

Drifting Impressions

Where now
Gondwanaurian
Sauntering saurian
Heavy toed juggernautian
As you raise your scaly head
To sniff the acrid dusty shore breeze
At the edge of desiccating aeons
And rending hinterlands
Creaking creeping
Leaving you megaplooding down torrid wadis
To thirsty footprints in caked lake cracking mud
On mirage simmering plains
Out into the Permian sunset?

- Your great white bones too late
To catch the last continent back to Laurasia.

Brian Rosen
(written circa 1973)