

HELEN MOORE

Climbing out of a Dog Eat Dog World

There is nothing in the world, I would venture to say, that would so effectively help one to survive even the worst conditions as the knowledge that there is a meaning in one's life.
– VIKTOR FRANKL

There's this fear in growing up that your parents' genes will one day kick in. And perhaps they already have.

I'm a human body, a personality, and also a soul. As such I tell myself I've chosen this pain. Why else would I be here

as the Planet's heating up, if not to speak of this Holocaust we're making of the numinous miracle –

Earth-Life unique with its Goldilocks conditions?
So many creatures lighting out – Yuman Box Turtle,

Caspian Tiger, Paradise Parrot, Golden Toad –
I cradle your dark spaces as rainforests dwindle,

and painted Kayapo people march for living rivers, trees –
this natural wealth they steward for their children;

men, women, so proud and strong, yet almost naked
in the midst of the rushing, wasted city.

What can a poet do? Bear witness; be a conscience, perhaps?
Sometimes I feel such agony to see what ignorance and greed

are snuffing out. Yet somehow I find the inner rungs to climb
from despair. Hand over hand, there's always something

to learn. Love is my meaning – through it I'm sure of nothing
but a personal evolution. Darwinists may reject this notion;

but in this life-time I know I'm evolving – as I have in others
before. Maybe I'll manage more than my parents ever could.

Now I notice when my heart has closed. Only the heart breaks
patterns of fear. Together we can make a Being Love Being world.