

God, let me tell you about the world.

You parted space-heaven for just a little time

With string theory and a little math,

Became the Edison to the night,

And mathematicians became poets

And the scientists became realists

Hoping to separate light from the darkness

For just a little time.

They held a candle up to your face;

They did the best they could.

When they found dark matter that became knot theory that became DNA,

They realized the world was just a baby.

And the poets eulogized

And the cynics catastrophized

And the world bowed its head in prayer.