

# The Gift of Man

by Mark Warns

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A blush of blue surprises night.  
A hint of light foretells the day.  
Defeated, darkness will retreat  
Before the yellow, red-orange rays.

The sun will show her brilliance soon,  
To warm or blind us as we may.  
The sun will shine on each of us –  
On blest and damned, on hunters, prey.

The sun will see a wondrous world  
Of greens and browns, of trees and sod;  
Where people struggle, toiling long  
To build upon the grace of God.

Where people shape mere rocks to spires –  
From mind to plan, from eye to hand.  
Where people plow the fields to fruit,  
Where people love this lovely land.

But if the sun remembers much,  
She'll look back through our centuries.  
She'll see how well we ruin ourselves.  
She'll count our wealth of misery.

She'll see the millions murdered, dead  
Beneath this land we love so well.  
She'll see that we who could build peace  
Had often built an earthly hell.

No, paradise will not be here,  
But peace can still be shaped by hand.  
For life on earth's the gift of God,  
And peace on earth's the gift of man.