I Am Neanderthal (And You Are Too)

early one morning she was gathering firewood not far from her cave

in nearby forest a man—one of the Others hunted for squirrels

alone and helpless her trusted kin did not hear her faint anguished calls

such was the danger when We and They encountered in those lawless times

my grandmother's cries three thousand lifespans ago call to me today



Photo: Grote Mandrin, one of many caves in France occupied intermittently by both Neanderthals and Homo Sapiens for thousands of years. Source: CNRS

Created 7/4/2022



dandana.us/poems