

Some observations about creation in early spring

by [Maurice Manning](#) in the [March 2, 2016](#) issue

I guess it's fairly organized,
I mean, the stream nicely divides
two hills from each other, and trees
grow up the ridge—there's open ground,
and above it a hundred vultures turn
like clockwork, black gears in the sky,
and there's a snake, and a little girl
who's picking speckled violets,
and, following a sense of order,
she's turning, too, in absolute
delight. I just can't see one part
existing, or meaning really, without
requiring every other part
also to exist and to mean and, when
you think of heavenlier things—
the complicated turning up there—
it just gets out of hand, and now
my mind can't hold the thought of it,
like a cloud passing across the sky,
a wispy, cottony cloud in motion.
Creation does not divide itself—
I'm glad to learn that much today.
And apparently I'm blind to seeing
the thread that binds it all together,
and then as the cloud becomes mere sky
I think, my God, there isn't a thread.