

Evolution

My garden this morning is dusted with snow,
covering creatures who farm far below.

They wiggle and weave through earthly spill
around slumbering tulip and daffodil.

The mystery of our maker
provided setae to this farmer undertaker
to dig and eat through subterranean fill
and leave behind nutritious spill.

The mystery of conceptual God
is challenged by question and doubt.
For those who doubt we bode no ill,
but ask they look at tulip and daffodil.

© Ivan Dietrich