

## TRILOBITE

Mute skeleton  
Of expired catastrophes  
Sculpted body  
By salted waters  
Evaporated today  
In mountains rivers

Stone memory  
Breaking  
An ancient silence  
Strokes  
Of repeating lines  
That only life  
Knows how to draw  
You carry hidden  
In your slits  
A music of possible waves  
Tuning distant melodies  
By unheard rhythms'  
When man  
Was still a fiction  
Or a delusional dream  
Of evolution

Millions of years after  
In the shadows  
Of a mass extinction event  
Your truncated  
Flourishing arthropod fate  
Gave free way  
To the journey  
Of insects, spiders', and others

Now is the time  
Of the trilobite – human fate  
In its hubris nightmare  
To be erase  
In a stroke of bad luck  
Or a dead end

From the interstellar space  
Human stone bones  
Mixed with metal debris  
Will leave behind

A kind of  
Silent memory  
To be heard  
By an unseen emptiness

Or perhaps  
In a sudden miracle  
Who knows?  
A new civilization  
Will emerge  
Rooted in  
A culture  
Of nature - human  
Being one  
Threading jointly  
The web of life  
Anchored in values  
Of equity and sufficiency  
Fossilizing for ever  
Stuff, wealth, and power  
Poisonous accumulation  
Built on unbridled wishes and wants



Fossil found at Percé rock, Québec, Canada