Long Ago, Still Why It Matters

Long before Einstein, before Galileo,
nine courtly Sanskrit scholars
proclaimed the macrocosm of the universe
and the microcosm of human existence
were one and the same and one.

Humans flail around, lost in ourselves,
as we feel our way in the bright darkness
that is third object from the Surya, itself
life-giving and flawless
as Vikramaditya's ruby.

Why do we isolate ourselves from each other
when space, itself, is not an empty container?
Think of jello with mini-marshmallows.
Reality is that we gravitate to each other
because space, itself, is nothing but matter.

It matters if our passion for peace can
finally erase man-made map lines.
Please! No more boundaries.
The Earth is a spinning top
but need not be a blur.

– Neal Whitman*

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