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The Invention of Tools

Does the venturing spider know, Spinerette trailing silken steel, That breeze is made his launching Tool, Swinging him to an intended place?

For his entrance and exit Feverish Sun employs a profound Horizon.

How many rivers enjoy Landscape Altering their direction, enabling a Rendezvous with the sea?

Do magnificent Trees dream of saws Furthering their process of becoming, Their woodyness yeilding Under the metal's superior energy?

Like the eternal Olive, Or Honey—older than any bible, Or the essential taste of Salt, Few early Tools can claim the Song-filled achievement Of toothed Saws.

We use Each Other, creating Relationships, reputations, resentments.

Paleolithic Stone tools, sophisticated, Are the very means of ophthalmic surgery.

Mariners spoke no ill of Aeolus, god of Wind. They prayed for his cost-free propulsion.

Early people saw Fire not as fright But as a tool of process.

Plants learned that looking to the Sun Would accomplish cycles of growing.

Tools may provide conceptual Maps Suggesting avenues to solutions.

Man's earliest maps were Made of Stars and Planets.

Men invented Money A universal tool— And for compromise or profit, The Deal.

Tools teach their usage when When we study their Language.

Wise men value Tools. Skilled users care for them.

Morality, a timeless tool Separates *right* from *wrong*.

—EAGLE AIR
North Truro

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