REFLECTIONS FROM AN EARTHLIT SKY

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I've met people who have stood at both poles of the Earth,
and upon its highest peak.

I've left my footprints on six continents,
and followed dawn around the entire earth.

I've looked down from the sky into the heart of glaciers,
touched seashells on top of mountains,
and traced the coursing of floods in the desert.

I've danced in ecstasy, been possessed by gods,
walked on fire, and heard the voices of silence.

Once, I touched a piece of the moon.

I've seen whales mate and ducks toboggan down mountain streams.
I've listened to elk sing at night, felt hummingbirds lift from my fingertips,
and known the extravagance of open flowers and hearts.

I've slept among the roots of trees who have greeted our star-rise
for more than a thousand years.

I've seen a picture of galaxy clusters
extending a billion light years beyond our Earth,
and heard the voice of our sun.

I've sat, watching the stars, with a person who has walked in space;
known friends, love, and community.

I've felt wrinkles in the Earth's skin made four billion years ago,
touched the imprint of life 600 million years old,
and seen the miracle of my children's birth.

I've been told the heart of our Earth is a single crystal of iron
a thousand miles in diameter,
resonating with each breath of the solar wind.

Within all,
I've found only the coursing of love
and the sacred oneness of immortal life.

All this . . . little had I dreamed.

What still awaits, tomorrow!