

Ebb and Flow

by
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“The ebb and flow of life,” they say,
“are things that will not pass away.”
What’s here today is gone tomorrow.
Now it’s joy, but then it’s sorrow.
The world will not remain constant.

Ten billion years or just ten thousand?
This query alone starts arousing
fighting words across the land
as sides dig in and take a stand.
Their beliefs will remain distant.

Exclude the one and then the other.
First it’s Eve, then amoeba’s our mother.
Then back again the pendulum swings
as students fly on buzzard’s wings,
never knowing what to expect this instant.

This view or that, but never the twain.
As one view waxes, the other must wane.
But why not both and let each decide
if it’s one or the other or neither side,
lest our schools be found no longer extant.