**The Promise of Elsewhere** *by Louise G Cole*

When you are arranging my funeral,

gutted at the finality supposing death,

stunned at the shock of our parting,

try to find a physicist to explain how

I’m not really gone, that I am still here

and there, elsewhere and somewhere,

not in the way of blind faith in heaven

or hell, not even languishing in purgatory

but still here in this one universe where

everything is energy, and all the photons,

particles, atoms, neutrons, neurons making

me, only me, still exist, by the laws of science,

cannot be destroyed, as all there ever was,

is now, will be for ever more, measured

across the continuum of time and space

by scientists, explained by physics, the

soft touch of my skin, the blue of my eyes,

the thumping heartbeat, that special smile

I always kept for you alone, this property

of the cosmos keeps going, every vibration

that was me is still here, now it continues,

my one being pulsing through a universe

so profound, where no energy is created,

none wasted or destroyed, the vibrations

gathered as a zillion finite particles into

this me, by the law of thermodynamics

destined to never end, just to become

changed, rearranged into another order.

Ask the physicist to explain. And believe.