

Whittling our niche

*Imagine what one doesn't see,
Or hear, or feel, or experience,
Through any one life
On this blue-green globe.
The choice we have is limitless,
The path we choose to take,
Governed by a potent mix
Of genes and circumstantial fate.*

*Reality comes individually:
A short, sweet glimpse, a minute amount,
From oceans of people
And deserts of place.
Within some overall time-set frame
We carve and whittle our niche,
Discarding the remaining sequoia tree
For the other seven billion to reach.*

*Duncan Gregory
2003*