

The form is Japanese Sedoka,  
pairs of 5-7-7 stanzas

A TIME SO FAIR

Man has climbed so far,  
bloomed so full in his short days...  
Has he done it all before?

Is this an old route?  
Were there other gardens where  
natives dared to walk upright?

We crossed lower sills;  
other foes became fewer  
when we mastered tools and fire.

The birth of our souls  
implanted skills and music;  
our skulls enlarged with power.

Star memory lost,  
we groped light for things we knew  
when infinity loosed us.

In each rooting calm,  
after the lust of rutting,  
the scent of growth prodded us.

Once we knew that E  
equals MC square, we saw  
mutant clouds re-define fear.

Branched from slime to fur  
to slightly under angels,  
endemic flaws recycle.

Still the pulse of change  
flays the core of each atom.  
A tomb may reform fury.

Maybe we will learn  
to tame this wayward species,  
rise to build a time so fair.

Or must we backslide  
to our beast-forms with a growl,  
whimper as our cells revert,

prime the next big bang,  
begin again, sort, attach,  
till we touch the holy grail?