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Destination

(and beginning—for G)

From random junctures in primeval winds
a billion random patterns form—until
an accidental spiral sequence finds
that it can make itself again, and fill
the world with dittoed offspring. Yet it will
occasionally not breed true. Now strife:
the different dittoes must compete for life.

Another billion random changes: all
—or almost all—are duds. Nevertheless
ten thousand different species rise and fall
and rise again. Great populations press
against their boundaries. The vital stress
expresses change. Some variant has found
how good sex is—to mix the genes around.

The plants, the fish, the dinosaurs, the apes
advance across the generations. Each
sentient being touches and reshapes
the world around her, far as she can reach.
Who is this now, who dares me eat a peach?
Time's warring chariots can clatter by—
we have the earth, the water and the sky.