

TRY 5

“Damaged DNA.” Sounds dreadful. Unsupported mayhem, a decent into the dark. Who knows what may unfold, refold, or remain unheld that close to bedrock understanding. Stand back, the All Holy will see you now. Nothing remains. A biological molecular upheaval. We’re writing a history play with the past in tatters and the future brokered by life or death contingences. No path backwards it seems. The template remains undisturbed and inviolate but its mirror image is deranged and un-mimicable. How to dominate it? Invade the strand, strand invasion, and keep what you can. Its attempt to rewrite history is here forsaken and reconformed to a higher truth that keeps its history embraced in peace. The two strands talk but it’s not nice. It’s a confrontation. One knows and the other is damaged beyond any constituent salvation it can offer itself. It breaks apart and must be perfectly resewn. No unarbitrated traffic, it must retrace its steps. A broken, blind alley. Ahead, these passages regroup in another order that lives in disquiet. Repair mechanisms are known to the interplay of fragments juxtaposed too tightly to be ignored. When things get that close, things happen. I suppose that’s what we know. DNA is not talked down. It’s surrendering either to the other or to itself in a way it does not know. “This part is dangerous.” Yes. Life is not immutable, multiple concurrent trespasses.