

The Age Of Rockets

"Globus Hystericus"

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What says the Tree to his friends the Rocks?
When he lives and breathes they sit and mock?
And he grows strong, for centuries long, but one day
he dies and begins to rot.
"We will last intact this way! And you my friend, will
soon decay!"
"But I can breathe -- am commensal; the shade, the
fruits, the nests on bough.
And if with this, my time finite, I'm glad to have spent it
doing right."
But Rocks prefer to simply sit.
To gain none, lost none, just exist.
But nary should an ocean rise, they'd become sand
and disappear with the tides.
When trees ignite a cyclical life, from plant to animal to
Earth and back; whom, even when their roots are
ploughed, have left exponential impact.
And so, the greedy human kind, to conquer trees tall,
mountains high, erects gigantic splinters of steel that
shame forests, make mountains to kneel.
And progress spreads like moss on a stone.
Evolution dictates that men are prone to outdo those
that came before.
"You see? We'll last forever more!"
We improve what nature made.
We'll challenge mountains, transplant lakes.
There is no confirmed master plan.
We do it just because we can.
But foolish is the one who complacently thinks himself
King because when Time erodes the past what remains
are Nature's things.
Quite Shakespearean duals, those between parent and
offspring are!
As Chronos devours his Son, Gaia to mankind so starts.
Metal rusts, cement crumbles.
To err is human, not divine.
Prayers are so intently mumbled when proud man is
forces to decline.
Steel, concrete, technology may stand intact for
centuries, but faces with wind or flood or quake, like
toys will crumble, bend and break.

I say with actions what you do with words.
For we're the moss; the Earth the stone, so let us do as
did the Tree.
For silence will long be ignored, and action recognized
quickly.
We won't outlive our generation but our impact surely
will.
This -- the Rocks' humiliation when they witness we are
still alive in what we've left for others, like Nature
gives, so selflessly.
So pay respect to our true Mother and take your rank
amongst the Trees.

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