

Pterodactyls

Pterodactyls soaring in a blue sky---
We create unease with our silent critical survey
Of all the very up-to-date,
And clearly in a higher state,
Homo Sapiens
Ensconced in their rapid transit,
Safe (they imagine)
From our indiscretions
(The major indiscretion being that we should exist at all).
They are not afraid
(Protected as they are
By a superepidermis of
More or less living metal and glass)---
They are not afraid that
We will carry off their babies.
It is simply because we do not belong
That they glance accusingly at the sky.
They do not like ungainly anachronisms
Cluttering the firmament,
Disturbing their fragile peace
With the mute reminder that
Perhaps something was left behind
In the primordial slime---
Some unarticulated intuition
Of a different way.