

The Dawn of History



Everything in the old familiar world of habit was receding.

It was almost aggressively hospitable,
People who dreaded scandal more than disease,
All these things are a sham or a dream.
Their defense against the unknown, and their
defiance of it,
Held fast by habit,
Seemed to belong to the dawn of history.

Everyone remembered the social extinction,
The tribal rally around a kinswoman about to be
eliminated from the tribe,
As if the slight distance between them were an
unbridgeable abyss,
Slamming the door between themselves and the outer
world,
Safe from the terrifying trend.

She had grown tired of what people called "society."
That vision of the past was a dream,
Like a full cup that the least motion might overbrim.
We'll look not at visions, but at realities.

Her revolts against fate
Made it easier to breathe,
And so the rest of the world might seem
less empty.