

Sterility and Sex
by Tania Ahmed

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It's ironic how we need both for life

Depending on the kind you want to have

My T-cell clones, plucked from their human donors ever so carefully, thrive in a pristine environment

Hoods ethanoled so that nothing else lives, except for the babies I cultivate in their bloody flasks They replicate to the point of millions, bouncing around merrily in their own company

Rejoicing in their unshared resources

The glass and my gloves protect their party

Keeping every other being out.

The control needed to preserve such an environment is paramount.

Yet outside the hood, life is abound in a myriad of ways

Birds and bees pollinate the trees

Collecting dust

Soaked and satiated

Creating a

Mess.

Humans, ever so desirous, are pulled towards one another,

Regardless of their bits

Even when told to abstain, cannot refrain from the attraction God ordained

Ginkgos, faced with isolation, do not despair without a partner, sprouting the parts they need to create the next generation

Life cannot be contained

Its beauty lies in the lack of control

Wanton desires and a drive to continue on regardless of circumstances

T-cell clones thrive in the sterile conditions scientists created

But true inspiration lies in life outside

Messy, uncontrollable, beautiful.