

## In Three Paragraphs

Finally, again, we could open our windows. On this first warm day of Spring I had windows cracked or wide on all sides of the house, and this set the trigger. There, swirling slowly in the surface tension of my cup of tea, was a dead fly. A closer look revealed that this apparent fly was just an aggregation of bubbles. My subconscious mind was prepared for Spring and my glancing eye was deceived. A similar thing happens most years. In the starling's varied music, I usually hear the sound of a killdeer as it flies high overhead, heralding Spring, fully a week before the migrating killdeers appear.

This familiarity with local fauna and flora, coupled with an awareness of the seasonal sequence of events in the lives of these other species, is an ancient human habit that allowed us to survive and flourish. Some gardeners and fisherman still use this. Indeed, so do bears and many other creatures. The migrating birds anticipate the emergence of the insects they'll consume, though theirs is a racial memory, in large part.

Unlike these others, we humans are ever more wedded to technology, and so we are losing this connection with nature, place and time. Most people seem to have lost it altogether, being entirely anthropocentric, living completely within our cultural cocoon, thoroughly indoors. It is through technology, that handy gadget in all its varied forms, from knapped flint to sliced silicon, that we banish ourselves from the Garden. If we cannot appreciate the concept of limits and cannot teach this to each other, then the human experiment must fail, and our awful excesses as we approach collapse are causing many other species to go extinct, too. The notion, the sweet lie, of an ever-growing economy supporting an ever-growing human population is a rotten apple in the barrel of our good qualities, so this notion must quickly be discarded.

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