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<https://doi.org/10.1108/aaaj-05-2022-149>

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# All things great and small

**1184**

Sustainability SOS 2, 2021

On a rainy, November morning (always a reason for blessing in this part of Africa),  
in my own garden  
a ladybird landed on my hand.  
She moved herself into my palm,  
my left palm, which is odd, because I am right-handed  
but she knew her route.

I did not move because of the light  
rain on my face  
AND she immediately took up residence, losing her  
legs and wings in one.  
So beautiful and full of grace,  
she, coloured black with white dots:  
a ballet, in fact, and I the lumpish audience.

We stayed static, listening  
to the “music of the spheres”.  
At last, I, the limited human, had to  
move:  
I gently moved her to a rose bush:  
at once, she found a new home, nestling into  
the bloom’s centre –  
Gorgeous, the importance of such a small creature . . .

I am ashamed that when siblings and I  
found a ladybird, in family’s gardens, we used to sing  
“Ladybird, ladybird, fly away home.  
Your house is on fire and your  
children are all gone”.  
Then this beauty flew away, although I did not speak.  
Now in 2021, we are learning how vital  
each and every small life is.

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