

Nature's Relentless Couriers

Migrants Who Never Weary, Bearing Concealed Messages Within

N.B: [To read the Arabic Version of this article, click here:](#)

سعاة بريد حقيقيون.. لا هواة ترحال وهجرة

They traverse thousands of miles over land, sea, and sky, and never tire. From the farthest east to the farthest west, and from the highest north to the lowest south, you see them perpetually on the move. They repeat this deed year after year, and never grow weary. Whether aware or unaware, they are equally engrossed in the act. Some of them live too long, while others reside there but briefly. Yet, all are constant in their action, and all persist in their function for as long as they remain.

They are the migrants from among beasts, whales, and birds. They are Nature's correspondents; through them, Nature converses with itself, never lacking news from its own realms. They are true postal couriers, chosen by the act itself for its own purpose, left with no choice in their mission. On their backs, within their bodies, or upon the feathers of their wings, trusted cargo is carried—concealed messages to every concerned party in those far lands. Then, the couriers return bearing equally precious treasures in reply, so that what arrives is no less valuable than what departs in the scales of the righteous sages.

And if my presentation holds ambiguity and obscurity, and the idea still whirls in your mind like a raging wind or a hurricane, let me lay out the chain of thought for you, so I may bring you to where the mind finds calm and ideas become clear. For speech is difficult and arduous... and I am the one speaking. So how must it be for a recipient to whom my words come by night or in the quiet of the predawn hours?

I shall begin with their saying and end with my own, so that the reader will thereafter have the means, their bewilderment will vanish, and the amazement will become

clear. For the dawn sweeps away the darkness of the night, just as revelation descends to dispel the perplexity of the poets.

They Have Said—and Truth in Their Saying Is Permissible

They migrate in search of warmth, and perhaps forage is the purpose of their journey and their hope. The swallow forsakes the cold and alights where the earth is adorned, joyous in its lush green garment. The whale heads to the far north, promising itself abundant food and rich pasture. The buffalo learned the peril of their permanent settlement on the land, the crops, and their neighbors. They were taught the necessity of traveling to where the grass grows, forage abounds, and the place is pleasant.

And among them are those who went to tell us of the importance of migration for ecological balance. Were it not for the migration of the herbivores, the land would be laid waste in their dwelling places and pastures. Fertility would diminish, and cultivation would decrease in its regions. No time passes but the herbivores are in distress, crying out from hunger with no provision to quell their pains. The predators become perplexed, for the prey has vanished once the vegetation chose to abandon its homelands. The work of the scavengers thrives for a time, only for their activity to wane once movement ceases and the abode is emptied of its inhabitants. All are in an organic need of all; none is saved from famine should the buffalo choose to abandon their ways.

And among them are those who inverted the meaning, fearing that the resident would colonize the realms should the animals one day abandon their migration. The marine plankton there, at the confines of the Arctic continent, are in a state of great reproductive activity, perpetually blissful in the fertility of their pastures. Should their whales be delayed from reaching them for a year, they would block the sunlight, plunging all the neighboring creatures into the gloom of night. The neighbor drowns in a nebula of darkness, and life in the waters dies, suffocated by the dominance of its plankton.

Safety may also be what the migrating animals seek. The goose does not lay its eggs except where it is safe from the danger of predators. It has learned the places and knows where safety resides and peace dwells. You see it heading to those homelands every year when the need presses and the call of instinct rises loud. It satisfies its

purpose, and then departs, followed by its young. And every year, at this exact time, the goose repeats the cycle. The action is repeated, the migration happens, and the sweetness of reunion is realized. Instinct drives it, just as instinct always guides its young along the paths of the sky. The mother goose does not fear for her existence, nor dreads an eternal lurking evil that seeks the destruction of her and her progeny.

