

Big and Small and God

I am small and new.
I know I don't understand God
like I could never understand how many stars there are
or how many moments there've been,
how many cells make up an aphid
or how many lives I've lived

but I know there must be Something
that makes matter mean more than just material,
that lets even the intangible take our breath away,
telling us we are not more than the sum of our parts
but simply greater than what we think we know of them.

I know everything we now view as fact
was once a question,
and that truth doesn't need to be known to be truth.
Just like there has never been any more space than there is now, there are numbers I can add
and subtract and multiply and divide but will never ever fully comprehend.
I know that most of the time,
my math's not gonna be correct.

So I know that I am done
counting down the days 'till I'm able to say
I understand
what it's all about.

I don't ever want to reach the point
where I think I've figured this life out —
So I know

that no matter how many things I think I've got down
I will never stop looking up
to everything I have yet to learn.
Because I know that for every single thing I know
there are countless things I don't.

I know that there are higher powers
than believing I know anything for sure
about how the universe works.
So when I pray,
I'm praying to the possibility of whatever's there,
because I know that religion isn't always

a churchgoing family in their Sunday best
or an annual Passover Seder
or a kneeling, barefoot prayer
but sometimes it is —
and sometimes it's a dance, or a song,
or a search-bar kind of faith spelled out "is there a god"
or a heartbeat, a pulse,

and a sixteen-year-old girl with a Jewish mother
and an agnostic, Christian-raised father,
and an unsure sister
and a carefree dog
and a whole lot of questions without answers.

I know more than anything else
that life has never been about getting an A
without ever showing up to class.
I don't want to work this hard just to say that I passed
without ever even trying to study.
I've had my fair share of bad report cards
and let me tell you
I don't have any intention of ever dropping out.

I know that for all this "Are we there yet?"
there is a hell of a lot to see out the car window.

And right now, it looks a lot like heaven.

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