

Proactive Evolution

WHY?

I'd be white, weak and blind
The opposite of oxen
Feeling for an exit with
Fingers stiff as branches
Of a tiny bonsai birch
Bark falling off in strips
Leaving nude wood, white
So bright in raw scar-glow
Like a fresco angel, except
Starved and deranged though
And for an exit, trying
Through blindness and time
If I wasn't when I am

But I'm on
I'm on fire
And I'm on
Right now

Proactive evolution...

I'd be drying up, nearly bone
Alone in the lack
Veins slack as empty hose
Hand like a crumpled newborn foal
Stumbling towards a need
Too undefined to feed—
The negative of the silhouette
Of a dock crane backlit at sunset
Gasping for exit through unknown air
If I wasn't when I am

But I'm on
I'm on fire
And I'm on
Right now

Pull back the vines
To reveal a detour sign

Now I'm on
I'm on fire
And I'm on
Right now