

Examination of Faith (And the Big Bang)

by Matt Mason

First, you need to imagine
a room. The room
is empty.
There are no chairs.
There is no coat rack,
no pair of shoes
set neatly by the door.
There is no door.
Ok, technically
there isn't a floor, either.
Or walls.
Or a ceiling.
But it helps
to imagine them anyway
(for context).
So, in the room,
the only thing at all
is a marble.
This is where the faith part comes in.
The marble, it's just there.
I can't explain
how it got there
(or when),
all I know
is that everything
is in that marble.
By "everything,"
I mean every
thing. Your breakfast?

It's there. Even the banana. And your mother,
Albuquerque, the Mona Lisa (painting and person) and galaxy Abell
1835

IR1916. Nikola Tesla, he's there,
same with the Sun, quasars, other sciencey-sounding things; the
1983 Heisman

Trophy awarded to Mike Rozier? sure,
and glazed old fashioned donuts (all of them);
maybe not the things themselves, but the matter
they'd someday be made from, every atomy and whatnot; it's
poetry, really,

it is

the interconnectedness of all events, objects, people, places
in this non-metaphorical form on this imaginary floor.

Got it?

So,

after sitting there

since forever

or since the moment it existed

(either way: since the beginning),

it goes "bang"

so big

everything spins into being, particles

stretching their arms and bumping

into one another here and there in this newfound thing called

"space,"

this new nothing between one another, making

Jupiter, Robert Frost, the Ogallala Aquifer, you know the drill,

every

thing

in the places they congregate.

And scientists,

they sit in silence

of the darkest nights

in their slit-top cathedrals,

they listen at the sky,
ears turned reverently to all
there is
to find.

