$GRANT \, CLAUSER$

Darwinian

It took millennia for cave fish to finally lose their eyes, like light bulbs failing in an empty room.

Here, as the woods grow dim my eyes adjust to see through dark, hands turned callused from swinging my father's axe.

This is how we meet the world, bend our lives around the things we hold close, dress in layers when the wind is cold.

At some point we all need to evolve like animals, crawl from water into air and leave another skin behind,

but skins have their own lives, vestiges of love and scars we try to hide, eyes still bright behind our cloudy lids,

and when you bring the cave fish into light, it only takes a generation for old habits to return, startled pupils moving under skin.

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About Grant Clauser

Grant Clauser is the author of *Necessary Myths* (Broadkill River Press 2013) and *The Trouble with Rivers* (FootHills Publishing 2012). His poems have been published in *The American Poetry Review*, *The Cortland Review*, *Mason's Road*, *Painted Bride Quarterly*, and *One*. He received an MFA from Bowling Green State University and writes about technology for a living. He also teaches workshops for Musehouse, a literary center in the Philadelphia area. He lives in Hatfield, Pennsylvania, and blogs at *UnIambic* (uniambic.com).

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