



The Mercury
The Student Art &
Literary Magazine
of Gettysburg
College

Volume 2020

Article 21

2020

Playing God

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Recommended Citation

Smith, Kenzie () "Playing God," *The Mercury*: Year 2020, Article 21.
Available at: <https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/mercury/vol2020/iss1/21>

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Playing God

Author Bio

Kenzie is a senior studying environmental science and public policy with a minor in writing. Kenzie serves as the managing editor for The Mercury and holds three part time jobs on campus. In her spare time, you can find Kenzie watching endless hours of "Diners, Drive-ins, and Dives," falling out of trees she has tried to climb, or participating in various other forms of tomfoolery!

Playing God

KENZIE SMITH

Lets play a game.
Here's how it goes:
I'll build a story
with the words I compose.

I'll start with nothing
Then all will combust.
I'll build a universe
out of darkness and dust.

I'll crush it small,
and pull it slow,
examine it close,
mold it like dough.

I'll sculpt rocks and volcanoes,
water, air, and plants,
beings of all sizes,
from dinosaurs to ants.

I'll cover the ground with soft green
and paint blue up above,
I'll create heaven on earth
so they can live, learn, and love.

Then I'll throw rocks at them!
Hell will rain from the skies.
Execute them, no mercy--
a swift, dreadful demise!

I'll then forge a new monster
with skin, thumbs and elbows.
They'll be fragile and weak
but their knowledge will grow.

I'll plant seeds of violence,
war in the name of worship.
Spears, guns, tanks, bombs;
call it entrepreneurship.

They'll do the work for me,
turn homeland to wasteland.
They'll cull their own numbers,
Convinced that they understand.

They'll starve their own people
exploit carbon-dioxide,
spill Pandora's box of pain
robbery, rape, homicide.

And if they're not fast enough,
too dull to entertain,
I'll throw in some disasters,
fire, flood, acid rain.

And when it's finally too late,
and they look on mortified,
they'll see it's all their own faults--
a self-inflicted genocide.

My game has rhyme, but no reason.
I'm a true comedian.
Was losing any fun?
Do you want to play again?