

Wanderers

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Millions of years ago
You trickled down from a stream
Reaching ever till you hit land
You grew and grew and grew

Forming limbs, forming thoughts
For a while,
All you knew were thoughts
And action

Many millennia passed
Before you knew yourself
And even
When you knew yourself
No others knew you

A whole life in your head
Stuck in the clouds
And yet, by chance
Here you are now

Wandering ancestors
Wandering land

What luck was had
To be where you are
That my wandering past
Is crossing your path
Now
Two wanderers in cosmic chance
That somehow our ancestors lay the work
So that we may wander
Along