

Creation

By Franklin K.R. Cline

After Jenean Hornbuckle's painting, "Creation," oil on canvas, NMAI 26.2876

A bit packed
up here,
isn't it? Let's make the earth.

The beetle's body shows the world
in ways words can't.

The water ripples
in ways water can't.

In the animal's body
we find ourselves.

In the land, well,
that's to be decided, ah eh?

There's a terror in the spread of Dayunisi's limbs,
in his strange face.
If I didn't know any better, I'd think those contortions
were a symbol of fear, or confusion.

He's moving north, and surrounded
(t)here, at the National Museum of the American Indian. We stop
to stare at our own making.

It gets lighter as you look up,
the blue moving north, too, from dark to
light.