

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

