



1-21-2022

M-space

Kelsey G. Matthews

Cedarville University, kelsey.matthews@cedarville.edu

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/cedarvillereview>



Part of the [Nonfiction Commons](#)

[DigitalCommons@Cedarville](#) provides a publication platform for fully open access journals, which means that all articles are available on the Internet to all users immediately upon publication. However, the opinions and sentiments expressed by the authors of articles published in our journals do not necessarily indicate the endorsement or reflect the views of DigitalCommons@Cedarville, the Centennial Library, or Cedarville University and its employees. The authors are solely responsible for the content of their work. Please address questions to dc@cedarville.edu.

Recommended Citation

Matthews, Kelsey G. (2022) "M-space," *Cedarville Review*: Vol. 21 , Article 10.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/cedarvillereview/vol21/iss1/10>

M-space

Description

This is a creative nonfiction short about m-space, or string theory. I connect it to David's questions in Psalm 139: "Where can I go from your Spirit? Where can I flee from your presence?"

Creative Commons License



This work is licensed under a [Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-No Derivative Works 4.0 License](https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-nd/4.0/).

About the Contributor

Kelsey Matthews is a senior at Cedarville University and is studying to become a high school English teacher, with the goal of one day becoming a professor of English Literature. However, her dream job is to be a writer and a national park ranger. She is originally from northwest Washington state, but has found Ohio to be a lovely home for the past few years.

M-SPACE

KELSEY MATTHEWS

Where can I go from your Spirit? Or where can I flee from your presence?

I once read about string theory, which describes an eleventh dimension called M. M is equally close to every physical point in the whole universe, but we can't see it or perceive it with any human or invented sense. The eleventh dimension is also called the M-space or M-brane, because it connects all the other dimensions together like a membrane.

God could live and travel in this M-dimension, or so they say. If it's true, God is closer to me than I am to my skin, my kneecaps, the four freckles on my left hand. God is touching every cell and atom in my body while also touching Cassiopeia shining in the night sky, touching the outstretched hand of Adam immortalized in the Sistine Chapel, touching my mother as she cuts her dahlias in the backyard and prays over the new girls in her ministry.

Where can I go from your Spirit? Or where can I flee from your presence? God's closeness is at once comforting and alarming. If I am in a room full of people I do not know, he is there. If I curse under my breath at my housemate, he is there. He is closer than the tears that pool in the corners of my eyes when plans change and I am thrown off balance. He is closer than my own arms wrapped around my chest as I fall asleep, curled under my covers like a child. He is there, in between the tiny triangle-cracks of my skin, underneath the scabs on my ankles I keep scratching off, filling in the gaps between my ribs.

I am safe, but I cannot escape.