

CHALLENGE FOR A SCIENTIST

In a time men called the beginning  
there was unbridled light,  
black light, white light,  
too pure, too intense for any but God's eyes.  
A time of mass and matter,  
awkward elements warring and waiting—  
His playthings—  
molded and willed and flung from dawn to forever.

Beginnings continue. All things have a voice.  
Equip us to receive molten truth,  
~~prime our tongues to~~ transmit it.  
Break creation's code; tell us what life is  
and how it happened, but teach us the way  
to respond to WHY.  
Locate the lost language of holiness;  
discover synonyms for praise. Give us new words  
wrested from granite, born burning, tempered  
on glaciers, cut and polished with diamond.  
To be spoken by men in whispers.