

To see the world in a grain of sand

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I needed time to think today.

Yesterday was harder than I thought it would be. Clearing my late father's home following the death of my stepmother awoke far more memories than I expected.

Alex Salmond's death was also shocking in a number of ways, not least because I just presumed we'd carry on talking and working together for some time to come, and now we won't. We all know we're mortal, but sometimes fate seeks to remind us of it.

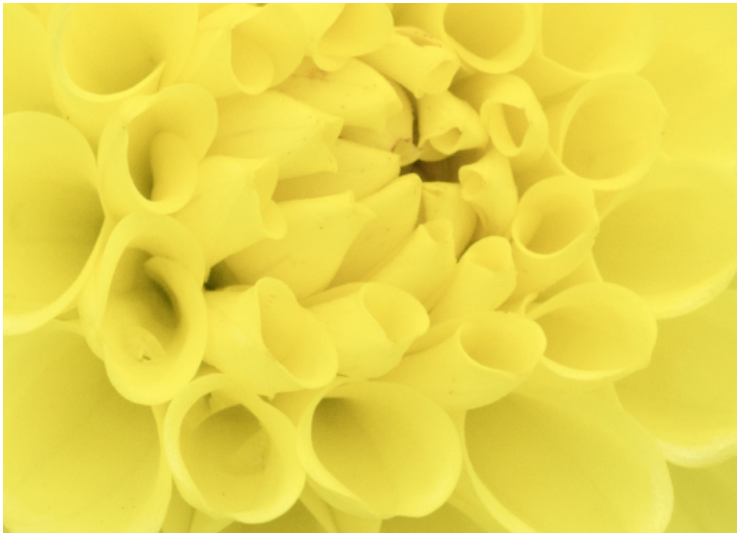
So, I was out walking today. We had tea this afternoon in the shadow of the cathedral here in Ely:



And I took pictures of dahlias in the border at the bottom of that photo:



And then I began to play with those photos:



Each flower was amazing, but the photos let me see them in a different way, and isn't that the point of taking pictures?

Discussing this, we were reminded of a [poem by Blake](#) that begins:

To see a World in a Grain of Sand
And a Heaven in a Wild Flower

Those dahlias are not wildflowers, but they are like grains of sand in a world that too often just walks on by.

I was going to leave it there, but having re-read the poem I think it worth sharing in full. There's a lot in it:

Auguries of Innocence

By William Blake

To see a World in a Grain of Sand
And a Heaven in a Wild Flower
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand
And Eternity in an hour
A Robin Red breast in a Cage
Puts all Heaven in a Rage
A Dove house full of Doves & Pigeons
Shudders at this all its regions
A dog starv'd at his Master's Gate
Predicts the ruin of the State
A Horse misus'd upon the Road
Calls to heaven for Human Blood
A Burial mound in a Field of Wheat
A cry of woe & pain does wear
The Yearn of Ceres cease to wing
Does the Wolf smile as it hunts
For the Sinner's sin is sin
The wild deer wanders here & there
Keeps the Human Soul from Care
And yet his blood breeds Public Strife
And yet he forgives the Butcher's knife
He that blinks at close of Eye
Shows that the Brain that won't believe
Shows who shall call upon the night
Shows who shall never in the light
Shows who shall be beloved by men
Shows who shall be loathed by men
Shows who shall be loved by the Fly
Shows who shall be loved by the Bee
Shows who shall be loved by the Sprite
Shows who shall be loved by the Night
Shows who shall be loved by the Day
Shows who shall be loved by the Moon
Shows who shall be loved by the Sun
Shows who shall be loved by the Stars
Shows who shall be loved by the Earth
Shows who shall be loved by the Air
Shows who shall be loved by the Fire
Shows who shall be loved by the Water
Shows who shall be loved by the Wind
Shows who shall be loved by the Rain
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