

The measure of all things, underground

After our journey underground
where we push to be down
then hush, shuffle, squash and muffle our words

After the underground
where we part with the art of daylight
and conversation
and suddenly feel more like the other face
of Calvin Klien: meat to market
than young, free and human
more Coco the Clone than sexually liberated individual
more monkey shuttling through darkness to underground laboratory
than the measure of all things

I want to feel something green beneath my feet

Perhaps it's buried in our genes
an urge entangled in the jungle of our past
the forest calling us back to where we
groomed each other and settled disputes with a show of teeth
before our journey underground
we slept in the tops of trees
before our measuring
we felt the forest:
humming birds wings, the depth of oceans
the speed of light