

In honor of the amazing diversity of this world we share -

"Blue Sky"
by Sue Hand

We could have had just blue sky – day after day,

Thousands of miles of uninterrupted baby blue

But we have sunrises of palest pink,

and sunsets the color of blood oranges.

We have clouds like mounds of billowy cotton,

Or streaky feathers or rippling waves.

We have brilliant sun and the dark of night

Lit by pin-pricks from a billion stars.

We could have had just brown rock – mile after mile,

Continents of monotone and uniform stone

But we have granite and mica, shale and crystals,

Pink marble and blue topaz, black loam and desert sand.

We have sediment compressed over millennia

And rock eroding, coarse or silty-fine,

carried on the wind and washed downstream.

We have rocks that float and rocks that cut steel.

We could have had just green grass – acre after acre,

Verdant fields as far as the eye could see, rippling in the breeze

But we have grains and flowers, bushes and fruit trees,

Azaleas and sunflowers, quivering aspens and mighty redwoods.

We have gardens full of fruitful and leafy edibles.

We have weeds growing through sidewalks and plants perfuming the air

Plants with spines and trees that withstand fires,

whose charred seeds hold the promise of future forests.

We could have had just microbes – tiny undifferentiated life forms,

Living and dying without spirit, laughter or tears

But we have beasts and pets, competitors and companions,

Birds that fill the forest with song, fish that fill the waterways with life,

Land-dwellers of unimaginable forms and abilities.

Animals that carry our burdens, inspire our spirits,

Clothe us and comfort our lonely days.

Insects that carry on the downward degradation all life is prey to.

We could have been born into a world of infinite sameness

But we arrived into lush and infinite variety.

Take time to notice the tone, the texture, the rhythm of life

Take time to notice the hum of the earth beneath and heavens above

Take time to listen to the purr of your own body as

Your internal chant harmonizes with creation's chorus.

This is the miracle ... that you are you, in this world,

With all its amazing and strange variety,

One of a trillion voices, singing the same song.