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Creation

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Creation

No matter whether created or evolved,
as specks of being lost in time and space,
or figments or recipients of the universal mind,
we were born to a world of demands, stress and sorrow,
but allowances were allowed if days became too long with worry.

No matter whether created or evolved,
we were made, and always meant, to spend
long hours under shade trees with a hot sun overhead,
instincts telling us about the cooling effects of evaporation,
plant mechanics changing our carbon dioxide into fresh oxygen,
as the leaves did their magic flutter between the sun and our fragile skin.

No matter whether created or evolved,
we were programmed for countless hours
on a cool night under the endless star blanket,
letting the muse and mystery surround and enter us,
with our hearts all beating the same slow rhythm of life,
until we all felt the same blood deep and vital under our skin.

No matter whether created or evolved,
we were imprinted with the longing for love;
loneliness was not a companion when dark descended,
and nights shared with another became less long and fearful.
A body in a room desired to be more than just one against the struggle,
and two minds working together could discover answers closer than the stars.

-Dennis Herrell
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