

## CATALYST OF LIFE

Out ahead of Dawn  
Night creeps away,  
Eternally banished to the edge of dark.

And Light rolls on  
Making skeletons in deep shadow,  
Then laying bare the forms of Being.

Shining Sun coats the turning planet,  
As if Earth bastes herself, rotating on a spit.

And a billion photons per square inch, per second,  
Roar out of the sun and penetrate everything.

We call the illumination LIFE.

Like a constant cresting wave,  
Stationary in a forever East,  
Light awakens LIFE around the Earth.

The Beauty of night and day;  
The Miracle of warm and cold;  
The Harmony of wet and dry;  
The Balance of land and sea;  
The Inspiration of color and sound;  
The satisfaction of breathing, and  
The mystery of a heart beating  
ARE NOT ACCIDENTAL.

Nor are the parents we have,  
The precise mind, spirit, and emotions we contain,  
The unique circumstances of our life,  
The strange body we inhabit,  
Or any of the choices we make, known and unknown.

Nope. Not Coincidence, either.

But we **are** the Puppet Masters,  
**Even As** we live our life being eager puppets.

It's a Plan.

