

Blue Life on a Blue Planet

The Sun just set and 'round we go—
through twilight, dusk, and stellar show.
Another rest for troubled life;
our turn to pause from human strife.

And in the darkest part of night
I gaze upon the stars,
knowing how they formed the dust
that makes us what we are.

So, if every smallest part of us
was fashioned by a sun,
what deeply ordered chemistry
makes what we call *fun*?

The answer:

It's up to us to make this stuff,
the Universe consigns.
Enjoyment that we get from life
is by our own designs.

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