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## Lucy, my Australopithecus afarensis

Your pleasing flat profile  
high ridges supraorbital  
your maxilla so long –  
one thinks of pouting lips.  
what thoughts were hidden  
in your calvarium  
of questionable size  
one wonders, looking into  
your beady orbits.  
Could you be contemplating  
a gentle touch of baby,  
or feeling tremor  
holding on hairy shoulder  
of one of your mates,  
while ambling hunched,  
pocket-like breasts,  
suspicious grin revealing  
that gentle rudiment of mind.  
But I don't care, my Lucy  
for links of evolution, mitochondria.  
I feel a surge of hominoid love  
after the kiss I planted secretly  
on your bony cheek  
when guard abstained  
in Nairobi Museum of Anthropology.