

PIMONE TRIPLETT

THE END OF EVOLUTION

Say flame arcs through an accident.
Then oxygen's inch, once owned by an oak branch,
gets heaved into the cave pit where

a male wed-to-a-wall
blood trace fathers forth
its big move: the bull in full gallop.

Comes the tribe, single file
down a dirt path between mine
and mine. Or, put another way,

as travel is to travail,
so musings on the moon
as more-than

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are to history's
little zigzag
of singular species.

Meanwhile, a boy says, look.

The millennia, of course,
sassing us much over before

someone thinks to bezel
wheat to a wide plain.
The one time I felt in my hand

the heft of the best stone
notched to a strong stick,
it was good,

like matter sitting down on the front stoop,
a thought breezing past,
shouting I'm home.

Leading to environment under control,
later given the sack.
As in sacristy, sacrifice, fissure,

and crack, spot where the time-snotted
genome of a single goat gets fiddled with,
making him faint at first wolf's howl

in signal to save the others.

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Look, the boy says, an owl.

Who doesn't love the too tall tree house

built for its reminder of the legs'
vice of falling
even as hands hold the porcelain glazed

service rendered
tenderly to the top? Wavering
on two forked tree trunks,

it juts from the builders'
plan like an upper lip
about to weep. *Look* again,

which is what we do,
mother, father, son,
our six eyes snapping at the picture

window's curtain of green
for the bird perched on a bare
topped fir branch,

needles' hem sharp below,
backstory and our years together below,
(the lines of latitude and long)

this beast of mottled grays,
unblinking, stilled
in the second that is

(flatbeds loaded with lumber, clear cuts
ongoing,
shipping lanes crammed cargo full)

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nothing like what we'd like
to be by now—
pivoting,

our being-seen roped
to the house too high.
When I move it's

judgment late dirge
flame staring back then slow
wingspan opening.