



From the dust of ancient stars,  
Came the rock upon which we live  
Bathed in sunlight, caressed by solar wind,  
Suspended in the neverness of space  
Like a giant Christmas bauble,  
Across its surface, great oceans spread  
And continents ride, in a slow dance over time.

Between the white-hot, molten core beneath our feet  
And the freezing, airless space above our heads  
Lies a finite life-zone in which all things living and  
Non-living coexist in a swirling labyrinth of interdependence.

Here is where all human experience lives.  
Sadness and joy. Laughter and tears. Birth and rebirth.  
Here is where our past is stored and our future will unfold,  
Where dreams are dreamed and destinies are sealed.

Here is everything, because 'here' is all we have.  
Thin, as dew on an apple skin,  
Vibrant, yet delicate as a spider's web.  
'Here' is a precious and fragile miracle, the Biosphere.

Home.