

The Birth of an Idea

Like a fetus in utero,
IDEA runs a maze
From synapse to synapse,
In search of light and days,

An amorphous figure
In a darkened room
Longing for release
From its tiny mind-womb
Full-term or preemie,

It comes to make its case
In the marketplace of ideas
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In the marketplace of ideas
Among the human race,

Steps into the footlights
To try out for a role,
To bare before an audience
Its mentor's soul.

Recites its part before
A faceless, restive crowd,
No hidden prompter
Needed—or allowed.

Speaks in words,
Sentences, and punctuation,
Demonstrates its form
And use in conversation.

Scene one, a duel joined.
STATUS stalks its prey.
Change and fear of change,
Haunt it night and day.

Suffering mortal wounds,
STATUS pleads its case while dying.
IDEA wins the day
With hardly any trying.

Now public property,
IDEA descends like rain,

No path, no charted course,
No heavenly domain.

Pauses not to lick its wounds,
To lie down or to sleep.
The world its field
To till, to sow and reap,

Moves freely
With no need for fixed foundation,
Stakes its claim
In humankind's store of information.

IDEA flexes its muscles and,
Short or long of breath,
A star is born and stands alone—
Or dies a natural death.