WWW

Unseen, unheard, full of mystery,
Parabolas, space, cells of energy,
fibers, routers, servers, links,
names, protocols, all these things
would be nothing without the skill
of the man and women under its skull
It would collapse to a pile of special waste
if they wouldn't struggle and haste
to keep it running, advancing, boosting
this virtual idea, this awesome religion.
The web, is it infinite, will it survive itself,
or bring ourselves closer to hell
by collapsing, bursting, imploding,
and swallow itself, the data, the string?
The web, is it wise, does it live,
does it know to whom its treasures to give?
The web, as a quite recent human episode,
to put it all, to find it all, even on the road,
the web, it became an extended soul
of mankind, society, the world as a whole,
with the presence immortalized
and the past forgotten and paralyzed.
And although we know all its melody
it remains unseen, unheard and full of mystery.

F Sz 7 Aug 2006 Chevry