

Creation Jazz

There was God;
There is God;
There will always be God.
God is always there as He shall be there.
There was God;
There is God;
There shall always be God.

God sleeps peacefully in his slumber of music.
Softly dancing rhythms come and go.
Jazzy blues and symphonic melodies harmonize
In a formless environment.
God dreams of dancing ballerinas
Of budding flowers,
Exploding stars and grand galaxies.

Rhythms come and go: dancing, sleeping
Peaceful rhythms, resting rhythms, lively rhythms,
Jinty rhythms, zazzy rhythms, blues rhythms,
Gentle rhythms, moving rhythms, lating rhythms,
All dancing to the tunement of rhythms,
Sweet rhythm, sweet rhythm.

Breathe in, breathe out: dance, sing.
Breathe in, breathe out: suffer, cry.
Breathe in, breathe out: enjoy, enjoy.
Breathe in, breathe out.
Awake! Awake!
God breathes in time to rhythm.
Dance, sing, cry, weep, suffer, enjoy.
Let the world awake in creation: God's creation.

God said: Let there be light.
Light to see dancing rhythms,
Dancing rhythms to reveal the light.
Light to shine forth distinguishing itself
From the darkness of dancing rhythms.
The dancing rhythms concealing itself in darkness
To reveal the light.
God said: Let there be light.
And there was light.

Light is born in loving darkness,
And the two forever shall be by each other
To love each other
And to suffer with each other.
Thus light and darkness pervaded all.

Matter was a boundless formlessness without distinction.
And God said: Let there be an expanse
Separating the matter below from the matter above.
He called what was below Earth and what was above Heaven.

And the face of the Earth was barren
And wasted from the meaninglessness of old.
Lives past had not been free in letting things be as they are.
Life tried to become what it was not.
Bones, blood, and flesh:
All in disharmony,
Decayed and deteriorated.
It filled all Hell with its perfume,
And rotted Earth became thin and tubercular.

But God's light is ever bright
And before long some seeds grew true.
They formed oases of beauty in the stench of decay.
Life changed and grew;
Earth blossomed in a winter whiteness
Of loose formless snow.

God looked upon this beauty and surrounded her,
His color shining blue.
From each bit of loose snow, He formed snowflakes,
Endless happy crystals in symmetric
Structured kleidescopic patterns.
Earth clothed herself within the light snow.
And Heaven forever hugs her near,
Kissing her eternally at the Horizon of God's land.

With the touch of Heaven, people began to work and play,
Eating of the delightful and then the forbidden fruits.
No more would they be innocent in their wrongdoing:
Knowledge made sins conspicuous and goodness holy.
Speech and knowledge brought forth ideas,
And ideas brought forth power.

The world lives as God's creation,
Conspicuous sins, holy goodness, ideas and power.
The music plays.
No more Beethoven and Bach, but Maler and Schonberg,
And rock.

People dance, people suffer, people enjoy.
There is an agitated creative tension.
The world awakes in God's creation.
The music plays; people swing;
And the God responsible for the creation
Must become a partner with the dancers

To continue the creation,
For the creation is the dance.

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