

A conjecture leading to a Psalm

by [Temple Cone](#) in the [May 25, 2016](#) issue

So you doubt the whereabouts of God,  
a quark, everywhere yet nowhere at once.  
So the hell what? Doubt you the wind,  
doubt sandstone erosion and trilobite carapace.  
Let faith in dawn weather slow as feldspar.  
The sperm whale's lungs collapse a thousandfold  
in unfathomable depths, yet bear it, unyielding.  
You who preach against miracles, go doubt  
the arctic tern asleep on the wing.  
Doubt that a father will leave untouched  
constellations of frost inside his windshield,  
the breath of his child frozen overnight.  
Doubt that bodies lose a few grams the moment  
of death. Doubt that, you who will, doubt that.