

Harmony Of Paradox

Zoë Laird

As a child, I stood
on the trembling line between Genesis and Galápagos,
one hand clutching the ancient text,
the other tracing the fossils of what came before
deep in stone.
Longing for understanding.

Seven days, they said, light from pure will,
oceans unfurled like ribbon, becoming different from the sky.
Man and beast shaped from God's breath alone.
But the bones whispered deeper stories:
eons sculpting fins to feet,
stars spilling their secrets from dust and ash.

The divide loomed like a canyon,
each side demanding allegiance.
Faith and fact locked in battle.

But the years taught me to listen closer:
to the psalm in the atom,
the math in the miracle.
Not enemies, but dancers,
their steps weaving the story
of how we became
and what we are yet to be.