

If I could choose to be a day in eternity,  
it would be a cold, dark, windy day in late fall.  
With air penetrating to the bone. Wind scurrying  
among naked branches once beautiful with delicate leaves.  
Clouds undistinguishable from one another as they obscure  
the blue sky that cradles the warm sun in its bosom.  
Hard lifeless soil clutching at the dormant blades of  
grass. Sharp, dark scratches on a pond's surface erasing  
the reflections of gladness, that were Summer's, from the  
mirrored surface.

I would want to be that day to watch man complain within  
the framework of his infinitely short memory, about the  
insolence of Nature unseating his own desires for comfort  
and tampering with his standards of beauty.

I would want to be that day as a vehicle for the caution  
forever put forth to the inhabitants of this earth. The  
cautions against projecting ones purpose into the seemingly  
obvious receptacles in this world. A reminder urging man  
to look deeper into all within his "domain". For, you see,  
high in my dreary slate gray skies will be the soundless  
motion of wild geese - gracefully oriented toward a common  
goal. Deep in the heart of a crippled naked - branched tree  
will huddle a plump squirrel - beautifully arrayed for winter;  
content in the knowledge of its hidden treasures. Miles away  
will be an angular tear in the ashen fabric stretched overhead.  
A rupture through which a silvery moon will peer down, in a  
few hours, casting blue shadows on a newly fallen snow. It will be  
a thin layer of crystals - common in their whiteness; unique  
in their structures. As individuals designed to the exclusion  
of all others. Collectively, placed for the glory of the whole.

I would not ask that man notice this - I would just ask if I  
could be, for God, that day.

by: Thomas W. Cummins