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Selection

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Selection

The primary experiments proved fruitful. The house was quarantined. But it did not lie static—moss and ferns, soft in beds—unfolding patiently.

I was gliding. Water's fluidity intact on my muscles, while my skin seasoned with rain, showers, grew into orchids. Their volatile perfume radiated. Became the entire edifice, and
I was radiant too.

The door shook and swung. It was him, and he came from grace. God—he answered—and I was the only one around for 30 measures and a beat for every measure.

He shot skyrocketed of fists and fire and *something* else. What else brings fire? A flash of O_3 with its arcs and anchors in the ceiling.

The fists came like rain after they were lit—crack!—with a single spark. The words and blows were indistinguishable. We became a fray that Darwin built by those ticks and marks colorlessly explored under microscopes. He said *mate, produce* and we answered.

Sewn to the floor, ions and their bonds dividing. The spiraling stair-case and days repeating. The dance and tango of beasts. Our hand-picked selection of mutations. The lectures of Darwin and his static figures that sit and dance in a dollhouse.

The sanguine and the semen flushed all around. The books fell, and he was gliding too. Freedom ensued. *America, the free*, I laughed and for that I suffered another attack of ecstasy.

Floods deserted and the two bodies were a terrace—flattened slopes of land—perch of orchids. They flew. But there was also truth written down like the Declaration of ancestors on our exteriors.

The harvest and the dressing—His body! flayed—took hours, the covenant erected. We were free! Free to gather belongings and divide.

I was ecstatic when the scars glowed a dull purple on my arms—marks left over from the blue wires, *electric*, he called his hands.