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Carl Jung once said “Whatever is rejected from the self, appears in the world as an event.”

Here’s a poem I wrote exploring the process of “ontogeny recapitulating phylogeny” - or in other words , how the evolution deep in our bodies reflects evolution across time and space. I play with the idea that we can no longer split off parts of ourselves, or disown our history , our inter-generational trauma, our eco-system or “the other”. I link this level of integration to our collective responsibility - for our actions, our karma, our epigenetics, and our collective trauma. This poem scales our journey from the Big Bang to the Big Crunch - in one wild fluctuation of evolution.

## Lineage

We were there  
When swirling gasses slowed  
And pooled into molten plasma.  
We sprung fully formed from a star.

We were there  
when the algaed carpet  
Crept across the cooling pools of mud.  
We sighed in the first warmth of the sun.

We trace our history  
Of backbones and soft cells  
Back along the umbilicus of time.  
From navel to navel,  
We were there.

We were there  
when fish found mantled land and  
whale hips rusted like salty bolts  
Our withered legs finned in the crusty sea.

We were there  
When apes fell from the canopy.  
Our tails left coiled in dark caves  
like dangerous whispering snakes.

We were there  
When grunts first symphonised  
into song around a fire burning  
with the storied beat of bones.

We were there  
when henges of stone  
Fell tall into troughs of earth  
And when columns of marble  
first pointed towards a mysterious sky.

We were there  
When leathered legions  
And arching stone marched across the land  
When creaking ships fluttered  
pale as moths across foreign seas.

We were there  
When quills cohered our knowings  
onto parchment  
When printed wisdom  
Was pinned onto pillars of declaration.  
We were there

When we enslaved you,  
When a million poxied blankets buried  
you,  
Two million serfs on the steppes,  
Six million in chambers of hot gas.

We were there  
When we plundered caverns of gold,  
Drilled deep into the planet’s virgin  
mound,  
Fed rain forests into the steaming mouths  
of mills,  
And spread our waste across the drying  
land  
While the oceans corals bleached and died.

We were there ...  
And we are here now ...  
I am right here next to you  
In the wet markets of our shared breath  
Distanced but together  
As we inherit the flesh of our doing.

We catch the curve ball of time  
And hold it for an instant  
In our implicated palid palms  
once webbed  
Before we toss it

Like hope  
Down the line  
Where we are already waiting  
To catch it

Eyes wide open  
Terror and joy  
Coupled like karmic lovers  
In the single pulsing Heart

Of The Creatrix  
Of this moment  
As She unfolds  
As Me Thee We

In the infinity  
Of this Momentary  
And fragile Arising.  
She is masked in a million Forms  
Which are mine to tend  
With a broken and devoted heart

Until I give way  
to the further evolving forms  
That I have already birthed  
Through the pain and pleasure  
of my own heart, hips, and hands.

Until it all gives way  
To the flare of an explosive sun  
As the great singularity  
Absorbs us back into the lining  
Of her darkened and quiet womb

And our galactic verses are embraced  
Once more by the slow uterine flow  
Of a new future, pulsing plasma  
In another place and time.