

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,
tongues to transmit.
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.