

A Pantheist Myth

Inside an ovary of my mother's lay the one egg that sprouted with pluripotentiality after my father's one sperm that had swam the fastest from out of several million reached it to produce the zygote which eventually became the 5.5 pound baby after nine months of gestation, and whether the egg came from my mother's right or left ovary of that I am not sure only to say that she was fertile at the time my father inserted his muscle into her vagina from which they both felt her orgasm when her cervical muscles clutched inward to absorb his ejaculation: Sex was my origin. I suppose love played a part, too, but that was on them, my parents.

I, for one, didn't know I was going to happen or that I was happening. I didn't even have a clue as to what I was doing in my mother's womb. In utero, cells were doing everything for me and appeared to have a consciousness of their own since no one was telling them what to do nor were they programmed by remote control as they intrinsically began to grow inside the midnight of my mother's womb. Just like stars knowing how to glow in the galaxy, the cells divided again and again to become either bone, liver, heart, lungs, brain, muscle, nerve, blood, toes, fingers, arms, legs, feet, hands, head, eyes, nose, mouth, ears, hair, nails, or skin. Amazingly, these cells become into those things that another being, having all of these things too, who was once the same thing of dividing cells yet is now a grown and matured version of a human living and breathing air from the outside rather than in the protection offered inside this woman's belly, became. To reproduce ourselves as human beings is seemingly strange in the way we happen because Why aren't we birthed from cocoons or hatched from eggshells?

"Because we're mammals, silly!"

Oh, of course.

"But why?"

We just are.

“Because we came from monkeys?”

No, I don't think that's the answer.

“Then why?”

I don't have the answer, but I'll tell you a story -

A long time ago, a very beautiful and expansive bang happened. How it occurred only one like me can guess and because you are interested, I'll convey its beginning by explaining it through the behaviors of water acting as forces, like father's muscle and mother's belly.

Water, found everywhere, is special because it behaves differently, such as being frozen in ice or as vapor rising from boiling water. These two different forms of water, ice and vapor, always return to be liquid water, especially ice since it is not happy being cold and frozen. Unhappy with its condition, the ice wants to melt so that it can move. Making ice slowly melt to become liquid water requires heat, an energy that begins an action so that things can happen.

“Like what?”

First, let's imagine the ice formed as a cold, frozen icicle wanting to melt slowly. Well, heat near the icicle melts it into liquid so that it is free to move about and have fun because it can now flow like water in a stream but sometimes after having too much fun, this water wants to rest in the darkness of a cave. So, the melted water from the icicle will look for this resting place even if that means traveling a long distance to find a lonely but lovely cave. This special cave, having seen the icicle's rivulet of water streaming placidly from afar, took to liking it and let the water nestle inside. The result from their convection turned into brightly lit sparks when the cave blazed with shimmer and the icicle blushed with glimmer. Arriving together ignited a light inside the cave, and it produced a pretty sight with water still trickling inside. All of this light happened

because two forces met together to begin a new life, like the big bang having created the universe to give us stars that we can see from our home when it turns dark outside.

There is still more to this story. I still have to tell you where the cave and the icicle came from and how they were born. I also need to explain how energy like heat came to be extremely hot so that the big bang between the cave and the icicle could happen to create us in the universe.

Remember how water is special? Well, the icicle and the cave were both made of water but became different things because that's how water is. Half of the water turned into an icicle and the other half of water became a cave. Now, look up to the sky. Can you see the moon up there? Even farther than the moon is where the icicle and the cave were born. Up there is where they also met. Luckily, the cave and icicle were not that far apart from each other. Being near each other produced heat in the sky which made the icicle melt so that it could finally meet and touch the cave. If there had been no heat to melt the icicle, then the cave and the poor icicle would have never met and that would have left the sky empty without any stars.

I'm not really sure, though, where water came from to make all of this happen, but I will tell you this:

The process of creating from water has always been never-ending, does not take any specific shape nor space unless purposely arranged like that of a cave or an icicle, and because this process is always cyclical means that time is a necessary interval for things to become, such as water reshaping itself into another form. Like time being needed, one could

say that a higher power such as *god* is needed in the process of creation.

“What is *god*?”

That question calls for a great investigation where I don't have all of the answers, but I will tell you no one can actually see *god*, but some people say they can. Some people say that they can hear *god*, but I am not sure about that, either. I am pretty much certain that no one has ever touched *god*, and if no one has ever touched *god*, then that means no one has been near enough to know what *god* smells like. If we cannot see, hear, touch, smell, or much less taste *god*, then I too ask myself what is *god*? I have thought about that and came up with my own definition of *god* as being a *geometric object designer*.

No one knows, for example, if it was difficult to design water and much less to design a cave and icicle from it, because no human can create water from out of nothing. We would need to have chemical elements like hydrogen and oxygen to make water, so it's possible that a scientist can make it but that doesn't mean he is *god*. What that means is that this scientist has observed how this geometric object designer neatly arranged the molecules in water. Everything is made up of molecules, of matter, yet weirdly enough all matter is mostly empty space. If all things are composed by matter that is mostly empty space, then who knew at the very beginning, even before the big bang, how to squish the material stuff in matter so tightly in order to become a thing like a flower or a star? Obviously, it had to be a skilled designer with a huge imagination responsible for all of the creation of every living thing in the world. *god* is not a destroyer. Rather, *god* is a very talented artist who creates and transforms creation through energy such as heat that *god* knew how to use so that you and I could be here looking up at the sky.

I hope my explanation of the big bang has been easy to imagine - from the beautiful and

expansive bang all the stars in our galaxy were born to sparkle crisp and clear like water inside a cave, these radiant stars like tiny cells growing inside the midnight of a woman's womb to birth a baby, which I had been before and is now you, little girl, as I was in love even before you began.