

*Diptych*

*I. The Philippines*

The war breaks.  
Resources are scarce.  
The oldest boy is sent  
down the mountain for food.  
The house is empty  
when he returns.  
His family is split  
into different camps.  
They do all they can  
to reunite.  
His mother returns  
but without his sisters.  
His father returns  
but without his brothers.  
The boy never loses  
his need to apologize.

*II. Minnesota*

What she wanted was  
to give her child a way  
to live better.  
A shelter, clothes, a guitar.  
A way to be human  
rather than merely fit.  
A luxury, some say.  
She gave her child her  
hairline and detached lobes.  
She gave her child her smarts.  
The kind that severs  
one into two  
divorces flesh from thought.  
She gave her child away.

*The Fittest*

We're all just trying to survive.  
Handed instincts at conception.  
Learned our habits as children.  
We are animals with books.

We're all just trying to create.  
Dance, act, write, discuss.  
A being's purpose is to produce.  
We're all just trying to conceive.

We're all just trying to reproduce.  
One can't always blame one's mom.  
They fuck you up, say some.  
Art is a mirror, say others.

We're animals with music,  
the ability to produce art,  
to preserve, to distort  
the habits learned as children.

We all have something to admit.  
We've turned away from wrecks.  
Fit disasters in straight-jackets.  
We're all just trying to self-preserve.

We are animals with bibles,  
yet we turn away from wrecks.  
We all have something to confess:  
our instincts bestowed at conception.

*Instructions for Emerging:*

It's learned from being thrown far  
then finding your feet don't touch.

It may be traumatic for a child.

Adults may wonder

*Did I ever know anything?*

Once you've felt your lungs filling  
with something other than air

you may become something

other than human. You may

become a species that does not

live in a house with photos

ceiling fans, a piano.

You may become an animal

that does not own anything.

You will have daydreams of death:

a body pinned to a wall

by an SUV. Sweating

shuddering, even

an odor will emerge

due to every warning-

siren in your vicinity

resounding.

*Bio II*

*When under the heat-lamps of nature, life revises. -Charles Darwin*

Under the heat-lamps of nature, life revises.  
Players make unscripted changes  
when one's life prescribes a crisis.

And one carries on in disguises  
until one's own makeup is strange.  
Under the heat-lamps of nature, life revises,

calling for nothing less than autolysis.  
Some make the choice to derange  
when life prescribes a crisis.

We grieve the loss of vices  
when vanity spars with a virtuous binge  
but under the heat-lamps of nature, life revises.

Upheaval has its pluses and minuses.  
We've all seen a dream house unhinge  
when a life prescribes a crisis.

Charting systems of approach entices  
us suckers into the fringe.  
Under the heat-lamps of nature, life revises,  
when one's life prescribes a crisis.