

Mary Leakey's Poem ·
Ross Talarico

3½ million years ago,
In a land we now call
Tanzania
Two hominids walked
75 ft. and beyond
Over a fresh layer of
Volcanic ash
Leaving the footprints we
Follow studiously
Toward the faint light.

One was smaller
Than the other, and probably
Female. It is easy
To see
That she stopped, paused,
And turned to the left
To glance
At some possible threat
Or irregularity,
And then continued
To the north.

We stop,
And glance off in the
Same direction,
Seeing nothing but
The faded desert moon abandoned
In the deep blue
Of millions of skies, all that
Time to
Think it over, and yet
We turn, a moment
Of doubt,
Inheriting the grace of hesitancy,
And then continue,
Companions,
Toward the faint, mysterious
Light.