

BLUE MARBLE

to an unborn child

I wish you a self-image
comparable to Earth
in those first photos
sent back from space,
which people my age
remember as altering
our sense of our significance
and the urgency of time.
What was revelatory at that distance
was how humans were
effaced from the stage,
evoking our transience,
an aspect of ourselves we forget
when sighting through
the lenses of our eyes.
May you be granted
a perspective this forgiving,
a pose this proud,
noblest features visible
like the ocean currents
and frayed carpets of green,
minus the ego that pollutes,
a way of seeing yourself
that inspires not anger
at how you have been mishandled,
but shock at your frailty
and hope for your future.