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“An ant reddish ...”

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An ant reddish in a rainforest a jungle & a camera followed cunningly followed narrating. A vine from the tree tops that lives only in the tree tops up above up where the sun strikes, shed spores that fell to the wet dark below & moist below & most were lost. Some though encountered the ant reddish even red-orange when well lit. *How* is lost now, but some *how* was then & the ant was possessed of this spore as camera saw, it twitched to leave the trail laid there by its compatriots, rearing up like a horse around snakes on some other channel & yet pensively as if reaching an unpleasant conclusion. A compulsion overcame it & it climbed up where it had no business & still up until it reached a high high place where the sun strikes & the ant held & the ant died. & its head split after swelling a bit like a kernel of popcorn that was mostly a dud & a sprout a green shoot was born from its head to strive upward also to where the sun strikes & there is no end to wonder about it.