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## The Problem with Heaven

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## The Problem with Heaven

*Matt Gutheit*

So what is the problem with heaven?  
Oh, don't get me wrong – it's great.  
Whatever I desire I receive, no questions asked.  
There are endless portions of the finest food in the universe,  
And you don't even gain an ounce.  
The natives are friendly, too.  
No, there is nothing wrong with heaven.  
The problem, I fear, is me.

Perhaps it is my human instinct,  
Nagging me all the time.  
Searching for what?  
Conflict, hate, hostility, illness, and poverty –  
That's what!  
There is none of that here, for heaven is perfect.  
Perfection was supposed to be unattainable –  
Maybe it should be.

My whole life I have longed for this,  
But now I am questioning that desire.  
For without conflict, hate, hostility, illness, and poverty,  
How can I appreciate harmony, love, good will, health, and luxury?  
Will I spend eternity like *this* –  
Jaded by this endless barrage of good things,  
As a nagging desire for those bad things grows like a cancer within me?

Everybody else is happy here,  
Yet to me heaven is more like hell.  
There's supposed to be no illness here,  
But *I* could sure use a shrink!