


## And So Forth

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AND SO FORTH

Someone, or a group of someones,  
has gone to consider the strange altered behavior  
of penguins along the tip of South America.  
It's a film and reporting thing to do.  
And someone like me thinks upon it.  
Here in darkest Binghamton, I think of the plight of penguins  
in the rapidly changing climate  
of the oceans and polar regions.  
As even now, lightning flashes in mid-December  
and rain and ice coat the glistening asphalt.  
This small polluted cluster of towns,  
spawned by the shoemaking industry.  
Many fat people,  
their genes programmed to make fat,  
waddle about the streets of these now  
mall-dominated towns.  
And shoes are made overseas.  
The World Wide Web is absolutely nothing,  
multiplied by what seems to be an infinite number.  
As we swing upon it, filling its no-space  
with our so-called communications,  
we are filled with the almost perfect vacuum  
of nothing at all.

But as an Adelaide Penguin becomes my own penguin  
inside my skull, even its oil-coated sleek body  
that stands and waddles towards its own nest  
somewhere among the million other nests,  
and its own chick crying out  
among the million others is distinctive.  
Can I hope the great ear of the Universe  
is pressed to the wall of space and hears me,  
its own chick, peeping? Over here in this galaxy,  
this welter of debris and gasses,  
rushing along this arm of rock and stars,  
this little freight of penguins  
and so forth?