

SURVIVAL STRATEGIES: A Meditation on Species

Every creature, whispering of life,
performs a desperate dance to endure.

Some, ghostlike, melt in dappled light.
Others, with speed, vanish in a streak.

Some find protection in calcium shields
while others find safety remote niches,
avoiding prowling throngs.

Some flood their world with countless spawn—
a million mayfly prayers seeking to elude predators jaws.

But what of us? How will we survive?

What gambits shall we choose to confront fate?

Will we devise on more weapons crafted to kill
or succumb to our own weakness and lack of will?

Will we dance with Mars's blood-drunk courtiers,
relishing in gore and hegemonic spars?

Beneath our sun's harsh, judging eye
how much of our humanity will we spend
to purchase one more day?

Philyra: What do you imagine seeing this?

Ellesha: Crystalline text. In the future, some texts will be preserved in crystals.
Someday wisdom shall sleep in crystalline embrace, while timeless words
transcend all time and space.

Soo: Our understanding of crystals is still primitive.

Ellesha: Yeah. All our so-called 'wisdom' could exist in a single crystal.

Jules: How do you know that?

Ellesha: All I have is imagination. My predictions might be wrong, but human
imagination allows us to travel on the wings of time.

- T Newfields

Beg.: 1984 Nagoya Fin.: 2025 Shizuoka

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