Adam's Apostrophe to Eve

This having gone on for a long time.

At the wooden table, even as the angels continually resolve their chords into new octaves, like numbers going in to each other past all reason.

The glass tumbler, of water, how its name rolls off the palm into the soapy water even as the glass sculptures of disease turn from tools to monuments and then just beautiful objects.

Our thoughts take hours to pass, and in that time civilizations thrive, produce literature, burn themselves. We survive by sleeping for increasingly long periods of time.

O Adam I think I'm no longer afraid of dying: just forgetting, I have not a fear, exactly, but a sadness, and even that sadness in the protocell is joy, as the I passes from watching to

the green shoots being, the painted clock above the courtyard.