

metamorphosis

the moat is full of early life
surviving catastrophes
our early life we carry like a gait
repeating its unseemly rhythms
which first we live with, overwhelm us
finally change or die with;
without this genes are meaningless
they need an enhancing horror
yet if we took you to a chair
and all your past were hypnotised away
you would survive, beginning again
and all your yours as each year passed
were dreams, where are the avenues
the parks and meadows sweet?
unknown to you you wander down these lanes
which you will still rehearse