


Will There Be Life?



I

A lichen-whiskered oak tree  
stands on the river bank,  
uninhibitedly naked.





He watches a spider  
sling a single strand  
of silken web  
across the creek,  
ten feet above the water.

A breeze blows his long beard  
over his shoulder,  
and makes the acrobatics  
of the spider-walk  
even more breathtaking.  
She is the daredevil of Niagara  
and he the silent mystic who watches.



## II

How many times has she done this?  
And how many times has he watched?

How many spiders  
and how many oak trees  
have done this dance  
since Earth was an infant?

How many times will they do it again?  
How many times will we notice them do it,  
and gaze in awe?





### III

The setting sun  
has found the silken strand,  
fifty feet of fiber optic,  
in which to create  
an undulating rainbow.

Prism strand  
rainbow strand,  
a long, multi-colored tendril  
connecting the two riverbanks  
in a tender embrace.

## IV

Work of art.

Art of work.

Nature of life.

Life of nature.

Will we see?

Will we participate?

Will there be

lichen-whiskered oak trees

and will there be

silken-strand-spinning spiders

in the forests of our children?

Will there be

children in our forests?

Will there be forests?

Will there be children?

Will there be Life?



Will there be - life?

Namasté,

*Seán*

Tír na nÓg  
January, 2016

