

A Prayer for the Twenty-First Century

by John Marsden

May the road be free for the journey

May it lead where it promised it would

May the stars that gave ancient bearing

Be seen, still be understood.

May every aircraft fly safely,

May every traveler be found,

May sailors in crossing the ocean

Not hear the cries of the drowned.

May gardens be wild, like jungles,

May nature never be tamed,

May dangers create of us heroes,

May fears always have names.

May the mountains stand to remind us

Of what it means to be young,

May we be outlived by our daughters

May we be outlived by our sons.

May the bombs rust away in the bunkers,

And the doomsday clock not be rewound,

May the solitary scientists working,

Remember the holes in the ground.

May the knife remain in the holder,

May the bullet stay in the gun,

May those who live in the shadows

Be seen by those in the sun.