Palaeontology

The archaeopteryx may be a forgery,
A wash of feathers on a fossil dinosaur.
No hint of flying; some hint of gliding What if Man,
Peking Man, Java Man, were forgery? Would then
Ourselves, as concept, fly? Or be the Icarus
Of anthropologists, a final Piltdown Man,
Or meltdown man, a goal of Fundamentalists.
Creationism can at least create from scratch.
Upon the bones of scrawny Lucy rests the Eve
Whom science blames as current mother of us all.
Neanderthal clay figurines, bodies obese
And coiffure Harpo Marx, would seem to contradict
A thin ancestress, or confirm what we all know,
That fashions change. Meanwhile, between the overweight
And underweight, the fossil record can be filled
With any missing form the scientists conceive,
As arbitrary as the Bible Belt‘s first man,
Regarding whose brain size or stooped or upright gait
We do not have to argue. Homo sapiens
Creates a chain of being out of filler blanks,
Or forges Adam as his own original.