

[SCOPE]

What the Old Atheist Said

Johnny Wink

At last I came to see
That the greatest mystery
Is the beautifully gray
And grayly beautiful fact
(It breaches at last from the sea
Of my final understanding)
That there is no mystery,
That this furious fever and flux,
This thunderous, blunderous ground
Of our being's a precipice
From which all being tumbles
Sooner or later into
Nothing-on-Nowhere-at-All.
Puzzled we stand at the edge
Of that mundane, unthinkable ledge
And watch others disappear.
How far away and how near
Is our own final disappearance,
Our own last –itis, or –osis,
Our own ultimate kenosis.

[6]