

Darwinian

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The first cry divides
itself from happiness,
differentiates the subtleties

of suffering. Early on, wrong
is a single, smooth monolith
whose shadow is a plea. But

soon hunger and fatigue
discover their fingers,
pry apart their crib. Then

like distant cousins reunited
come annoyance, pique
and shame. Then, a whole family

trumped by the body's pain,
paramount, the problem child
who finds an angle into

every game. Once done,
they all pack up and leave, make
a loneliness of lack.