**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.