

Chromosome Medley
by
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2052 - choices for the unconceived

Baby blue or baby brown as Bombay
mix, bark, a chest of drawers.

What's hereditary? Remove the walrus
from the walrus. Your mother's snout

needn't be yours. Here, take this flawless
mandible, push the outy inny, avoid

that fleshy, cankerous, cancerous brick
gifted by daddy. Who said God?

Slapstick, satire, switching,
wisecracker, wit and word

play on disposition: momentarily slick,
sagely, furiously calm when needs be.

Hands up for moronic? No?
Intrepid, athletic, sexy, Alpha, Romeo,

piano-handed, a painter's elbow,
a doctor's breath. 10 million Doctors,

16 million lawyers, 72 million poets.
71 million bad poets.

Every choice made for us
is every choice made for us.

1984 – one case example

Dad shaves, showers in cologne,
doesn't comb his hair for fashion.

Mum shaves, washes her hair,
detonates her eyelashes.

Dad drives, drinks, walks, jokes,
uses his one chat-up line on
complexion.

Mum walks, drinks, sings, smokes,
eyes, trousers her way to conception.

0008 – the human race

Tongue-quick, word-quick, spermatozoa-quick,
a thousand generations bang their head

on a charged urethra. Carry the messages
of ancestry, little single-cell, carry

the burden and the brilliance of homosapientry
and plant it deep as the corpses, wide as the world.

A light of life flickers like a first word,
two caveats merge, two eyes piece together

under the auditorium. Darkness cannot determine
the bright mind but the dull sound - thrump thrump -

of war drums, the gentle burn of morning song
can. And food is what feeds: a yearning

for crushed grass, charcoal, daisy petals,
a hen's carcass, peas. There aren't always choices

but there are always decisions. The baby won't be born
with a book but it may still read.

The blue eye may be clearer
than the brown but both will see.