

CHALLENGE

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,
awkward elements warring and waiting--
His playthings--
molded and willed and flung from dawn to forever.
Let science break creation's code,
tell us what life is and how it happened.
And when those wise ones stumble, let them discover
the Why. Let them locate the lost language
of holiness, the origins of praise. Find us new words
wrested from granite, born burning, tempered
on glaciers, cut and polished with diamonds.
To be spoken by men in whispers.