This is a ball, the sphere of our birth;
it’s home to us all, our blue planet Earth.
It spins once a day on an axis with tilt;

Sun towards and away is how seasons are built…
As it orbits our star
at a distance that’s honed,
not too near, not too far,
in the Goldilocks zone.
Mars freezes in ice.

Venus bakes in dry steam.

But here it’s so nice, liquid water can stream.
But it wasn’t so mild four billion years past,
when together rocks piled, molten planets to cast.
In a final big crash a companion was hewn,
from the ash of the smash that formed to our moon.
This made a big dent but with gravity’s snare,

the hot gas that did vent trapped a layer of air.
Even after this slaughter, icy comets hit still, adding ever more water, deep caverns to fill.
Thus oceans of blue came to cover Earth’s surface, to give it its hue, and salve for its purpose.
For this was the soup that cooked the first gels,
that in time came to group into billions of cells.
These crawled onto land, once they grew a hard spine, to walk upright and stand, then evolve to our mind.
So treasure this home, life’s oasis in space.

But let your gaze skyward roam, its past phases to trace.