

Adam

In obedience to the ancient ritual of all boys and
streams,

Twelve year old Adam,

Perched on the ragged primordial rocks with pelvis arched
forward and penis in hand,

Proudly forms out of his pure urine a second arch which
descends merges into the rapids below.

He celebrates

Creation.

Celebrates the cyanobacteria who for three billion years
tilled oxygen into the sea and sky with their tiny
manure and thus prepared the soil for the emergence
of the animals who ungratefully displaced them from
their dominance,

Celebrates the trilobites who survived two assaults on
their viability before succumbing to some still
debated cataclysm 250 million years ago,

Celebrates the corals and the fish and the Crinoids,
And of course the Ammonoids who went the way of the
dinosaurs at about the same time,

And celebrates grieves for the great dinosaurs themselves
those handsome earth thumping beasts he read about
in books.

Mammals couldn't do anything interesting until dinosaurs were out of the way paleontologists tell us in the National Geographic which Adam read some looked at a great deal and dimly comprehended.

Encoded in Adam's body is the memory of the five cataclysms that prepared the earth for his birth and he is grateful but he also knows that sometimes the flood may be so great as to leave no remnant or only frogs sliding back into the sea.

With his urine Adam does homage to the Brontosaurus, the Stegosaurus, the Pterodactyl the Ichthyosaur and most terrifying and lovely of all, the fierce Tyrannosaurus.

His ritual complete his attention turns to throwing boulders spearing the water leaping chasms riding in his fantasy the sticks running the rapids sticks that have become canoes negotiating the rivers of rain forests still undiminished in his mind.

Ecstatic now in his true habitat,
Adam celebrates his boyhood,
And is only dimly aware of the sixth cataclysm already
beginning to transform his boys body,
Preparing it for extinction.