

This Earth

Dar Williams

In my life on Earth,
The things I have invented have invented me.
I've found my industry.
And I am not alone,
I've fashioned friends from precious scraps,
They hold the light, they bend to serve me,
Joking that they don't deserve me,
After days of craft and care
I lift a sword and slice the air,
Such has been my time upon this Earth,
This Earth.

When my wife returns,
More beautiful than when she left the night before,
I show her things I made.
A filigree of ferns, diamond snowflakes, tears of gold,
She murmurs praise a small caress,
I smile to see her happiness.
Silver webs with sanded grain
That catch and hold real drops of rain,
Such has been my toil upon this Earth.
This Earth.

When I'm feeling vexed I go upstairs and bury something deep,
Then stand back and push a button, from a distance
Watch the earth explode.
This Earth.

I love this land of mortal men
They wake to know the fire again,
The things we make, the things we feel,
Armor plates and molten steel,
All of these inventions of the Earth.
This Earth.