

# 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.