

Neanderthals

Found in a German valley, Neanderthal man
Had a jutting jaw and an ambling gait
That tells us very little of his fate.
Master of earth for a brief span--

But here a brute with a dull- eyed grin,
Displaying a knack for Old Stone Age work.
An earnest chap, his face masks thoughts that lurk
Inside, veiling the soul within.

No matter, the bones under glass remain in place
And mute-- and few really care
If Neanderthal was a noble race.
Found in museums here and there,
These bones should give us pause
To think of the fate of our ancient in-laws.