

3 Hypotheses
Nina Hanz

i.

They had grown accustomed to sleeping
with the lights on: lights of the houseglow,
lights of the port's mouth, the light of my
phone. Daybreak diluted

by the shadow of a moth who dulled
in the presence of each flicker.

The generation prior had grown large to
the light, generation after: wiser, for his
would be the last with burns on the apex
of wings. Clever, he learned distance over
instinct. And those who watched

traded words like *wild* for *domestic*
'til all the wild and all the domestic spun
into a halo of judgement.

It was maintained—wild/domestic—in this
place as repetition in opposition,
replication of the selves.

ii.

Nicotiana glauca crossed easily to land

where the whim goes thrashing petioles
for hours

thrashing petioles for molecules.

Strelitzia to *strelitzia*, queer to the rhythm
of pollination; *Nicotiana glauca* fierce in
the process of preservation.

A fantasy generation—so close and utterly
not the same, like atoms of an ancestor
cell. Bacteria back then, before,

not knowing it first. Since then,

time taught

‘native’ if:

‘invasive’ than:

until an insect’s wing was in- and
outwardly lit. [Suffering burns as affection.]

I have gotten used to the intricacies of
species, speculations that twist and
break and branch our expectations. How

often the world you know, and
strange, and altered, still, can astonish
form.

iii.

It was desire, thin dust to night sky
that echoed into change. *This modern
world is grey and old, / And what remains
to us of thee?*¹

Half of this life came from the divestment
of earthly goods shaken clear from seeds
and feathers. I assumed Pan meant this
as revision.

Familiar winds passed like bright light
through _____, a monitor of the city.
A niche to bend will.

Was the ocean spray as innocent as the
rest—? Dewdrops kissed the earth and
licked the limestone from cliff faces before
going dry and faint. Forgivable and tame.

¹

Oscar Wilde, ‘Pan’ in *Charmides and Other Poems*, 1913,
Methuen & Co. LTD, London