Life as part of a Supreme Being's Jigsaw Puzzle

Could we, you and I, be part of a Supreme Being's toy, amusement?

Could it be possible that the time on earth for humans

is a mere minute or hour in the time of that of a Supreme Being—

That this Supreme Being amuses Himself as he watches man

scurry about building things, inventing things, watching as man

increases *his* life span by eating fish instead of beef, exercising

in place of indolence, transplanting hearts.

Watching as we, you and I, work, work, work, and procreate—

instinctively--to provide greater numbers--for the amusement

of the Supreme Being?

We aren’t supposed to be here!

You know that!

It’s all an accident! Divine?

Yes….maybe….But, things got mixed up!

Except not like oil and water! This mix up got mixed up

And here you are!

And here I am!

And then another…and another….

Suddenly, there is a horse, a fish and all about there are owls,

and the apple falls, and then an abacus and Confucious and an

ebbing ocean….oh, and multiplication all around…all around!

You, me ….we aren’t supposed to be here!

You know that!

A mix up of earthly ointments, an accident unseen by Gods …if

Gods exist….an unwatched quagmire and… we exist… and altered

forms pursue, and suddenly there is a cave and warmth and

limbs combining, a mixing together….

And though we aren’t supposed to be here…one becomes

two and then a thousand…

And suddenly there is art, and pans from which to eat,

a roundness that propels, pointed sticks that feed us,

a harsh word, a hard look and death, a foul deed and

covetousness and more death…

No, we’re not supposed to be here!

You, me…we are the intruders!

The earth, the trees, the ocean, the moon…

the sun, all unblemished, pure…

We are not supposed to Be here!

You know that!

 *Gary Leon Zimmer*