

Mundane Unity

When I was little, I saw museum models
and through them marvelled at ancient fossils-
where roots of the present bare firm.
How the ferocity of an Archaeopteryx, for one
is somehow in the ancestry of a chicken,
lying like a dormant bud under feathery skin.
Origins that could blossom in every animal, fervidly
and scatter with it petals of eternity.

In biology I learnt about the pentadactyl limb;
its omnipresence in fist, paw, hoof, and fin -
how down to the bone, with the same I used scrawling notes
horses beat down on calloused earth, or whales
swim in pods, their colossal flippers and milky skin
almost a hand outstretched in greeting.
Forming connections spanning millennia that linger,
like in the mundane unity of five fingers.