



Gratitude

When our ancestors sat around the fire
back when it was new, the darkness
came alive with flames.

Their tongues began to lick the air
with words and numbers.

These languages lit their paths
and gave shape to their lives.

That which was created by others lives all around us
and touches the roof of our mouths every time we speak.

So little is of our own making
whether it be the couch, our hands,
a home that holds together without falling,
music turning emotion into sound, the computer
accessing networks around the world, or the sky
beaming with the light of stars and this radiant Earth.

And more ancient than the fire we learned to burn at will,
plants perform their daily miracle of photosynthesis.
Without them we would have no air to breathe
and no reminder of our quiet DNA ancestry.

In awe of what has been given to me,
I ask, what creative powers and careful
acts of nurture and safekeeping
want my voice and hands?