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NURTURING the orphans, seeing spots,
Untangling little historical knots,
Analyzing, criticizing, making a fuss –
Without you who would worry about us?

Gently, patiently, you wait your turn,
What this time will we learn?
None more careful human born –
To perfection eternally sworn.

Stepping into Monet's dream –
Strawberries, blueberries, peaches and cream,
Patterns moving in Swiss time,
Even the sun and moon in rhyme.

Wouldn't you know, just one last detail,
Right at the end, success or fail,
One more piece to fit in place –
You and Earth, what a case.