

**Can we ever be sure of our place in the world? What is identity? What is the reason for being? Is it enough to say, “Cogito, ergo sum” or “Dubito, ergo sum”? Why do we exist just as do insects and arachnids and lizards and other mammals, on land and on sea?**

**Are we special --- or just higher on the food chain? There are so many philosophical, spiritual and pragmatic questions and as many answers as our limited imaginations and collective wisdom can muster.**

**The questions I pose are ones most people of a certain age end up pontificating about. Come up with your own responses and your own interpretation of the poem. It feels good to use one’s brain, especially as one ages. It validates existence.**

**(Did you notice my “Easter egg” salute to one of the best science fiction series of all time, *Babylon 5*?)**