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Starin.

The Progenitor

Like a strange intruder he came,
upsetting
The status quo of nature
laying bare in waste
All the things that stood harmonious.
Gaining religion
He enlarged his discussions
Taking what God had given
And spreading the word of his dominion over all,
Thus, belying his innocence.

And believing only he mattered
And the rocks, and trees, and grass
And oceans, rivers, lakes
And mountains too
Had no passion, no soul,
Too remote and passive they seemed,
He took all to his advantage.

Except
For when the sea got angry
And the wind howled
And the earth shook
And all in creation shuddered.

And when the bones of ancestors lay heaped
and crumbling
Whispering sweet decay
Stories got told on the wind
Of ants in collision
Fighting atop mounds of sand
That no longer mattered,
Of bees and honey
No longer in making, And worms in the ground
No longer digging,
And of dwindling birds
No longer nesting,
And hungry lions
No longer stalking,
And of cockroaches still crawling.

And when oblivion came
Degree by infinitesimal degree
On a geiger counter
Measure by quantitative measure
The strange intruder still believed
Only he mattered.

Roger H. Shain