

Sally Adnams Jones, PhD, expressive arts therapist
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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.