Microbiome

Judson Evans

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss78/30

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in CutBank by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact scholarworks@mso.umt.edu.
We have sealed rooms already contaminated by our thought, our observation.
Setting up a lab in the midst of our imprint. Did you put your face shield on?
Which is nothing more than surface and overflow.
Did you pocket the telescope arm of your action, arson, sequestration?
What we found was more than ancient echo, spotted horses or
starfish symmetry. One of the things that won't tame, one of the things that won't
translate, won't cooperate, won't draw itself because the mirror
will never be invented, because exit signs, escape hatches, exit ramps
will never be invented. We were already there at the source
of contamination. The altar was the first machine. Always already irritable
for the more, the making means of, the fallen soft ceiling of spores
the size of whims, the most auspicious antlers as candelabra, as time capture,
as whole flash fiction. We did not set out to study cave art or hang ourselves
from the cave mouth. The guts of the question contained the bacterial answers.
One of the things that won't be rendered innocent, innocuous, one of the things
that won't be renditioned. You can't draw yourself out of the rock, the footprints
collapse into deeper footprints. We have sealed the rooms.
There will be no further questions.