

Piltdown Man

Frances Quinlan

Dawson's piltdown man
Teeth assembled from that of an
Orangutan
Why would he do such a thing
Of course, what a stupid question

Outside our little tent
Your dog must have caught something
I followed you both
And let out screams to be let in
Here comes your Dad annoyed, but wildly patient
Six AM so loud your mom had to kick us out
We ran the wheelbarrow around and around

Last night I dreamt your face changed through the doorway
As I pushed you panicking, agonize in waking to admit
Moments raging, though so very small, like this

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A template, if there is one
I still think of
A template, if there is one
I still think of

Outside our little tent
Your dog must have caught something
I followed you both
And let out screams to be let in
Here comes your dad annoyed, but wildly patient
Six AM so loud your mom had to kick us out
We ran the wheelbarrow around
Think of the sound

In the afternoon you both fell asleep
Still knowing more than me