

## Itch, Scratch

From everywhere and all-at-once,  
 from somewhere beneath the moon,  
 came the deep-sea fish that needed  
 to see, came the not-yet-flying squirrel  
 eyeing the too far limb, came whale  
 and dolphin and bigger brains,  
 hair before razor, less fur more skin,  
 the opposable thumb, and fingers  
 for rings, for triggers, and of course  
 the triggerfish, though not in that order,

came bait-and-switch, lure and gulp,  
 the alligator snapping turtle,  
 came dog and god and much later  
 The Spanish Inquisition not-for-the-inquisitive,  
 came the rack and correct truths  
 and a need to stretch the truth,

and then a taller world—  
 upright posture before posturing—  
 came anger and angst and absinthe,  
 waistlines fat and thin, fancier hair and skin,  
 hook and eye in search of closure, exposure,  
 came style and stink and thus the harpoon,  
 and soon demigods and demitasse,  
 swagger and soiree, clipper ship and film clip,  
 and (without order) pit bulls, tar pits, cherry pits and pitfalls,  
 bells to sound joy, danger, and then

a complex of fears, because with neurons  
 come neuroses, bats in our belfry,  
 a lift from Zoloft, and learning to embrace  
 your beard of bees, your May your mayhem,  
 the hive of days honeycombed  
 with sweetness and stings.