“God” is easy to believe in
When Grandma Vicki prays
Faith runs miles in veins
Specks of mica in mountain rivers

“God” is ungraspable for me
The mica pours silently
Out of open wounds
It is only fools gold

“God” has never came easy
Sitting atop the mountain peaks
Pointer finger beckoning
To climb, regain the faith

“God” is a myth to me
Great misunderstood beast
That breathes mica in puffs
Nothing of value

Pretty nonetheless