

Creation

Imagine a time there was nothing at all.
No posters, no classrooms, no teachers, no hall
No playground outside, no fields, no sun
No X-Box! No Barbie! This place was no fun.
It was all dank and dreary and manky and lonely
All over the surface of earth there was only
A shuddering, juddering, bubbling muddle of mud.

But hovering over this muddle - you guessed!
The Spirit of God like a hen on a nest.
Watching and waiting in anticipation
Until he would start his great work of Creation.
'Let there be light!' a mighty voice called
And there in the dark shone the first light of all
Like the flick of a match, then it grew to a blaze
And it lit up the world like the smile lit God's face.
God gently divided the dark from the light.
He called the one 'Day' and the other one, 'Night.'
And there was evening and there was morning. The first 'day'.

On Day Two, the Lord, he was well in his stride.
Now let's have a glorious sky, the Lord cried.
We'll make it a paint pot of every colour
To stretch high and wide, Oh it would be far duller
To have only earth!' Sky appeared with no trouble
Protecting the world like a beautiful bubble.
And there was evening and there was morning. The second 'day'.

On Day Three, the Lord rolled his jeans up and said,
'This earth is too soggy and boggy. Instead
We need somewhere to walk where we won't get wet feet.
You waters, roll back please. Now this is quite neat.
We'll have something called 'Land' and something called 'Sea'.
On the something called 'Land' we'll grow something called 'Tree'.
And God got excited. Instead of *one* tree, he pictured the land how he's like it to be
And he made the land grow plants of all shapes and sizes
From poplars to peonies, date palms to daisies.
Canadian Redwoods and spinach and swede
Toadstools and tamarinds, sponges, seaweed
Rainforests, cactuses, calm English woodlands
God grinned when he saw it and said, 'Hmm, that's good!'
And there was evening and there was morning. The third 'day'.

On Day Four, the Lord, he said, 'What we need now
Are some lights in the heavens above - oh yes, wow!
We'll use them to mark out the days and the seasons
And months and the years, there are plenty of reasons
For setting a place for the moon and the sun,
And throwing in stars, oh yes! This is great fun!
(Did he flick out his fingers to spatter the sun
Moon, and stars 'cross the sky? Or was every one
Designed, built and painted with infinite care?
I don't know. Look up and decide, if you dare!)
And there was evening and there was morning. The fourth 'day'.

On Day Five the Lord, he had the great notion
Of filling with life every lake, sea and ocean.
'We'll have big fish and small fish and fat ones and skinny!
We'll make the seas teem with things floppy and finny!"
And we'll have birds too! All diving and soaring
And hovering, gliding - let nothing be boring!
And look! There were guppies and clownfish and whales
Ferocious sea monsters with sharp teeth and scales.
Penguins with short and emus with long legs.
God sent them all off to lay hundreds of eggs.
'It's good, it's so good!' the birds heard him say.
And there was evening and there was morning. The fifth 'day'.

On Day Six, the Lord went completely to town!
'We'll have lots of animals in yellow, red, brown.
We'll have a great range of things fluffy and hairy.
Some cute and cuddly, some sleek and scary!
We will have reptiles, amphibians, mammals.
We will have crocodiles, koalas, camels,
Terrapins, tree frogs, tyrannosaurus,
Pandas, pigs, porcupines - it will be glorious!
But better than that', said the Lord tenderly,
'Will be someone I make who is rather like me.
This world I have made, it needs looking after.
Needs gardening, farming and filling with laughter.
And so for the world here, my masterpiece
Will be women and men, who will rule birds and beasts
And the flowers and plants and the trees and the fishes
And they will treasure each unique species.
I hope they enjoy it. I hope they discover
That God, Earth and Humans were made for each other.'
So God made the man and the woman and blessed them.
Then put his feet up for a good day of rest.

*Now you know that the Earth has been given to you
As a present to treasure, what will you do?*

<https://www.barnabasinschools.org.uk/creation-poem>