

Larry

and his philosophical wanderings

by: Zoë Folkman-Wagner

There once was a slime mould named Larry
Who had a great load to carry.
For he was a slime mould gifted with thought,
And these ideas that ran through him
troubled him quite a lot.
"What am I?" he would ask, to those
he found near.
But there seemed nothing in his glen
that could hear.



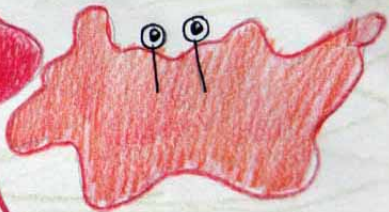
"Am I like you?" Larry would ask,
To the animals who out in the sun
lay to bask.

"Or like you?" He would say.
To the plants that would strive towards
the light all day.

"Perhaps I am like you" Larry said
To the fungi that through all
dead things would embed.
But he found no reply.

It seemed that nothing and no one
cared to comply.

"Forget all of you!" Larry exclaimed loudly
"I'll find out for myself what I am!"
and he started his quest quite proudly.



"First," Larry mused, as he lay on the ground,

"I must find what I am akin to, in
these woods that surround.

Perhaps I am an animal, perhaps a plant, maybe a fungi.
I certainly must find out before I die.

I must be one of these three,
Larry thought decidedly.

I am not like the water, sparkling and clear.

For I am colored quite nicely, and
close to the ground do adhere.

I cannot be like the wind, which heads
any way it chooses,

It would be very nice," Larry thought,
"but I move in small oozes."

At night Larry would stare way up in the sky.

"I am not like the stars, so twinkling and high.

They are of another world far from me,

So animal, plant, or fungi
is what I must be."



Larry called together all of his pieces
To all as one determine his species.
He crept and oozed in search of
some food.

And found some bacteria and much
more that he pursued.

"I am like an amoeba that travels along,

We have much in common,
but what if I'm wrong?

An amoeba is an animal so perhaps
that is my place,

But just to be sure I should
try another face."



So Larry drew himself up
in a stalk,
And on top he formed a small cap,
to everyone's shock.
"I feel like a mushroom" Larry
loudly exclaimed.
And began sending out spores in a
manner quite untamed.
"Well that was silly." Larry
did pout,
"for now bits of me will
everywhere sprout."



"But if pieces are carried every which
way,

I am much like the plants that
in the wind sway.

They too release their kind into
the air.

"Well damn." Larry mused, this really
is quite rare

I am animal, plant and fungi, all three!

But how in the world could this
ever be?"



"I am all three, yet solely not one.

There must be some answer to get this puzzle undone

All three have something in common, that's me,

Yet each in it's own is independent and free.

There must be something else that
the three do entwine,

Perhaps it is something far greater,
and hard to define.

It must be be something so vast and sublime

That to figure it out would take a lifetime.

This greatness of being,

This entity all seeing,

It is in everything, why it's even in me.

It binds us together to one entity.

I am not one slime mould, insignificant and small,

But a piece of this great Being, if you recall.

This Being binds us inside and out

From the tallest of trees to the littlest sprout.

No matter the animal, fungi or shroom,

The water, the air, the mountains that loom.

We are connected, we're one this Being unites

Into all things the spark of one ignites.



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So I suppose I could just be a small
slime mould named Larry,
But it seems now the world is not so
vast and scary.

Everything is just an extension
of me, like an arm

They have within them the same charm.

So we are all one, yet each unique,
I should not think of myself as a freak."

So Larry oozed back, relaxed and at peace.

His plethora of questions began to decrease.

He can be what he wants because he is it all,
From the biggest of big to the smallest of small.

"I know what I am" Larry thought with a sigh

I am a slimy piece of this world, and on
that I'll rely"



The End!