

## ABIOTENESIS

As the water churns and crashes against the stones,  
I am entranced in a whirlpool, wholly owned  
By the strain to perceive the unperceivable:  
A time so long ago, so unbelievable,  
That counting the years would take a hundred generations,  
When there are no more wars, nor nations.  
By then the times will have reversed but not regressed  
Into the simplicity we all possess  
In the most ancient parts of our cells  
That are not overrun by consciousness, by hunger, by imagined hell.

And as the clouds become dense and heavy as soil,  
They prepare to clash before I will  
Make my refuge to the shore,  
Where I am reminded once more  
Of the complexity that plagues me.

But it wasn't always this way, you see.

Meteorites came and went as they pleased  
Over a globe of boiling air and sea  
Where there was nobody to ponder at  
And not a single soul that  
Cared about the other,  
Back when the word "brother"  
Was radically ahead of its time.  
No sign of breath, not a single enzyme.

Going through the motions  
Waves rolling  
Wind blowing  
Earth turning  
Sky burning

Nothing but commotion  
Waves crashing  
Clouds clashing  
World boiling  
Drums rolling  
Rolling  
Rolling

The lightning struck from the seething skies  
Like an orchestra of cymbals falling from space  
More piercing than the sun  
Rampaging across the surface, a web of raging fire,

## ABIOTIC GENESIS

A horde of sparks invaded.  
No element could escape the cataclysmic catalyst.  
The crackle was drowned out by the roaring drums in sky--  
war had begun.

It was inevitable, what with how the wind was howling  
And how the ocean ravaged itself like wildfire.  
Breaking the surface would mean  
breathing a methane-fueled inferno.

Molecules could no longer keep to themselves  
Among the tumult and horrors of the storm,  
The wealthy shared their particles with the poor  
And oh my stars,  
Look what came out of that electron bond:  
The first building block of life floated through the waters,  
Strength in numbers shielded them from the ongoing chaos,  
A lifeboat floating from the capsized tragedy.

In the midst of disaster,  
There was an equal but opposite reaction:  
Progress had begun.

Sooner or later, the proteins will combine  
And eventually form eyes and hearts and spines  
Sooner or later, the salamander will rise onto the shore  
And sooner or later, man will hunger for more  
Than his own plot of land.

And as I return to my beach towel I overlook the ocean,  
Overlooking it like most of us do  
Underseeing the unexplored undersea  
Scraping the surface of how I misunderstand the land  
Wondering if the grains of sand on the west coast  
Outnumber the cells of all the humans it hosts.

The gentle mist arrives, announcing an oxymoron of a Pacific storm.  
Winds pick up and shoot sand into my eyes,  
Salty tears, descended from the water that soaked me to my thighs.  
I can outrun the rising tide.  
I can make it closer to the mainland than the poor crabs ever could.  
I can return to the comfort of a rented beach house.  
But my footprints will fade, and there is always  
A measure of uncertainty in the roof's weathered wood.

## ABIOTENESIS

Head hidden under my towel I try to unhear the overwhelming headlines.  
My oceanside stream of consciousness was fun until  
I was reminded we have yet to live up to our so-called predestined design  
Wield our skills to pay our outstanding bills.  
It makes me ill to think that we named ourselves homo sapiens—  
Wise and divine and united as one, superior to creatures with fur, wings, or gills.

Man is a moron: an animal who makes bad bargains and deals.

Resounding rain, pounding headache unquelled by any pill  
Seagulls screeching a question so shrill,  
“After all our shared ancestors’ work,  
You can stretch and bend and offend the land to your will,  
But again,  
After eons of evolution,  
Was blood created just for you to spill?”