

God of the Amoebas

By Caroline Joanne Merrill

The Bunsen burner fires cool red flames
rise blue hot, an extended metal probe
plucks amoebas from test tube safety,
brought to a glass slide. Swivel lenses, I'm God from
a cloud I watch your microscopic planet, defined by me.
Now you're a cow, you graze energy
engulfed, a new throat created
with each food you encounter, until
I am bored.
You dry up and die

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