

# Why Me?

The gaze of one who looks at life surrounding,  
Conscientiously exploring the moment.  
I know that I am,  
In the infinity of time and space, backwards and forwards;  
The unending hemicycle stretches beyond comprehension,  
In both directions.

But where is the perimeter?  
We have digested boundaries, conceptually familiar,  
But where does the universe end?  
And where did it begin – in a great fulmination?  
What preceded it?  
Something from nothing, some might say.  
Nothing at all, in every dimension a void;  
Not even energy!  
Can that be?

And is this the sole universe,  
Or are there untold parallel universes,  
closed to my perception,  
Beyond the five senses?  
Perhaps our universe is submerged in larger universes,  
Perhaps each atom is a universe!  
Infinity writ small and large.

And why my consciousness of life in this universe at this very moment,  
in that far-stretching infinity of time and space?  
Why not choose my predecessors  
Or my successors;  
They held consciousness in another time and place.

Is it all an illusion?  
It seems too vast, too magnificent, too actual.  
This is no illusion – it is real to me.  
It has to be dealt with, responded to,  
Soothed into old age  
with dignity and love.

But why me,----WHY ME, here and now?  
I bow my head in humility and wonder.

Graham