

The gift we receive

In the spinning arms of a galaxy within an expanding universe
We are born to the biosphere on Mother Earth
The gift we receive is 3 billion heartbeats and 30,000 days

Let's step with care, caution and content
Walk with certainty, direction and purpose
Run with high cadence, bent knees, and enjoy the breeze

Let's speak clearly and concisely
Sing melodies soft and sweet
Respect the rhythm of silence and then repeat

And with each step we take with note we reverberate
Let's share the landscape; Let's share the soundscape
Let's share cultivar with those that cultivate like us

Malignant seeds have no place in our garden
We don't grow envy in the shadow of the rain
We don't grow violence in the dark of night

We grow strength, discipline, and virtue bound by strings of steel
We grow compassion, respect and understanding united by love
We don't long for greener grasses - we grow them

And so, I say, with the precision of an infinite decimal
At the volume of an intimate decibel
The same closing remarks as Max Ehrmann in Desiderata,
"Be cheerful Strive to be happy"