

Wilderness House Literary Review 4/4

Yvette A. Schnoeker-Shorb
AGING SPIRIT

A mirror for history, this millennial sky
does not search nor strive but stretches beyond
stars, shadows, lights, ideas, human nature,
and other fragile things. We watch ourselves
centered beneath the spotlight moon
as it pulls us toward the end of a cycle.

In the circle of any new age, this new age,
is always some timely Romantic
who stands in wait at the edge of the tide
to witness the last breath of a Zeitgeist,
yet another many-faced reflection
of our evolution, our perceived identity.

Homo habilis, Homo erectus, Homo sapiens,
Homo hereafter--perhaps our next global spirit
will finally fit meaning into structure;
there will be nothing left to do
but to contemplate the void above us
while our technology does our living.

MNEMOSYNE

I can't remember the end,
but I imagine it,
the phylogenetic creases
uncharted in the brain,
the rising streams
of thought waves
dreaming human.
What are the quanta
of unempirical being?
As if I stop at the atom.

I revolve in evolution,
spiraled coils
uncoiling, splice
here, splice there--
the genetic illusion
of a scientific experiment,
myself; how can I know
why I am when I am?
The romantic question
of classical myth.

Yet, I flaunt my order
to perfection, until there is
nothing left
but to break down,
the fundamental answer
within the last motions
of the pendulum,
one swing to science,
one to art, the other end
of the same faith.

Wilderness House Literary Review 4/4

Paint me a human being;
I will dissect that nature
until nothing remains
but memory
of something I can't feel
now.