

Genesis

And when at last Nature

 In the terrible red flower of her smelting box
Has recast in brain and bony structures
 Man anew,

We will call him twice-knowing

— *sapiens sapiens* — modern and fully fledged

 To set the clock again at zero;

To begin now the last old age of stone

And mark on the end of long selected blood

 The start of an age of thoughtfulness,

When culture will swamp the races over

And texts will call you Magdalenian, Aurignacian, Solutrean

 — Savage.

And we will call you the Man of Fine Works.

And you will look and also see

Within a lump of flint countless blades

 Freed in strokes logical to order,

And after long seduction under your nimble labors

Nick a facet to one edge in genius,

And so have dominion over all.

And brave in severities of the great ice

You will enter steppe and tundra with the reindeer,

And mammoth and horse and kill them with ease

 And eat them,

And stretch them into tents,

And sew them up around you as clothes,

And bone them for rafters above your houses,

And burn them as one burns wood.

And your tackle you will enrich endlessly;
And on a splinter of bone snag the running salmon
And spear them on an antler tine,
And store up gradually the energy of back and fingers
 Within a bend of wood or horn
And let it explode as one work concentrated
 At a distant point within your sight,
And like mortality uncoiled,
Drive the lively bolt

Gary Webster