

Liolaemus lizards

If you told me you'd lost hope
What could I do?

Could I direct you to
A beam of sunlight
Falling across
A blinking baby lizard
Still steaming from
The heat of birth?

Would it fill you with
A sense of hope
To see its foreleg
Raised towards the sun,
As delicate in motion as
The anemone's tendril,
Feeling what we feel,
Channelling euphoria?

Would a thought come to you
On seeing its eyes close,
At the first realisation
Of warmth,
That life is endless renewal

And, as imprisoned as we are
By diminishing choices-

And the human consequences
That brush away beauty

Would you sense
An undying faith
Within creation
That love and hope
Will never completely be lost
No matter what we do?

...
And would you
Hail nature
Our model
For resilience
As hardened in its
Grim resolve
As a reptilian jaw?

Would you draw strength
In knowing
The earth is tougher
Than you think you are
And that such power represented
Is a neonate of hope
Poking its head over the lip
Of your soul?

And that if you looked upon
That little form
Newly alive in the dirt
Could, within you,
A dainty infant,
Pulse still visible,
Also crane towards the light?

...
Take heart in what
The world does
In spite of us
In spite of our spite
In spite of the broken razor
We drag across the globe
Scratching out life
In its path:

The rhinos gone
The elephants gone
The frogs, the fungus

The things we looked on,
From afar, and thought
We loved
But didn't, not enough

Know, right now
The world is bearing
Dragons,
The phoenix,
Dinosaurs

That like bean-shoots
In the wasteland,
They've re-emerged
Once more

And under
The fragility,
The translucence
Of their skin,
Beats the force
Of evolution
The new direction
Of all things

...
The newborn lizard's mother
Once freed from her
Own egg
Was the last by
Nature's choice
It gave her
A womb instead

And not a millennia
For change
To add or
Take away
Some form

It marked her
As an embryo
To give birth
To her young

It reached into her
Structure and
Hit the climatic switch
Set for ice or fire
For ova or for labor

In a generation
It changed
Her special body
And behaviour
Upturning the
Bedrock of our science
That creatures cannot
Re-evolve,
From live young,
To eggs and back again
Our Dollo's Law
Dissolved

With her the planet
Shows how it will
Survive us and,
Maybe, suspend and
Then revive us
On its whim
Not ours
According to its powers

With a flick
Of its tail,
In an Andean moonscape,
In this
Re-evolutionary hour.

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