

Suppose, I ask my friend

by Ed Higgins

Suppose, I ask my friend
nothing has ever happened in this or that or any other or maybe too
damn many parallel universes? Or say nothing whatsoever matters
but matter? About 5% of the observable universe as it happens--
depending on your take or pull on string theory, cosmic bangs, dark
matter, exotic matter, or just how many glasses of pino noir you've
had with your steak and baked potato physics. Well, afterall, you still
eat your dinner, don't you, give or shag the cosmic (un)surety of
things? Even if barbecued red meat doesn't kill you (not
accounting for the butter/sour-creamed baked potato & waaay too
much salt on everything). Ok, the antioxidant steamed broccoli was
good for you at least/well/maybe. So, given we all eventually fall into
some theo-philosophil black hole larger than a Renaissance
cathedral what's to make of alien abductions or other such probings
into the universe out there, or even in here (pointing to his head)?
My friend, who's presently a dinner guest, then says, wry-as chunky-
blue-cheese-dressing-over-his-arugula-and-anchovy-salad: Hell, it's
all gotta be fine see, because God, He/She/It/The-Holy-Other/Flying-
Spaghetti-Monster had to have invented steak & potatoes as well as
broccoli way back in the Original Edenic Organic Garden; butter and
sour cream being a variant of cow, more or less. The French you'll
recall from your long-ago college language course even call potatoes
pomme de terre, 'apples of the earth.' Well, *pommes* definitely must
be at least as healthy for you as, say, the Original Organic Garden's
knowledge of good and whatever the apple that snake said to eat,
right? Yeah, I say, not quite comforted, but sipping thoughtfully my
own 3rd. glass of pino. Nonetheless-sure-ok, I say finally, reflecting
deeply: Only if your cosmology's a fricking Escher painting. Really,
some answers are enough to make you wry yourself to death.

