**Poem for Conor**

Keep hunting for the right word  
The word that moves the mind  
The word that touches the soul  
  
If the right word cannot be found  
Then the word is *trust*  
If the right word has escaped your memory  
Then the word is *don't worry*  
  
Weave your web of words like the spider  
Weaves a web;  
Connecting everything together  
Open to the winds of chance  
Never static, always flexible  
To new forms  
Strong but vulnerable  
Almost invisible, yet  
Catching the seeds of dreams  
And then dissolving into nothingness.