

### A Psalm for Meghan

When you are born,  
And all the world  
Is sound and vision  
Without meaning,  
You will find  
The true potential  
Of your life—  
Those perceptions  
And events  
That will become  
Your history  
Will instruct you  
Of the world,  
And the place in the world  
Where your perception  
Falls;  
Where you walk,  
When walking takes you  
Through the world,  
You will find  
The images of life  
To fill your memories;  
The scents and the sensations  
Of the air,  
And all the creatures  
Of the air,  
And of the earth,  
And of the seas,  
Will be yours  
To keep  
Within that sphere  
Of remembrance—

When you grow,  
And wake to know  
The instruments of nature,  
In the grass

And in the trees,  
You will find the basis  
For all life,  
And the concept  
Known as beauty—  
And in the sky at night,  
When the universe  
Becomes the universe,  
And every star  
Declares itself  
An envoy of creation,  
You will find  
Your place  
In the universe,  
And you will also find  
That the universe  
Exists in you;  
For what you are  
Is a mirror of the sky  
And every faint reflection  
Of those things  
Of earth  
That ask consideration—  
And what you learn of life  
Will change within you,  
And every day  
That passes  
On your journey  
To reclaim  
That state  
Before your birth,  
Will give you  
New perceptions  
To recreate the world—

But sit a moment  
In the sun,  
And see the trees,  
And the branches  
Of the trees  
Where birds and leaves  
Adorn the earth  
As daily meditations;  
And see the butterflies  
Progressing from the flowers  
To perpetuate their grace;  
And see the wind  
Uplifting strands  
Of spider webs  
Into the light;  
For this is your condition,  
As a human being,  
Enlightened to perceive  
The qualities of beauty  
In the common day—

And sit a moment  
In the company  
Of those that you love,  
And hear their voices  
Speaking of their love  
For you;  
And forgive the importunity  
Of those that you love,  
As they forgive  
That importunity in you—  
It is your voice  
That will speak  
Your truth,  
From the memories of life  
That you protect;  
And it is your love  
For those who share  
Your life

That will translate  
Truth into your words;  
Your words  
Will always then be true,  
When they are spoken  
In the language  
Of your life—

And sit a moment  
With yourself  
In reverie,  
Recalling every pain  
And joy  
That wrote the story  
Of your days  
On earth;  
It is in the composing  
Of your life  
That you will know  
The purpose of it,  
And the reason of it,  
And the motivation  
That describes  
Your conduct  
In the world;  
It is the narrative  
Of every loss and gain  
Within it  
That describes you;  
And what you say  
Of life  
Declares  
Its influence,  
And its meaning,  
And its moral,  
And its theme—

But you are yet unborn,  
And all I have  
To give you  
Are these words  
That will remain;  
For in these words  
Is love for beauty,  
And for truth;  
These are things  
That will be yours,  
In time—  
And what  
Your mother's touch  
Explains,  
And what  
Your father's praise  
Elucidates,  
Is what  
Will live in you,  
When you have grown  
Into them;  
And you will sing  
To hear your own philosophy:  
And they will listen  
To the music  
Of your life—

And if you stand a moment  
In the waning day,  
And see  
The last birds  
Fly into the trees  
That bind them  
To their sleep,  
You will have found

The meaning  
Of your life—  
It is the pure experience,  
Made beautiful  
By thoughts,  
That turns the darkness  
Into luminosity;  
And when the birds wake  
To the sun,  
You will have been  
Their sole illumination  
Through the night;  
And through all the darkness  
That our human frailty  
Contains,  
You will remain  
The light  
By which  
We see the world—