

Letter To Rex

Maybe, just maybe,
there was peace in those eyes,
acceptance that your time
had run its course
when the meteor crashed down,
or when you froze to death,
or fell ill,
or however the science
says you died this time.

Maybe there was a cold shutter
in your bones,
when they poisoned the water
and your throat burned with a ravaging
confusion as to why the gods
had declared that
it was you who had to go.

Maybe then you didn't realize
that while your friend the raptor
would get to evolve into the personages that
we humans call "birds,"
you would only be ever used
as excavation from a dig site,
dug up only for what's left
of you to be put behind a glass box,
the name *Tyrannosaurus Rex* put on plaque,
as if you had told us that indeed was your name.

Science fiction movies deem and debate,
discussing the prospect of whether or not you should
be allowed to come back.
Funny, nobody asked you if you'd even want to.
I don't blame you.
If you could see the lands you walked upon now,
I think you'd be horrified.
Would you even recognize it?

I think you'd be perplexed
By the overabundance of automobiles,
how hot the planet is,
or how a species
who is intellectually smarter than you
could be so overtly stupid.

Something tells me
that if we really did coexist,
you wouldn't hunt us,
you wouldn't chase us,
you wouldn't chomp off our heads.
You'd simply pity us.
You'd see the ticking time bomb
hanging above our heads
and promptly opt to go back to sleep
for another million years.