And in the migration of creatures lie many other benefits; I have mentioned some and am unable to encompass them all. All this, and I have yet to tell you about the migration of the salmon to where it finds breeding favorable. You see it climbing steep slopes to reach its cherished lake. There, the eggs of its females are laid and fertilized by the sperm of its males, thus completing its life cycle as inscribed in the divine texts. Afterwards, many of them perish from exhaustion, and very few find their way back to the great ocean. It is an ascent of a Golgotha—an ordeal whose sequence none survives except the possessor of the right genetic code or he of immense fortune.

And I Say—Though What Is New in My Claim May Seem Discordant

Years have passed while I listened to these accounts with delight, and read extensively about the migration of living creatures with wonder. I was passive, filling my understanding with their narratives without fatigue. Amazement described my state, and wonder was the companion of my journey, wherever I went, it went with me. This remained my condition as I described, until an event struck me—and I do not exaggerate.

A butterfly, no larger than a child's palm—I do not overstate—yet its act in migration is that of a giant, nay, greater. It lives briefly, two months or three at most. Yet, it traverses vast geography, thousands of miles—nay, I still remember, it is nine thousand miles. If the first generation begins the migration, you will not see it completed until after six generations have passed. The observers have described the action, but they denied the purpose of the action when their logic became perplexed and their thinking stumbled.

And since that day, I have been drowning in my perplexity. I find no answer to my question, and the question stubbornly refuses to leave me. How can a creature so small and delicate traverse such a distance when the lifespan allotted to it is so brief and fleeting?! Wind, rain, and hungry birds sow the path with peril; everything lies

in wait for it, be it a killer or a thief. Yet the small one presses on in its frantic pursuit, undeterred from its mission by either the vile or the sincerely concerned. The goal is fixed before its eyes; it does not deviate from it, even for something gravely serious and destructive.

So do not speak to me after today of food and water, or of safety and warmth, for I have grown weary of such reports. The bird does not migrate in search of a secluded spot to protect its eggs, nor does the whale care, in my view, for good food or a fine abode. The purpose lies elsewhere—one you have failed to grasp, for you were captivated by superficial wonders and dazzled by those colorful images.

Adaptation is an act the animal has mastered; it learned life even while in the eye of danger. The sparrow, though small in size, has lived among us eternally and has not yet been eradicated by a beast from among humans. Here it builds its nests in a wall niche, on the tiled roof, and on tree branches. The cat lies in wait, and man is mean-spirited, yet the sparrow in its endeavor never despairs; it roves and settles wherever it finds a pleasant abode and takes residence.

So it is with the migrating goose—if it desires to stay, it will not lack the means for survival as long as it lives. For how long has the wolf howled on the valley's edge, while the sheep graze on the nearby plain on the slope? The wolves have never perished, nor have the herds ceased to roam the pastures, grazing and ruminating. The wolf, for all its known arrogance, and the cattle, for all their known gentleness and ease. I need not elaborate further, for the evidence is conclusive. Do not argue, for reality speaks of much news and great lessons.

And ecological balance is an act achieved across epochs and the passage of years. Nature never ceases to amaze us with its multitude of means and wondrous arrangements at every turn. So let us not fear a small creature that multiplied and overwhelmed, or a gluttonous buffalo that grew lazy, settled, and was no longer stirred by longing or nostalgia for another place.

Nothing is easier for nature than empowering predators for these and those among the resident populations. It increases their numbers, and perhaps it has even resorted to creating another, robust predator. Thus, the whale settles where the plankton resides and does not depart, and the buffalo finds no peace in settlement without the appearance of a capable and sturdy predator.

I will not go further than this in refuting the claims and delusions of the predecessors. Rather, I will immediately move to clarify my own statement regarding the migration of animals and migrants. For thought has taken me down unfamiliar paths and placed me in unfamiliar realms and fields.

Migration, though it may appear on the surface—as others prefer to say—to be for warmth, forage, and a safe place, I see it as existing for a purpose beyond that. I see it as existing to achieve what is far greater than what others presume.

The Migrants Are Postal Couriers... Who Never Weary

Mother Nature elected them for a noble purpose, choosing them from among her children for an act of immense bounty on Earth. For Nature has valiant soldiers, and the migrants are pioneers in a legion of elite fighters. They convey news between regions, so no part is deprived of news from its brotherly parts. And a nascent event in one corner of the Earth flies with a migrating flock to other corners.

