

I Find God on Facebook

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Or rather, he finds me.

It's been a long time, he says,
and at first I'm suspicious.

I wonder if it's really him because
we have no mutual friends
and he spells my name "Barbera"
like the wine grape or the creator

of the Flintstones. That's no way
to be omniscient. But what do you do
in a situation like that? Some deity
you haven't spoken to since fifth grade
sends you a friend request:
to refuse to friend him seems
like a much bigger statement

than you're willing to make, so now
God is your Facebook friend
and you feel weird about making
double entendres or saying *fuck*.
The whole thing is just awkward.
You can't post a status message
about coveting your neighbor's car

or puking gin into the bushes,
because God will post on your Wall
for your 300 closest friends to see:
Think of your unborn children,
think of your future bosses.
The Internet is forever. Yes,
the Mardi Gras photo of me

flashing that redneck in Biloxi
named BillySam or SammyBill
will live somewhere for all eternity.
The angels read my Facebook
daily, evaluating, some would say
“stalking,” but they’re friends-of-
friends now and I can’t figure out

how to rework my settings
to keep them out. I can’t post
a thing without Lucifer (from his
condo in an old church in Brooklyn,
with his headband and his giant
hipster glasses) clicking *Like*,
and I know the bastard means it

ironically. Meanwhile God is King
of the Spam Status—posting, posting:
he had bread and wine for lunch;
he’s picked his college football teams,
predicted the World Series,
decided winners of all the elections;
he’s chosen which glaciers to melt,

whom to annoy on the commute
and whom to smite: a child playing
beat-the-train, Hungarians buried
under toxic sludge. Enough:
I block him from my news feed
as thunder booms and the power
goes ou