

God and I in space alone
And nobody else in view.
"And where are the people, O Lord," I said,
"The earth below, and the sky o'erhead
And the dead whom once I knew?"

"That was a dream," God smiled and said,
"A dream that seemed to be true.
There were no people, living or dead,
There was no earth, and no sky o'erhead
There was only myself — in you."

"Why do I feel no fear," I asked,
"Meeting you here this way?
For I have sinned I know full well,
And is there heaven, and is there hell,
And is this the Judgement Day?"

"Nay, those were but dreams," the Great God said,
"Dreams that have ceased to be.
There are no such things as fear or sin,
There is no you — you never have been —
There is nothing at all but Me."

— Ella Wheeler Wilcox