**Here's Richard Feynman included a poem in his address to the National Academy of Sciences:**

**“There are the rushing waves…**

**mountains of molecules,**

**each stupidly minding its own business…**

**trillions apart**

**…yet forming white surf in unison.**

**Ages on ages…**

**before any eyes could see…**

**year after year…**

**thunderously pounding the shore as now.**

**For whom, for what?**

**…on a dead planet**

**with no life to entertain.**

**Never at rest…**

**tortured by energy…**

**wasted prodigiously by the sun…**

**poured into space.**

**A mite makes the sea roar.**

**Deep in the sea,**

**all molecules repeat**

**the patterns of another**

**till complex new ones are formed.**

**They make others like themselves…**

**and a new dance starts.**

**Growing in size and complexity…**

**living things,**

**masses of atoms,**

**DNA, protein…**

**dancing a pattern ever more intricate.**

**Out of the cradle**

**onto dry land…**

**here it is standing…**

**atoms with consciousness**

**…matter with curiosity.**

**Stands at the sea…**

**wonders at wondering… I…**

**a universe of atoms…**

**an atom in the universe.”**

**Richard Feynman**