

“Convergence: the Hidden Treasure”

**Infinity, the finite, the meaning.
Did the Big Bang have a beginning?
Did space exist before, or was it a void,
Nothingness pressed into seeming.**

**A perception of energy erupting;
Fueling a Big Bang in its exploding.
But what sourced that energy fibroid,
When it cannot be destroyed, only changing.**

**The universe stretching to a bordering?
As new galaxies discovered abounding;
Our need for confinement found devoid,
An expansion beyond apprehending.**

**The other quest for particles constituting,
Of matter the irreducible is forming;
But a quest that can hardly be buoyed,
By constituents constantly dissolving.**

**And a quest for matter’s essence frustrating.
By exchange of matter and energy continuing;
Illusive quantum appearances are deployed,
To disguise the reality for investigating.**

**We search for a genesis explaining;
To box in the universe pre-resolving;
An understanding reflectively sang-froid,
Rejecting notions of limitlessness confounding.**

**But are there connections overtaking?
A meeting of limits and the unlimiting;
Where physical and metaphysical coincide,
The finite and the infinite coinciding.**

Can it be that this is identifying,

**A reconciliation of perceptions satisfying;
Rejecting notions that all is materialoid,
A continuum indicative of great ordering.**

**The unified theory for which there has been searching,
Answered in the Hidden Treasure sublimating;
Beginning and end we can avoid,
By a boundlessness that is beyond comprehending.**

**Thus for the material, science is discovering,
Fields without end dispassionately stimulating;
Until it converges enjoyed,
To find the spirit of love infinitely bestowing.**

Graham