

SHARKS:

Thoughts on Apex Blindness

Endless hunger

Turbo-charged feeding machines

Underworld lions

Living solely to mate and feed.

Sleek, grey-finned phantoms

With a charnel house of crushing teeth,

Bloodhound noses scanning for iron scents,

They are endowed by pure, cold instinct.

Primal embodiments of terror

Insatiable hunger of the deep

Woe to any creature they

Meat.

Superb at butchery

There efficient surgeons of the sea

Relying on a heightened, sixth sense

To identify targets with surgical precision

With sharp fleetness.

Someday to other predators

And marine scavengers will they

Also taste sweet?

Philyra: *(her voice distant, as if retrieving something half-forgotten from childhood)*
Non-seeing—that's what the monks called it. *Avidyā*. The blindness that
devours without knowing what it destroys. *(pause)* Do you think we'll ever
truly understand the depth of suffering that kind of unseeing hunger creates?
Not just in others, but in ourselves?

Andrei: *(leaning back, eyebrow raised, unable to hide his condescension)* Philyra, please.
Sharks don't see the way we do—they don't philosophize about their dinners.
They sense a perturbation in the water, a weakness, a wound leaking blood,
and then—*(snapping his fingers)*—zen chomp. No hesitation, no moral
calculus. Just execution. *(slight smile)* There's something almost... pure
about that kind of brutality.

Jules: *(chewing on a tunafish sandwich, then pausing briefly as the irony dawns on him,
then wiping his mouth as he sets the sandwich down)* And yet, some human
beings—the apex predators of the boardroom or the ballot box—are not so
different. They have a knack of sensing where the 'meat' is and quickly get to
the bone of any issue. *(looking at Andrei meaningfully)* Some even take pride in it.

Soo: *(shaking her head while swirling a cup of dark coffee in tight, while her other
hand scrolls absently across her iWatch)* You've both got it half-right, which
means you're both half-wrong. *(finally meeting their eyes)* Yes, predators sense
their environments keenly—brilliantly, even. But here's what you're missing:
the smart ones? The ones who survive over generations? They regulate. They
know that if they consume too much, too carelessly, too greedily, they erase
your own futures. We must not collapse the ecosystems that sustain us. *(sets
down her cup with finality)* Predators who lack foresight don't become apex
anything. They become extinct.

Jules: *(with a tinge of sarcasm)* Well, I guess humans are dumb predators ...

- T Newfields

Beg.: 1996 Shizuoka ☆ Fin.: 2025 Shizuoka