

A HOMICIDE DETECTIVE CONTEMPLATES EVOLUTION

Lee Slonimsky

My morning apple's brighter than his blood,
though sunshine makes blood glow a fiery pink;
fruit's perfect glossy redness makes me think
of miracles like how, from cells in mud,
humanity was raised, how even wood
has history, genetics and a link
to ancestors we share; how in a blink
of cosmic time we rise, sink back to mud.

And yet, a billion years to make this man
who lies defended by my crime scene tape
in stillness mirroring eternity,
amaze me in my mortality.
Descended from the ocean, snakes, the ape,
how sad that it's our fate to murder men.

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Contemporary Rhyme Vol. 3 No. 4 2006