

THE ORIGIN OF HUMANS

CONSTANCE BREWER

Is this the Madagascar glow you told me about? Tall baobab trees blazing with the last light of a faded sun? Are the water-storing trunks and flat tops twisted out of a fairy tale? Are these the trade winds dreamed of, carrying us on outbound tide to sunset? Can we drift beyond the horizon to meet the dusk halfway? Why can't golden light be our new illuminated currency? Does slip-silver of leaping fish catch the wind and flip us back to radiant fantasy? Will the glistening cycle of beginning and end bring us closer to eternity? Who wouldn't long for Africa during a full moon? Would you leap into sapphire waters from hewn cliffs, clutching my outstretched hand?