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23: X, Y

Caitlyn Pelfresne
Western Michigan University

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23: X, Y CAITLYN PELFRESNE

Petri dishes colonize the laboratory;
colleagues long lost
in their jungles of microbiology.

I think I hear
Kurtz
calling in the distance;
but the microscope screams louder
and I turn to it instead.

Mitochondrial Eve whispers
at my ear, the Mother of all Mothers lead
me to the coarse adjustment knob:
I focus it, lean closer.

In the softly guttural
murmur of a one hundred fifty thousand year old
tongue, she opens
the field of view to me.

My fingers ineptly crowd the lens
prematurely seeking the elusive
iris diaphragm.

Coming upon it, I know,
as Eve stays me,
becoming horrifyingly tangible:
she
is in control.

The data buzzing
before me on the slide
supports such a hypothesis:
in perfectly focused light, I see
the weapon she has made herself
from my one deformed chromosome.