

the pantoum of ORTHOGENESIS

A variation of organisms in successive generations that takes place in some predestined direction.

I crafted a plan, predetermined. I walked
 straight line
evolution to a point growing dimmer:
him—for so long my direction, my

straight line
 now cruel and curved in
him. For so long, my direction, my
plan for the future, was a husband.

Now cruel and curved in
 my dust-dismal day, I
plan for the future. Was a husband
ever the path I should follow?

My dust-dismal day I
 find grows grittier, this can't be for-
ever the path. I should follow
a new evolution, not this steered-essence I

find grows grittier. This can't be for-
 given, forgotten. I need to begin
anew. Evolution: not this steered-essence I
know is unsound. This inner force mechanism

given, forgotten. I need to begin
 random, craft a new plan:
 path I might
know is unsound. His inner force mechanism
groans, an evolution
 predetermined point
 growing
dimmer
 but now
 I walk
 alone

loose-cuffed,

I wander.