

Devolution

It's happening all the time. The spindle twisting
to redo the one
cell into two. Do what you've always done, I beg
this body through
my small hours & like a hub city it pulses beneath
the thinnest sheet
of quiet—: no such thing as being whole, ever
ferrying to &
fro, supply chains stretched till maxed out, after all
you'll always get
what you've always got—unless what you got
was time.
My allowance must have been off—: when I pieced
a row, each square
seamed a little left of true, compounded, & it didn't
matter until
it did. That I shared no one's life. Or that, from
the start, a copy pre-
figures divide. When the fray became so great,
no one noticed
selvage stripped, telomeres gone haywire, how
typical—: split
ends. How scripted—: mamma's face surfacing
from beneath
your own &—you don't, yours—: she was you,
you are shes
superimposed, mostly accordioned out according
to a tempo
no one knows but keeps to all the same
every train
runs to its terminus, busker with his leaky valves
sputters down with the dark
wick of providence—like the end of a femur—giving
way—if not today,
then Tuesday. On a. Maybe unseasonably cool
one, scuff of moon, first
magnitude stars circling above & cinched tight
as the night spins
out so fast nothing moves or ceases to end—it does
endlessly revise