

Why Me? An Ode to Scientism

I am a multitude of molecules named Dan.
Atoms within my molecules,
Their nuclei fused by stellar violence,
Producing the baryonic matter within my skin.
Quarks within the nuclei,
Strings within the quarks?
Numbering trillions of trillions,
Yet finite.
Why here? Why now? *Why me?*

My place,
This spot,
On this planet, the Earth,
Orbiting this star, the Sun,
Circling this galaxy, the Milky Way,
In this galactic cluster, the Local Group,
In this filament, unnamed by earthlings,
In this observable universe, the only one?
Or one within a multiverse?
Infinite?
A speck within unfathomable vastness.
Why here? Why now? Why me?

My time,
This moment,
My 74th year, of 14 billion
Since our Big Bang.
An infinite past?
An infinite future?
This is my moment, insignificant to the cosmos.
This is my life, significant to me.
Ponder the irony.
Why here? *Why now? Why me?*

My mind, just chemistry.
My body, just biology.
My here-and-now, just physics.
My existence, just cosmology.
If knowable, then just by science.
Why here? Why now? Why me?

Mysteries abound:
Whence the Big Bang?
Dark matter?
Cosmic acceleration?
Quantum entanglement?
Abiogenesis?
Consciousness?
Myriad known unknowns,
More unknown unknowns, as yet unimagined.
Why here? Why now? Why me?

A god of the gap, perhaps?
No Creator.
No First Cause.
No Great Beyond.
No Higher Purpose.
No godly myths reveal the still-undiscovered.
No pious tales hush the wondering mind.
No need.
No why.
Just here. Just now. Just me.
Just is.
Awesome.

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