

*Tim Robertson loves stories and couldn't help thinking: What if God had issued the Law in the form of a song? What if our central metaphor wasn't light but came through a different sensory perception? And what if our creation story went like this:*

**BACK IN THE DAY**  
Or, The Baba Song

Back in the day of the before time  
    in the day of the rushing quiet  
        and dazzling darkness  
in the day when inside and outside  
    were one surface  
    when everything was skin touching skin  
Back in the day when Baba was folded in on Baba's self  
    close and warm and comfortable  
    Baba said, "Length upon length touching, I touch."  
    Baba speaking was Baba moving  
        the movement and pattern of touch  
    Baba said, "I am inside and I am outside, touching."  
        and Baba rippled—the first wave  
In the day of the first wave Baba moved  
    here and not here, now and not now  
    and Baba said, "The glory is touch against touch."—  
    and wave looped into pouches—pouch melding into pouch  
    and this was the first play  
        of inside and outside  
    the sacred play of pouch meeting pouch  
        outside to outside  
    and spilling open  
        inside to inside  
    and Baba said, "I greet myself,  
        myself bowing to myself."  
        and Baba rippled—the second wave  
And that day Baba-pouch danced with Baba-pouch  
    some inside out and some outside in  
    and where pouch touched pouch  
        there was a ripple like a laugh  
        an agitation of joy  
        touch embodied and disembodied—Baba released  
        skin folding in upon skin  
        pouch yoked to pouch with a Baba laugh  
    and Baba said, "Touching myself, I know myself."  
        and where Baba touched Baba  
        ten thousand creatures sprang forth  
        and first among the creatures

was the Baba laugh  
and Baba rippled—the third wave  
And second among the creatures  
was the Baba smile  
it had the look of the midnight sun  
and third among the creatures  
was the Baba fart  
and it smelled like lilacs  
and fourth among the creatures  
was the Baba spit  
and it tasted like maple syrup on vanilla ice cream  
and Baba said, “I am the blanket woven by myself  
for myself from myself.”  
and the ten thousand creatures wrapped themselves  
in the fabric of Baba.

Back in the day there was much laughter  
and creatures spilled out everywhere  
and everywhere had to become bigger and bigger  
to hold them all  
the stars said, “Let us form associations, peer to peer,  
young and old. And let us sing of the Baba emanation,  
the touch that propels us all.”  
and ten thousand times ten thousand stars joined in choirs  
and reverberated throughout the universe—  
with that cello of laughter  
and the planets said, “Let us lie ourselves out here, top down  
that the many may poke and plunge and pursue  
along our length.”  
and where the many ran the planets  
were puckered with pleasure  
were teased and tickled with drumming feet.  
And Baba said, “But where are the people to sing the Baba song?”  
and the trees said, “Here are the people.”  
and the leaf-people rained down from the sky  
but they were unrooted  
and the wind caught them up into heaps  
and they spontaneously combusted  
such were their momentary lives  
and the rocks said, “Here are the people.”  
and the rock-people were tossed up from volcanoes  
but they were dense and the waters caught them easily  
and quickly put them out  
but they went on to live in this suspended way forever  
and the fields said, “Here are the people.”  
and the grass-people sprang from the earth

and they lived in their day,  
    rooted to the earth, stretching to the sky  
and they died in their day,  
    struck in the hip, withered in the furnace  
and to this day all people come from the grass-people  
    (but still there are rock— and leaf—)  
and all people sing the Baba song.

And Baba said, “I—I am—I am becoming—”  
and the people said, “Who are we? What is Baba?”  
and the Baba song became noise in their ear  
    and noise in their mouth  
and the people said, “Who are you? You are not me.”  
and the people said, “What is mine is mine.”  
and Baba said, “I am inside and outside at once.”  
and the people said, “We are untouched by your cry.”  
and the earth said, “Tread gently, friends.”  
and the stars said, “Looking outward is looking inward.”  
but the people said, “Stranger, go elsewhere.”  
and Baba said, “The noise hurts.  
    I will put an end to the noise.”  
but one among the people said, “Who am I?—I am—  
    What is Baba?—Baba—Baba is—Baba is becoming—”  
and that one said, “Stranger, you are welcome here.”  
and Baba said, “For that one, I bear the noise  
    and may that one bear the Baba song  
    and may the people—the grass-people—  
    remember the tune.”

So this is our way, stranger welcomes stranger  
    with a touch and a look and a word  
    with food that is sweet in the mouth and a reminder  
        to the nostrils of ancient goodness  
    each in turn guest and host  
    stewards for a wandering master  
The words of the Baba song from ancient times  
    sung by choirs of stars and people who remember  
    accompanied by the cello of laughter  
    and all the sounds of sacred play:  
        “Baba inside greets Baba outside  
        myself greeting myself—I open at my touch.”

*Prayer: Creator God, your Law is a song in our heart, a song that we sing to the stranger: All are welcome, all will be fed, we are God's, and this is God's song. Amen.*