

*The Hutchinsonian*

There once was a species that'd had it with being better'd.

With Nature's Laws It wished to be no longer fetter'd.

It could not quite surprise Her,

It was no use to tie Her,

It could not even buy Her,

Yet It didn't even try Her.

It longed so, "My antithesis of transcendents await."

The antecedent sloshed, and tossed, and turned in Its seep.

Nature's compulsory promise It just couldn't keep.

"If I cannot abide Her,

If I can't stand aside Her,

If I can't be much kinder,

I just must get *inside* Her."

But Its lost scruples were to feel only dismay the next day.

Why? That day held a need; the need to compete.  
And it just couldn't reside; i.e., reside in Her niche.  
She wouldn't let It deny Her,  
So It fled uninspired,  
Solace only in mire,  
It vowed one day to chide Her.

Thus Its reverse blossom hunkered down, deep to the root, foregoing fruit.

The cost would be real: an evolved trait or a few.  
As It pondered the notion of Its hypervolume.  
It could just not rise higher,  
Cylinders struggled to fire,  
Then, "*Beneath Her!*" rang the choir,  
A depraved sort had been sired.

So it happened Its design was refined on that day. And in just that way. Not okay.

First to go was Its conscience, followed sense of concern.

A collapsing of grace, decency, & gift to discern.

Anger constantly chased,

Hate in deepest embrace,

Double-knotted Its ego with ultra-tight lace,

And humanity?

Humanity?

None left. Not a trace.

*Freedom of Expression & The New Tyranny*

A redcoat stationed in every home?

Intolerable.

A message fashioned from every stone?

Unimaginable.

The ploys of old take a novel toll,

The drifts of crow only gather snow,

But why we concede

This consequential steed

For our part we may never know.

It may be done, it may be sent

From your home without your consent

Though you may toil to make the rent

Still what you own is not yours to be spent

A redcoat stationed in every home?  
I, for one, say no.  
I take my inspiration from guides ago.  
But tyranny has learnt its lesson, if slow  
Exchanged its coat for one without show  
It's just such a soldier you may not know

A message fashioned from every stone?  
Yes, understanding, it surely can grow  
Like swollen seas, when properly sown  
Re-casting a net on the writhing below  
Extracting its life, all rights in tow  
A new meaning now has been bestowed

A redcoat stationed in every home?  
Do not allow it if ever it's founded.  
A message fashioned from every stone?  
Let no one revoke works that garnish your soul.

Though your soul none may rescind  
The redcoats, you needn't upend  
Your works can stand all alone in their might  
Extending hope, peace, prayer, and flickers of right.

*The Utility of a Bilipid Membrane*

I decided to start believing in DNA today.

And the tingling in my spine told me it believed in me too.

I felt like a zoo.

One that had been swaddled in membrane and told what to do.

DNA welcomed me home, all beliefs bid adieu.

So, DNA now asked, where are we to?

*The Tragic Birth of Austerity*

An ice sculpture, still one with its maker through the umbilicus of a chisel,

She dies prior to being.

A miscarriage;

Inevitable prey of the weight of the world, its elements, its indiscrimination.

Or if not that:

A fallen samurai who, with formidable acuity observes so much, so penetratingly,

That one no longer sees,

If one is lucky,

But a barren landscape, lichen-spattered.

Or if not that:

An opponent, demoralized to the point of resignation.

Madly searching for shade as,

Under the sun,

Her pale, delicate skin appears weathered; all beauty, if not lost, now within.

But if still not that:

A God-sent inspiration, an innovation, seeking perspiration;

The best she can hope for:

A destination.

An obsolescence so revered it's no longer visited or neared.

*The Utility of Futility*

“The most amazing things...can come from some terrible lies.”  
-- FUN.

A baritone swings low, so low only thoust soul can go  
Reaching skyward, nigh required,  
Purpose rewired, cheating tired,  
What is sired is a need to reconvey the hope acquired

By a visit to the grave, at the helm a conjoined knave  
Seeking sanctity, damning hastily,  
Breeding hate fully, seeding amnesty,  
In such profanity lies a step, a stone, to bolster our humanity

Not unnoticed o'er time and space, one sets out weaving a staunch new lace  
Peaceful pirate, plundering disquiet,  
Transoceanic riot, should you defy it,  
A meager diet: one providing feast for all who try it

In his or her own way, find purpose in a new day  
Screenplay adapted, unfolding entrapment,  
Assailants redacted, merit extracted,  
We will let not even one subtract it: the beauty of fairness, once attracted