

The Four Days of Creation

A Creation Myth

By Verlene Schermer

First and always, the Creator was. Before the world, and yes, the universe, the Creator was. Before time was measured and defined, the Creator was. She was All. There was nothing else. Time and creation began with her sigh. A sigh of contentment – the first and only mistake. For that one sigh marked a point, and that one point caused both space and time to exist – from it, because of it, around it.”

Day One, and the Creator began to breathe. Inhaling, exhaling, in, out, in, out, until space was filled with her energy and time had brought Day One to an end. The Creator looked out from that one point, and saw the space that she had created and felt the tug of time. She was alone, separate from All Else, and bound now to ride with time until the end, when she would be freed.

Day Two, and the Creator began to despair. How long and lonely her sentence, and how barren her prison. In her despair, she exhaled a wave of sound -- a small, weak tone at the start, slowly rising to a moan, strong and awful, and then surging to an agonizing wail, sending waves of piercing sound throughout her prison. Then, though the Creator was alone, though she alone generated sound, she heard her voice returning to her. Time and space had echoed her and lifted her from despair.

Day Three, and the Creator began to hope. Echoes of Day Two’s despair filled this new dawn, and yet, a new sound was carried into existence on the Creator’s hopeful exhalation. A pure sound, a simple sine wave, the first song. The melody rose, and rose, and rose, until at climax its path was crossed by the echo of despair. Hope was scattered across space in tiny sparks. Despair was spread out around each blaze in lumps of dead weight. Hope, reaching out to illuminate and warm despair; despair, reaching, clinging, drawn into orbit around hope.

Day Four, and the Creator began to live. Live as was never before possible. For though she was confined by time and space, she could still sing. And because she would sing within the boundaries of time and space, she could now sing in complex patterns and exhilarating, intricate harmonies. And so, she began again to sing. And her new song brought forth life from the barrenness of despair. And that life, though born of the earth and bound to despair, would be ever growing toward the sun, drawing energy from hope, and would one day, at the end of time, rejoin the Creator.

And one day, at the end of time, the Creator and All Else would again be simply All.

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