The Jacaranda Within

A spiderweb sparkles in soft morning light
The mist making merry little dewdrops so bright.
Lavender flowers scattered in green –
A jacaranda in bloom, spread wide and serene.
Sipping your coffee, you take in the sight.

But you hear the parrots before you see
Pandemonium descend on the tree.
Touch and go, to and fro,
They will, or they won't – you simply don't know –
Until, in an instant, to alight they agree!

A collective mind, a decision made
With cacophonous squawks, a noise that won't fade.
Why did they stay? Then away, and away...
Why did they go? You wonder what may
Have been the thing they all obeyed?

Within those green wings, in their cellular soul,
Molecular swarms are weaving a whole:
From cacophonous noise and Brownian bounce
A collective decision they firmly announce
By releasing transcription to boldly unroll.

A forest of genes makes the nucleus home
For a flock of proteins, green-winged, to roam.
They bind, they release, they bump into clues.
They condense right on time, but how did they choose
These bright, merry dewdrops on the genome?

You look up at the spiderweb sparkling again
While your neurons are crackling and sparking within.
There are swarms within swarms within swarms in your head
"Yes, no, perhaps" – they then collectively said
"Now it is finally time to begin."

Poem by Erik Winfree © 2026
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