received no such guidance. Now,

a lifetime later, I see He or She

has been there all along, tasking me

with nothing but my presence.

I know I’ve created Him or Her

from the ruins of a childhood religion

and a thousand other fables. Still,

childlike, I look for signs—and there,

over the river, rises the Hunter’s

Moon, as perfectly round

as the Eucharist, borne upward

as if held by a supplicant’s invisible hands.