

## **The Agonist**

### **"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 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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