If Planet Earth were small in size,
And circling just above our eyes ...

We’d be amazed and thrilled with it—
What dreams and hopes we’d build with it!

Soon all of us would come to stare
In wonder at it glowing there.

We’d watch as day turned into night,
Then brighten with the dawning light.

We’d peer at gas around that ball,
With clouds and wind and rain and all.

We’d scan the pointy bumps on it,
The rounded humps and lumps on it.

We’d notice holes and dents in it,
The hot and steamy vents in it.
We’d gaze at water, cool and blue,
In shallow puddles, deep ones, too.

We’d see the threads of rivers flow
Through soil and rock, from ice and snow.

We’d view its tiny plants and trees,
Its animals and birds and bees,
Its fishes in their streams and pools,
Its people in their homes and schools.

We’d stand on tiptoe just to spy
The wondrous creatures spinning by –
Leapers in their dens and wallows,
Peepers in their nests and hollows,
Reapers in their fields and furrows,
Sleepers in their caves and burrows.

We’d pause to wonder as it spun:
Could this ball be the only one?

And we’d not think of drilling it,
Or burning it or killing it.

Nor blasting it, nor bombing it—
But soothing it . . . and calming it.

Instead, we’d want to keep it there,
Just floating, glowing in the air.

We all would want to treasure it,
To dance and sing and pleasure it.

We’d want to keep it in our sight,
Protecting it through day and night.

For we would see how fair it was,
How perfect, grand and rare it was.
For we would somehow know that we
Depended on it naturally.

We’d realize this tiny ball
Gives birth and life to each and all,

Providing shelter, food and care
For all the creatures living there.

So close, just barely out of reach,
We’d seek the secrets it could teach

For we would somehow deeply know
We needed it so we could grow,

That life and breath and hope for all
Depended on that tiny ball . . .

If our great earth were small in size
And floating just above our eyes.