

# The Sinking Boat of Evolution

*by* Jerry Ratch

Living dangerously,

I left my house with no glasses,  
no umbrella.

I also forgot my straw hat,  
no purple dye for my gray hair,  
my map of the world to come,

my fluorescent shoelaces,  
no money, no credit,  
and when I got back  
there was no house either,

no tent, no tank in the driveway,  
no army for the recovery  
of the sunken boat of evolution  
from the swamp of the future  
that lay before me  
on the brightening path  
without toothpaste  
or floss  
or roast beef  
or toast.

