

Big Smile

Big Bang
is a fashion
of imposter
proportions,
insultingly
pat.

If true,
where did it
happen and
where were
all the other
wheres where it
didn't happen?

Simple theory,
it is,
suspiciously
reminiscent of
how each body
of us is a
big bang
out of
our mother.
Presto.
Pat.

Four questions:

Is all that exists
and all that insists
atomic?

What universe
did our universe
outbang from?

Was there love
pre-bang?

Was there wine
at a quarter till time?

Observers delight
to tinker with
hunks big and tiny,
but couldn't folks ask if
a grand benevolence
flowing beneath
and between
all hunkness
smiled atoms
into every allness,
big bang or no?

Could that Big Smile
be lightlessly glowing
through all times of time
as ungenesised Watcher,
bemused by
flashchanging
its cosmic clothing
behind screens
of stars?

The Big Bang's surmise
makes a neat stitch in time,
but the Big Smile
feels more like eternity.

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