

Gregory Richard Mox
Blue-Gray Eyes Senn

Let the Universe serve as your Bible
And look to the whole of Creation
For the character of the Creator.
Is there such a being?
Or did All-That-Is erupt from blind Chaos?
Are such questions just human-scale foolishness,
Products of finite minds confronting infinity?

So look upon the Universe
For what can be learned.
If the Creation is babbling nonsense
Then blind Chaos is the Creator
And so be it.
But if Creation has some guidance
Then infer a Creator wishing to guide
And so be it.

The Universe is inhumanly vast
By which the Creator states,
“I am beyond your scope.”
The Universe is very nearly empty,
By which the Creator states,
“Look well at the deep skies
And know that life is a rarity
And what is so rare is precious.”

The Universe is slowly dying.
By which the Creator states,
“Death is the price of living.”
The Universe is alight with beauty,
By which the Creator states,
“Life is worth that price.”

The setting Sun’s beauty is humanly vast,
By which the creator states,
“Death is not to be feared.”
Why else should a Sunset so move us?
Science cannot answer that
Not can science explain why

Those of us who cannot dream
Must soon die.

The Creation does not babble nonsense
And blind Chaos explains naught
So the Creation is art
And our Creator is the artist...
What need is there for an afterlife?

An afterlife seems a peculiar idea,
For after life comes death,
That's what those words mean.
But we have been thoughts
In the mind of our Creator
And that is eternity enough.

If something after should there be
Then all the better is life,
But the Creation is art
And our Creator is the artist...
So we are honored beyond words
Just to be parts of such work.
Leave Creation better
For you having been
And reply thus to our Creator.