

CREATION

Annie Nardone on the Majesty of the
Cosmos

Red sky is only sun's refracted light.
Green shades of plants are colored by mere chance.
White strands of clouds, just vapors in our sight.
Stars are not illumined, heavenly dance.

Winged flocks fly south on their appointed day,
Their season's journey starts uncued each year.
The fragrant buds come forth in bright array
To coax each bee to nectar sweet and clear.

Each life sings of its given purpose, yet
We'll marvel at this world and call it chance.
Complexity that is so clearly set.
It was His plan to bring us to this Dance.
Creation shouts to say there's Someone else.
From cell to sea You pull us to Yourself.