

**THE ORIGINS OF THE UNIVERSE**  
or

**NOT TO ENFELON THOSE WHO MIGHT BE,  
A SUPPOSITION BASED UPON THE RESULTS OF A PHYSIC**

By RdotTornello, © 2013  
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Flatulence of the fabled few, thou shall have no gas bag butt mine before you!

So commandeth,

and the multiverse made up of gas, each unique yet similar physics of being

what they are

from the gods, expanding, creative dust and particles exploded

what to be?

Observe what can be observed, yesterday, today and tomorrow, a stubbornly persistent

illusion?

From a tiny spec, a singularity, whence comes all today?

Whence came all before, or tomorrow's tomorrow?

Gas filled/dust filled, multiuniverses

proposed as fact, of similar created, yet the enigma, the physic, possible

alterations slightly, ever so slightly, and do they even care?

Gone, clear the room.

The question remains, the origins, we can't see, Hubble stumble, light blocking heat-fog;

origins, finally clearing to view, growth to what today we are from all that,

that was and was not,

the end note ether of the gods?

58/59 octaves below our middle C the toot?

A 4080 megahertz the background hiss?

To whom we pray, pay for welfare, health and good benefits, deliverance from the fates,  
and all those who pray to their gods, some named different, butt one and the same, or  
maybe more?

Was said “none before me but me”, so many others, just not the one we, as a society  
grovel before,  
such is the incense, perfume required for service.

And the origins, the not so different multiverses,  
Gods, the incubators of creations with all we are?  
They notice not, hear not our supplications, our prayers, cries for deliverance,  
answered not.

And those who claim they speak directly, their noses browned,  
carried off with air, haughty, butt the flatulence of the gods, our origins, expanded  
creative gas but flatulence none the less, is what they hear.  
None the less, the south bound end of a north-bound god, ignored as one does moving  
quickly away from the spot to one easier to breathe,  
we are not.

And we wonder why as a race we do what we do to each other, catalogued throughout  
our recorded history, short as it may be,  
why question, the universe is the way it is:  
gas expanding,  
clumps coalesces,  
only to collapse within a god’s length of time, a few minutes for them, not looking back  
gone, on their way to another party.