

The Devil

I dreamed that the devil repented. He sat next to me at the banquet. I asked him why he had changed.

“I had never been loved before,” he replied.

“God does not love the damned,” I said.

“Salvation is offered to everyone.”

“Even you?”

“Why not?”

“Well, I only love those who are good,” I said.

“Love your enemies,” the devil came back.

“Even if our love is unreturned?”

“Love should be unconditional.”

“Still, I cannot love the devil,” I said.

“Perhaps you should,” he replied.

“God dwells in me, not you.”

“No, also in me and me in you.”