

## **On the Intelligent Design Debate 200 Years After Darwin was Born**

When you look at my map  
of the province of Cáceres  
engraved with the long stilled  
but once highly achieved fingers of  
R. Alabern and E. Mabon you will see  
how the shape these 19<sup>th</sup> century mapmakers  
ascribed to this parched unforgiving land ringed by rock  
still resembles the head of some robust australopithecine  
with little room for a brain in the rugged cranium.

The sierra de Jalama forms the supraorbital ridge  
over the eye in Coria where the bull was first sacrificed  
by the Vettones, whom the Romans could never subdue,  
while the San Mames range and the Tajo river describe  
the prognathic jaw and thrusting underlip of this ape-man in profile  
who gazes west through Portugal and out to the sea  
so many other poor and homeless crossed  
on the scent of rumors of eternal youth and gold  
and silver in such unimaginable abundance  
that any of God's innumerable children might reasonably hope  
to drown in the bounty of that much grace.

All the cannon fodder ever really wanted was a slice  
of the acorn pie that had always been denied them in Extremadura  
where the luck they never had birthed each one of them  
into great litters of equally destitute siblings  
and other potential rivals.

Some might have hungered for power  
but few could have foreseen standing  
in the plaza of Medellín, bold-chested  
and defiant in their bronze suit of shining  
armor, a pair of spurs on the heel of the boot that  
still rests on Montezuma's head.

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