Fossil of Emerging Trilobite
After Rilke's Archaic Torso of Apollo

We'll never know that trusting head raised slightly from its rock. Or what simple image entered the pixellated eye, rolled down the body's length and arched the lobe of your back. Fused to lump of bedrock, you emit compacted will like a star whose gravity has wheeled to halt, turned slowly upon itself and hardened. Only where a tool has gouged your edges does lightness show: the scratches are like struck sparks. But though your moving pulse has cataracted to stone,

you seem to trawl a vast silence: the remembering of primal wanderings, inching over benthic floor. Little Trojan, ancient snail: who knows what you saw? Not cloud-lit summits or the milky circulations of stars --

but a thralled moonscape entirely your own. Once you might have inherited this earth. Yet how long have you slept in this quiet seam? Until the day they came with bright sounds to unpeg you into air, and speed you through the flashing evolution where trees lurched up, creatures muscled, grew fur, walked, rapidly divided -- and you came into gritty light: head lifted like rising through eons to arrive in my warm future palm, already dead.