

Worm

Fairest of forebears,
denizen of a puddle
of blood-warm brine,
how goes the grub?

A snout lifts, bulges
the pool's meniscus
and then sinks back.
Billennia slip past.

Is this life's nursery,
the biological Eden?
No love affairs yet,
no pyramids, or Bach.

You all look so skinny,
so cramped and bored.
Like fingerlings of cells
languorous in a font.

If you can't imagine
the spines and hands,
the farms and cities
curled in your genes,

what metamorphoses
of eye and intellect,
of spaceship and temple
are still enfolded in me?

Time aeons onward.
A cell-thread, mutated,
snuffles at the ceiling
then thrusts its snout,

eyeless, inquisitive,
dripping with water,
up into *terra incognita*,
the sunlit atmosphere.