What happens in the far North is told to the South; the news reaches it swiftly on the wing of a bird in a flock of migrants. And the North lacks no reply from the South, for the postal couriers between the two poles are in constant motion. What I say about the North and South applies to the entire Earth, linking the East to the West with traveling hordes of couriers. Among them are those concerned with news of neighboring dwellers, thus in their networking, they deprive no quarter of the Earth's four corners.

These postal couriers are the migrating hordes of whales, beasts, and birds. And alongside them in this action was humankind, in its campaigns for domination, raids, and travels. Whether the migrants knew or not, in their frantic pursuit, they were and still are bearers of messages, gifts, and news. Thus, the migrant is rewarded with warmth, food, and safety, while Nature gains far greater than that—the gifts of secrets.

And in the Satchel Are Concealed Messages

The messages vary, just as gifts differ among humankind. A message might be a living creature, a semi-living one, or a fragment of a gene with magnificent traits. The whale carries it in its belly or on its back, and a bird might conceal it within its wings among the feathers and hidden places. The messages—these gifts—are

magnified by the vanguard of pollen clinging to the wing of a butterfly that danced among the petals, delving into the thickets and corners.

Nature is a grand factory for renewing genes and traits. Its laboratory units are spread across all regions, each working on a specific set of data. The environment of the North is not that of the South, and likewise, the East and West differ in their particularities and advantages. Thus, we cannot hope—given the state I have described—for similar outputs when most of the inputs vary in kind and quantity. In this lies the enrichment of nature and the diversification of experiences and acquisitions.

Then, the updates—the outputs—are inscribed onto the DNA or RNA strand in the form of secret codes. They are hidden within the nucleus of a pollen grain, or within the nucleus of a virus or a germ, and perhaps within other receptacles of secrets. Thus, the updates reside in a secure place, becoming ready for shipment and export to all regions and lands. Afterwards, the role of the migrant couriers begins in disseminating the new versions of these releases, so they reach the far and near, and all who are concerned with such news.

In water, on the face of the earth, and on the shoulder of a traveling wind, the updates spread as gossip spreads in a foolish human society. They are carried by an army of correspondents—migrating whales, beasts, and birds—and perhaps Nature has enlisted among its troops those who are smaller and more delicate in creation. Thus, the North learns of the outputs of the Southern folk and adopts what suits its conditions and aligns. The Easterner benefits from the ancient product of the West, and the latter is not deprived of a precious import from its more ancient East.

So the updated virus infiltrates the cells of an organism, and whatever the Almighty, the All-Powerful, has willed and decreed occurs. The migrating pollen captivates some of the flowers in the neighborhood, transferring to them a new gene that came from afar after a long journey. The migrating germs bathe in the pond of a resting place, washing away the fatigue and grime accumulated during their journey. Then they depart to a new destiny decreed for them, and perhaps their action leads to consequences more severe and dangerous. For not everything carried is praiseworthy in its outcomes; how many a gift has been clad in glitter while its stuffing was made of gunpowder and dusty malice.

Mother Nature...

He is mistaken who believes in her muteness, and he who presumes her to be weak and submissive plunges deeper into error. For Nature speaks, even if her speech seems obscure to humans and appears vague and incomprehensible. If the mind fails to grasp her discourse, the mind's limitation is an innate trait—and in this, it is truly and rightly not to blame.

Nature's dialogue is made of symbols inscribed on a scroll of enchanted paper; wrapped in a cloak woven from the threads of eternity. It is carried to its destinations by chosen couriers. Whether they know it or not, they have been engaged in this task since time immemorial. In water, on land, or on the wings of the wind, you see them on a long journey—and they never weary.

Note:

In a previous article, I explained the role of viruses in the process of updating all living organisms, including humans. Read the article at the following link:

[COVID-19: Beyond the Crisis—Is It Targeting Our Genes? \(DOI\)](#)

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01/09/2025