**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**