

## **The Deep**

### **Molly Baskette**

In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. Now the earth was formless and empty, darkness was over the surface of the deep, and the Spirit of God was hovering over the waters.

Genesis 1:1

The Deep, the dark, the Abyss. The Source of childhood nightmares and stomach-curdling horror movie tropes. Here be dragons, there be sea monsters, and all the things that ever woke us up blinking blindly into the 3am nothingness.

The Deep. See also: the Source of all life. God's raw ingredients. The womb, not the tomb—generative waters of Creation from which everything ever beloved has sprung, from which anything that ever *will* be made comes forth.

Conscious coupling at that same 3am, bodies finding each other in darkness, slick and sweet. A naked dive off a cliff into bracing salty depths. The rupture of the amniotic sac, harbinger of birth. The cry of a newborn startling milk letdown in a mother's aching breasts.

Thrashing, pain, breathless chaos—and transition, re-creation, re-birth. The first contraction happens in the inky depths of a uterus, days before the birth itself. Readyng the body, opening a way, painful as it is.

What is the difference between a Deep that is terrifying, meaningless, forever swallowing alive all that wishes to live—and one that assembles and animates life? “The Spirit of God hovering over the waters.”

God hovers. God breathes. God does not abandon, through all the creation, destruction, re-creation.

Prayer

I dive with you into the Deep, oh God. I break the surface and there you are still.