

CHALLENGE FOR A SCIENTIST

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

When you crack creation's codes,
when you tell us in detail
how Earth and life happened, when
you prove at last it was no accident,

teach us the 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 diamonds.

To be spoken by men in whispers.

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Good Housekeeping
1994 \$160.00