

If I Were God, I'd Detonate the Dictionary

By Lily Pedersen

All meaning is a detour.
Truth is just a dare with good posture.
I made the stars drunk so they'd stagger into constellations.
I built gravity as a joke that you all took seriously.

Miracles are typos I refused to fix.
Language is a fuse,
and every poem is a lit match
tossed into your lungs.

I gave the sky its voice
by setting fire to silence.
Hope is a grenade with a halo.
Love is an open casket
you climb into on purpose.

I made your heart flammable.
I made your mouth a battlefield.
I made you out of leftover stardust
and still called you perfect.
Do you understand what kind of madness that is?

If I were God—
and maybe I am—
I'd rewrite the ending mid-sentence.
I'd put a trapdoor in your shadow.
And when you come crawling to the edge,
covered in ash and questions,
I'd be there: laughing,
shaking the stars out of my coat—
as I hand you the pen.