

Pointing at the Sun

Cheryl Wheeler

Speeding, sailing, spinning through the firmament,
and the firmament is speeding somewhere, too.
So beautiful the mystery;
we gaze aloft in wonder
at all the pieces we can see, at all the stars we're under
And here on Earth we praise what God has done;
every church proclaims the only one.
Ants and elephants have lives to run,
and all the plants are pointing at the sun.
Who and what and where and why and how and when?
I don't have a whisper of a clue.
Do fishes ever look beyond the tank they're in
and somehow contemplate creation, too?
I don't expect to understand the questions to beyond us.
The mystery is majesty, humbling and wondrous.
And here on earth we praise what God has done;
every church proclaims the only one.
Ants and elephants have lives to run,
and all the plants are pointing at the sun.
If atoms zip around too fast for us to see,
if somewhere we are zipping that way, too,
then some colossal junior high school nerd might be
adding one to one and getting two.
Through eyes the size of galaxies, blinking once an eon
he's pondering a particle big enough to be on.
And here on Earth we praise what God has done;
every church proclaims the only one.
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