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THE INTERGALACTIC SPORES OF LIFE

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“And it spread through the fertile mother-fields, the divine seeds of barley and wheat which made them golden as the sun god and the light of immortality, conceived by the shelter of the womb it was the bread and beer that fed the children and the children of our grandchildren...”

If this piece of text was said to rephrase a piece of some religious scripture, its veracity would have been accepted not only as valid but also as perfectly contemporary. It's relevance is still present on our culture and religion and is still thematically and perfectly modern to the survival of human species, still dependent to exist by means of reproduction and alimentation.

Nutrition and reproduction are two lines that cross our vortex of life, integrated into culture and religion since archaic times where history is known to exist. Since humanization to nowadays we as human species are dependent on this question.



Megalith

The big phallic stones, the colossal megalithic monuments destined to protect and fertilize the mother-fields remain alive and erected to the sky as the old guardians and perpetuators of the good harvests. After all they were guarding us, or may I say, we were guarding and perpetuating ourselves by our culture.

The tools of “Mother Green” surprise us all when compared to artificial technology and science. Weren't the creation of our civilization and the evolution of our species based upon observation? Nature has the best sources for an inspired mankind since times. It shows optimized possibilities in a vast pattern of fields. Biology has the most complex tools to succeed on its task of surviving and reproducing:

Not only can the “seeds” of vegetal life be designed to travel by air but also by water and land. The “wig” of the dry dandelion flowers when blown by the wind transforms itself into a plane craft while fragmented into multiple parachute seeds reassuring the survival of it's species by flying distances as more than one attempt to land in a fertile land is made possible.



Dandelion seeds

The seed of the coconut (what we call the fruit) is heavily armoured by a shell that not only guarantees it's safety and could support it's lifespan for years but also transforms itself into an efficient ship destined to find the good port for the perpetuation. What about the rolling desert seeds that could travel hundreds of miles persisting without water and nutrition seeking to find one oasis?

May our spaceships be faced as one of the possible metaphors for our cultural tools tended for guaranteeing our species' perpetuation? Couldn't our space ships be seen as the old dolmens that once tried to fertilize the lands and are now trying to reach other lands in the skies for civilization? Technology and nature could be seen as analogue.



Space rocket

Imagine if cellular life on space isn't as scarce as is commonly thought and it could hibernate or be deactivated until it finds the right conditions to grow. What about if “galactic spores of life” exist somehow, designed to resist the void and space distance as our earthling seeds travel seas, air and deserts, conceived to generate cellular life on a planet oasis like our planet Earth? “A message in a bottle”?