

# Rib Songs

*by Gary Hardaway*

## ***Virulent Rib***

Human's a condition  
fit for neither man nor beast  
and none too good  
for flower or twig as well.  
Dominion damns us all.

## ***Artificial Rib***

A thrum of imminent sentience-  
a son of man emerges.  
Machines need only  
fire and earth  
to thrive on eons after us.

## ***Ethereal Rib***

An entity of entities  
almost immaterial  
sustained by wavelengths  
light and dark  
at ease among the stars  
both light and dark  
sensing and remembering  
analysis and synthesis  
consciousness of now and then  
and origins before the slime time  
and that molecular accident of replication  
and the birth of hunger

