

# GOD SPEAKS IN DIPLOIDS AND SLASHES

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In the beginning it wasn't so.

## Pro-phrase

The art of division is a skill even the creator hasn't fully mastered.  
The aftermath of Babel lingers on the scaffolds of language,  
My tribesmen speak in fractions and decimals.

## Telo-phrase

Numbers, Atoms, Pangea,  
Anything be split into smaller bits, even truth.  
Division, a restless blade swung by those who eat us whole.  
We know faces but we don't remember names,  
Hands stained in purple amnesia hold bits of the story.

## Meta-phrase

History says we are creatures of habit and hate.  
An atom splits a town like a cell.  
In mitosis division births increase.  
Just like the rabbi did with the little boy's lunch  
We are made up of trillions of divisible miracles  
Tissues cooked in the bellies of estranged nucleus  
We are cells divided into cultures, tongue and gods.

## Ana-phrase

Our beginning knows fragmentation.  
The milk  
    spilt from the table of the giants  
        The ark  
            and the sons of the first sailor  
The potholed tale of  
    Darwin's road to evolution

All our stories share one truth, we are here now  
Fragments of superstition and halved truths.  
The body isn't homogeneous or monochrome.  
Divided we are, unity is recognizing difference.

We return to same.