

Gumball Machine

After the Earth woke up wet
from ten thousand years of extinction,
Adam and Eve started melting
for a few thousand more years,
and scientists still don't know
if dark matter exists in my DNA.
Look at the kickball left out in the snowstorm.
The hard roe are ripe and everywhere—
an educated group of fish are literally capable
of giving birth to an entire civilization of eyes.
I was a yolk with gills, but I gave that up
for an alarm clock every morning
after I was an embryo the size of a yod
vying for a comfortable spot
inside the gumball machine.
Quarters would kerplunk
and the handle would turn.
Slowly, the stomach became hollow,
an empty fruit bowl of still life,
until someone rode the roller coaster
without yacking and disappeared
through a trap door into the light.