

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.

And now as you pry with derived light,
as you accelerate particles of eons,
as you break creation's codes,
tell us how earth and life happened.
Duplicate the wonders in a dish.
Then, knowing at last it was no accident,
help us learn together life's WHY.

Equip us to receive signals of truth,
train us to transmit the whole.
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.

--Glenna Holloway