**a/theism**

M. Benjamin Thorne

Odd, the definite certainty of articles,

always one of many or just the one:

where is there space for mystery,

the uncertain, the quantifiably unknown?

We need a place to express the middle

between *a* and *the*—how else to riddle

life’s complexities?—a verbal Schrödinger’s box,

a veritable pocket dimension for both

the verifiable and the –un. Take atheism:

too sure of its abnegation in the face

of proof’s absence; could it be replaced

with a theism neither resolute nor relative,

nor the indifference of the agnostic,

but a diagnostic that defers and upholds

any and all possibilities to which it refers,

a place where God can and cannot be,

where fulcrum-balanced doubt and faith

co-exist in searching earnestness?

But what to call it? It is a whisper in the mind,

it is the soul, it is the metaphysical light

pooling in the farthest black hole.