

MAKE AMERICA GOOD AGAIN

Nudging his partner, the male test-tube embryo urged *Come, crouch with me*. If they had been human, they would have been voting like the folks they were designed to emulate. Instead, the hostess' fluke spurting salt water as finger-fins fondled his nib. He suckered onto her back beneath NASA'S drainpipe down which he had just been flushed. Gentle droplets fell from the cloud cover behind which the full golden eye of night was watching.

Their glistening membranes oozed mucous, adhering each unto the other. Their gel met in a spurting squish on kelp where progeny should become fertilized ova of the future king of beasts. A few orbs floated away. While her mate writhed, shriveling, she ate her aborted babes. Her lash-circled green eyes glistened as she then digested his nib.

He was the last of the abandoned test-tube failures designed to transport human embryos to Mars in androgynous form. NASA's top secret plan was creation of male-female embryos capable of fertilizing themselves in space, then self-destruct. She sensed: *In the distant past, lovers lay unafraid on this beach, sipping not from gill slits but drinking from passageways that swallowed air.*

Now, her exudate crusted into scales that made her thin epidermal shield shrink. Her eyes burned from dryness, and the sweet fresh rain water stung like acid on her raw nerve endings. She threw herself toward the salt water by wriggling down the sandy beach. The fingers and toes on her fins propelled her slithering frame, striving unsuccessfully to hoist her into the foaming blue spewm. for her boneless appendages merely flapped like rubber wings.

She knew not how her species came to be here. But sometimes, when lying with the female colonizers on the sea floor, she felt within her fleshy bulk a small chain of hard rocks, or

shells, or sea stones. The shrunken, brittle spinal column was her only link with unknown progenitors.

Now, the nuclear female broke free from her crouch by stretching into the shape of a blob resembling a gray sea slug. Then, diving into the waves, she sank toward the colony where future man was waiting to evolve. The mutant mother-to-be swam gracefully. Thin strands of long blonde hair wafted in waves through the rippling undersea currents.

Too primitive to think, God did not exist for her. Nor did love. Her mate was instantly forgotten as her body was kissed by the womb of saline water that was her mother.

The old colonizer lay flaccid, a hardening sac of cooling, emasculated corpuscular crepe. Screeching, circling gulls spotted him on the sand. Sweeping down and picking up his pieces in coral-sharp claws, they careened skyward, laughing, with their first catch of the new dawn.

A-Negative blood rained down as the only evidence NASA's experiment ever existed.

Two months later the bloody beach north of Tijuana, Mexico was bulldozed as part of the new president's Make America Good Again program.

The End