

Flower in Vase

This budding daffodil contains
A universe in birth:
Each molecule a galaxy,
Each quark a tiny earth.

And what we call our universe,
All matter, time, and space,
May be a single atom of
A macrocosmic vase.

Thus up and down the scale of size
Throughout Infinity,
Both "small" and "large" are limitless
And join Eternity.

Great men have puzzled over God
To place Him in their plan,
As Primal Cause, or Sourceless Source,
Or vast Omniscient Man.

But God can never be confined
Within a man-made phrase;
He hides behind unnumbered veils
Impossible to raise.

And yet we see His evidence
In every time and place--
Behind each seed and universe,
Within each flower and vase.

Inside our inmost soul of souls,
If we can meditate,
We find a spark of light divine
And feel it radiate.

While nowhere, and yet everywhere,
Our God resides within;
Though still and small, His guiding voice
Transcends life's noisy din.

To hear His voice and understand,
Then fearlessly obey,
Is that which mystics, martyrs, saints,
And wise men call "The Way."

Consider every universe
And every point in space
As God in God in God in God,
As vase in flower in vase.