

Catherine Wing

Report from the Neandertal Mind

Listen you-man, not no hick I
though lack I to say it. Not idiot
I degenerate I, not I sub-basement brute.
Weather several ice age age.
Hunt them ibex. Fish them bream.
Gather them mussel and limpet
in arms of the weed sea for flavor.
We too a taste for parsnip and for burdock.
We too a bony inkling with flat brain
but just as big. As your hand right our hand
hand right too. After all we not art but
simple tool. Though large game be
we know what we like and how it steal.
See I feather use? Collection of fossilized
snail snail I pigment red and wear
as necklack. I bonetool I leatherwork.
Yes you big brain small gut. Yes you
ratchet more efficient. You drum drum.
You talk talk. Perhaps we mix? I spear
to your earring, I net and you tongue.

