

Now you fear the fruit fly

Your walk through life has taken you through a hornet's nest,
And you've been stung so many times that you now fear the fruit fly,
That benign insect that only wants to hover in the periphery to nibble at your fruits,
But you greet it with a swat of the hand.

Weren't you once hovering in the periphery?
Weren't you once benignly searching for fruits on which to nibble?

You were once also fearless.
You sought the fruit of the hornet's nest.
"They are insects just like me," you said.
"They will welcome their relations," you thought.
And welcome them they did, yet not your own, for they saw your difference.
And so they stung you so that you would not nibble from their fruits.
And now you fear the fruit fly for the stings of *those* hornets.

So you too have been confined by your enemies' self-categorization.
You are now as confined from them as they are from you – and you both tolerate it.

But when will it end?
Can't the next hatchlings proceed with your lessons learned while walking through life
To realize your feelings known before taking its path,
Before the hornet's nest?

We are cruelly susceptible to our experiences,
For we can learn to become who we are not.
But this cannot stop us from walking,
And this cannot stop us from experiencing,
And it can never stop us from learning
Who we all are.

Composed September 26, 2007