

**Stephen Robertson**

## **Destination**

**(and beginning—for G)**

From random junctures in primeval winds  
a billion random patterns form—until  
an accidental spiral sequence finds  
that it can make itself again, and fill  
the world with dittoed offspring. Yet it will  
occasionally not breed true. Now strife:  
the different dittoes must compete for life.

Another billion random changes: all  
—or almost all—are duds. Nevertheless  
ten thousand different species rise and fall  
and rise again. Great populations press  
against their boundaries. The vital stress  
expresses change. Some variant has found  
how good sex is—to mix the genes around.

The plants, the fish, the dinosaurs, the apes  
advance across the generations. Each  
sentient being touches and reshapes  
the world around her, far as she can reach.  
Who is this now, who dares me eat a peach?  
Time's warring chariots can clatter by—  
we have the earth, the water and the sky.