



Web of Life

*Dedicated to Dr. W. D. Billing, originator of the
Holocene Theory of Environmental Complexity*

Bind together the blooming air, water dancing
from pole to frozen pole. The sun's touch
brings light to steamy life. The loamy earth,

the patient plants and all the animals, secret
family wed by blood. The sacred fire lights
the dark and leaves pure ash. Spin each thread,

strong and supple, every strand lit with honey's glow,
weave the cloth, an endless circle. Here and there,
you and me, all the ones who came before,

ancient kin to every pilgrim who walks the path.
Life, long and loud, sings and whistles, croaks and
howls. In our metal days, machine and man

clash and grind. This once fine cloth, used so hard,
gaping holes torn side to side. Edges fray
like fine down feathers. Our broken fingernails,

black with grease, knuckles grazed with scars,
bind each living fiber, mend the tears, renew the web,
until the deserts hum with life and leaf again.