

Tumbling Dice

by Fran Duffield

It's just a toss of the dice,
but dice as big as boulders;
you can choose your friends,
but you sure can't pick
your family:
their genes pick you,
like a monstrous game
of Scrabble, rules
courtesy of a sniggering
deity, or a coldly
curious science

If it all goes horribly
wrong, just console yourself:
you are just a glaring
spelling mistake,
a typo
with consequences

A choice bit of talent,
undermined
by a generous dash
of irresponsibility,
or acumen derailed
by an addictive personality,
the combinations are as endless
as the wheels and cogs
grinding and screeching,
and going round
in family circles,
as eternally twisted as
that spiral
of DNA