

A Primitive Poem

That Neanderthal man
Inside you
Throws stones sometimes
Without provocation...

Tries to register lethal scores

Fear of different
forms
Breeds long, cancerous dangling sores
In the center

*Soul
Under
Soul-
Less
Conditions*

Once while drinking whiskey
You threw the bottle at me
I merely ducked and read
Tamura Ryuichi's poem to you:

*I think
because you are still young
it is better for you
not to drink whisky*

since you were older than me in earthly years you found it insulting.

I explained it was a poetic conceit, if it were that.

*the English novelist, Colin Wilson
formulated a hypothesis
until a horse becomes a horse
thirteen million years
until a shark becomes a shark
one and a half billion years*

*until a man becomes a man
thirteen thousand years only*

*moreover,
more violent change has occurred
within the last ten thousand years
the change from intelligent chimpanzee
to Rodin's Thinker...*

At this point you became impatient and picked up some chairs
I ducked again and you narrowly missed my skull
(being sobersometimes
has its advantages) by a few thousand hairs

*why this change called evolution
of mankind's condition occurred?
according to Mr. Wilson's hypothesis
it was the fermentation of alcohol
by mankind since 8000 B.C.*

*but because you are young
it is better not to drink whisky.
up to now
horses have never killed other horses
sharks have never killed other sharks...*

Frankly, I never could understand our own evolution
A planet destroyed and men puffed up in pride
Glorifying follies and petty egoism the solution
Of such gross, intransigent problems may lie elsewhere....

why then men kill other men?

why do human beings love one another?

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