

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.

Beginnings continue; all things hold the message.
You leaders of science, equip us to receive
the signals of truth; train us to transmit the whole.
Break creation's code; tell us what life is
and how it happened, then let us learn together
the WHY.

Locate the lost language of holiness;
discover synonyms for praise. Give us new words
wrested from galaxies, born burning, tempered
on glaciers, cut and polished with diamond.
To be spoken by men in whispers.