

Overwhelmed by Possibilities, but up against a Deadline

The portly enzymes blush in front of doors,
quivering gently, in itself a process:
sorting a mighty pharmacy of beakers,
they tap out codes required for needy cells,
the breadth of cities, to signal their lookouts
who slyly lift the latches that secure the gates.

Across whole countries, princes, mayors, deputies
prepare releases for their fasting subjects
and welcome these ambassadors, who dispense
without fault their exacting potions,
welcome these beneficent messengers to a concert
or feast after their arduous journeys.

Over cellular, a weather report:
"...storms from the North, sudden flooding on the Eastern edge..."
Time to prepare oil lamps and stoke the fire.
But the innumerable celebrations
are scheduled to take place as usual within
this walking continent.