



## The World Flashed Here

Oxygen rose from the leaves,  
millennia of cells hungry to make  
more of themselves; the skull, spun round  
for eons, its gray matter prepared.  
Breaths deepened, childhood lengthened,  
small ones hung close to their mother  
and her quick warning nudges.  
The imagined was starting to hatch  
in the unwieldy head with its big eyes.  
Such a baffled look as the beast lay stepped from,  
almost forgotten.  
The world flashed *fire here, kill over there,*  
then the pond put a face on it. Eyes  
jumpy with reflection, the brow cramped,  
lines set that the wind could not countermand  
nor the ripples remove.  
Spider web under the moon,  
frail home for some, or thin net to die in.