

Digressions: Literary & Art Journal

Volume 20 Winter 2023

Article 25

4-4-2023

Divinity

Aysia Stephens Nova Southeastern University

Follow this and additional works at: https://nsuworks.nova.edu/digressions



Part of the Art and Design Commons, and the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation

Stephens, Aysia (2023) "Divinity," Digressions: Literary & Art Journal: Vol. 20, Article 25. Available at: https://nsuworks.nova.edu/digressions/vol20/iss1/25

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Digressions at NSUWorks. It has been accepted for inclusion in Digressions: Literary & Art Journal by an authorized editor of NSUWorks. For more information, please contact nsuworks@nova.edu.

Divinity

Author Bio

Aysia Stephens is a senior majoring in marine bio and minoring in writing. Stephens always had a love for stories and writing, as they gave her an escape from any troubles she faced. Writing is her second passion after her love of animals.

Divinity

Aysia Stephens

His children looked upon his hand and preened with a malice that depleted His essence.

Their gangly limbs misshapen and delicate mouths unhinged, only to sing animosity at those who rebelled.

Rotting minds with disloyal actions.

A nimbus of love poured from His being, a beam bright enough to blind his acolytes into accidental submission.

The peccant ones who chose their own path met their fate with adoring words that gave hope. Hope His children tore with bared canines, forming a sagacious owl that screeched a warning. His disciples forced silence by grabbing the little girlowl. By grabbing the owl, crying, and placing it in a bedroom. Open windows but polluted air.

His children taught with good intentions, yet behaved as ones who believed there was no other path to follow but one of deceit, masked with gentle smiles who stored serrated blades.

A house of cards is destined to fall the more layers of love and grime is added, hidden poorly behind syrupy hugs and tampered intentions. Her home's last brick
was set to crumble
next forenoon,
and no children were there
to help restore
her faith in
Him.

Only an owl with dull talons and a beak glued shut.

Author Statement

"I often hear of growing youth losing faith in religion due to how it was traumatically shown to them growing up, whether the adults realized it or not. I wanted to write a piece showing that despite the honest intentions, words and actions are shown differently through a child's eye."

