**Blueprints**

*for Rupert Sheldrake*

Gary Kuchar

Morphogenesis remains unsolved.

The question of how *form* fractals and rhizomes

Into and out of the loneliest water—

Surprising its tiny jack-in-the-box turbines

With awareness of motion.

Stasis into

a taste for rain.

Not a miracle, we are told.

Just the inevitable marching of parts into wholes

Under the right kind of umbrella.

The scheduled bottom-up sorting

Of many into one.

In the beginning

was permeability.

And yet, not clockwork either.

If you cut an earthworm in half

You don’t have a dead earthworm

But two living ones.

Clocks and contraptions don’t work that way.

Not even poems do.

Somehow the fireworks of form

Are sinewed into the stillness of stillness—

So shellworks of sound may compass the difference

Between boredom and blankness.

But there I go. Couldn’t help myself.

Sneaking purpose back into the circuits—

A little light shining in the starfish.

But what if the tune is not only called

By the lowest sands in the seahorse?

What if the voice on the heights of the heath—

the missing mind of the mollusk—

Echoes its way down into every part at one

And the same moment—

Homing its chorus along the nerve?

As above, so below.

What if the whole unfolding is a field of memory

Where the form hammers not in the helix—

But hums as the source of the song?

Can you hear the sponges budding and barnacling

Across the blue shipwreck of time

Psalming yet once more their desperate love of water?

Everything evolves from the get-go,

Morphing into resonance more habitual than lawlike.

From energy comes change. From change comes pattern.

From pattern comes purpose. And from purpose comes—

Who knows what yet?

Spontaneity is a swallow.

Just try dancing with it.

If revelation does not happen

Then everything is repetition without difference.

You sit down to write a poem

And in the process of composition

Find yourself transposed.

Rewritten by the daydream having you.

In the beginning *was* the Word and the Word

*was* the loneliest water.

And besides,

*how do you know that you are being stared at from behind anyway?*

\*Rupert Sheldrake is a Cambridge-trained plant physiologist who presented an alternative theory of how lifeforms develop in *A New Science of Life* (1981). After several months of regular, scientific debate, the British Journal Science published a review of the work titled “A Book for Burning?” and Sheldrake was effectively excommunicated from the scientific establishment as a heretic. He got his revenge by writing a series of popular books on subjects such as animal telepathy and how people know they are being stared at from behind. Despite his early excommunication, his intellectual reputation has risen in recent years with the emergence of epigenetics and the broadly disappointing results of the human genome project, both of which are consistent with his critique of Neo-Darwinism and his desire to move beyond the reductionism of mainstream molecular biology. On top of being a courageous and imaginative scientist, he is a world-class storyteller and conversationalist.