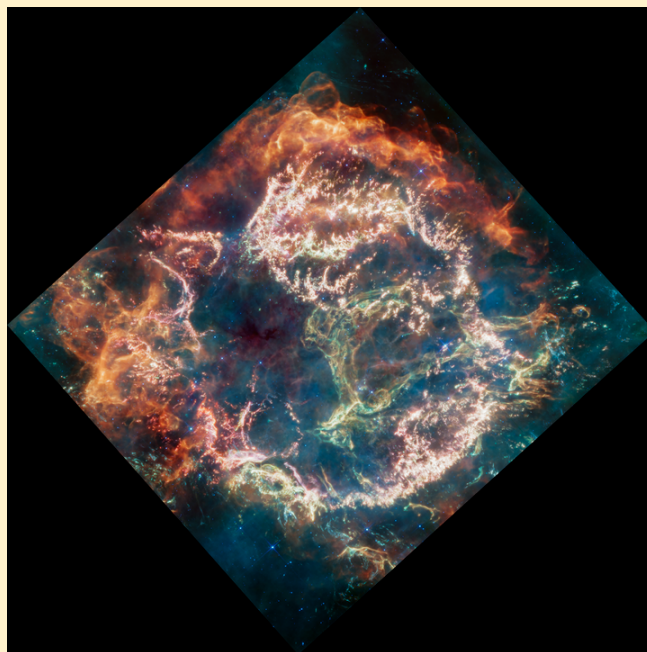


THE LONGING

Betty Luceigh*

In the beginning,
did the Universe so long to expand
that it could not restrain from bursting forth,
exuding its contents into the emptiness of potential,
allowing energy to shape-shift into matter,
birthing laws as it birthed forms,
permitting energy to establish
the cosmic rules of order
to balance the drive to disorder,
all the while exhaling the great Question
relentlessly surging ahead of its Answer.



[NASA and STSCI](#)

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Did freedom only become aware of itself
as it selected out of the swirling choices,
to create a galaxy or something other,
a star or something other,
a planet or something other,
until flecks of matter were condensed
into this Earth-sphere among spheres
so the story might continue to unfold the longing,
still unscathed through all mutations of violence.

Did our humanity evolve
in response to this longing,
so it could be reached for with our arms,
followed with our steps,
reflected upon, written about,
argued over with our words.
Did this longing organize our DNA to yearn for it,
or reserve a secret cell within our hearts
to receive its signal,
so we might all one day recognize
its universal intimacy.

We dreamed up our myths
to acknowledge
this longing that never ceases,
so we might be sustained
by the whys of imagination
until science could measure and explain
the what and how and when and where.

Yet knowledge of facts and theories expand so fast
we are bereft of the simplicity
of our humanity's childhood
and strive to translate our magic beliefs
into even more contorted shapes,
rather than risk
merging ourselves with the longing,
or transforming ourselves
into something more profound.

What a force this longing is
to never tire of its Question.
How patient this longing is to wait for us
as we evolve through our ignorance
and misguided substitutes for truth;
as if the longing already realizes
our enlightened freedom will emerge one day
and self-lead our consciousness
into its next expansion;
as if the longing realizes
its birthing continues through us
and we have been participating
since the beginning
in the creative unfolding
of the eternal Answer.

What could we become
that has never yet been,
if we would only integrate
what knowledge provides
and spirit guides.
What could we become,
if we would gently accept
all we have passed through
rather than cling in fear
at our most current manifestation.

What could we become,
if we would transmute
beyond our self-imposed restrictions,
and make a leap in conscious development
of such magnitude
that it surpasses
the day the first light shone out of the darkness,
the day the first star was born,
the day the first cell came to life.

Perhaps, just perhaps, that day
we will realize that we, too,
are part of the unfolding Answer
to The Longing's first bursting forth.