

# EVOLUTION

*Lee Slonimsky*

The way the planets whirl about the sun  
reminds me of electrons round their core;  
the pterodactyl's glide played in reruns  
just now, when sundrenched hawks took off and soared.

The crowns of leafless trees this winter day  
resemble capillaries bearing blood  
from arteries of wood to veins of air,  
invisible amidst the wind tossed clouds.

The minor difference that separates  
a man and mouse in DNA's design  
is subtle as the rich sweet soil of fate  
that grew the ancient cells into our minds.

Your beauty then's a triumph of time's will,  
as all of evolution: miracle!

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*Contemporary Rhyme* Vol. 3 No. 2 Spring 2006