

THE DARWINIAN BAKE-OFF LEGACY

Now that I'm a grand-papa, I've been thinking a lot about legacy. I did this once before, when my children were born, but quickly let go of the idea when I realized that in order for me to leave my offshoots their inheritance, I would, by strict definition, have to be dead, and this did not fit into my grand scheme.

A grand scheme can be neither grand, nor a scheme, but it does require forethought on some level, and mine was, most of the time, to remain among the living. Beyond that, I set my legacy aside and let it form itself, like bread mold, and concentrated on doing the things that would defer my demise --- eating, drinking, sleeping, and not voting for any high or low political candidates who seemed always to be withdrawing from their campaigns for the wrong reasons: eating badly, drinking to excess, and sleeping with the opposition. All easily interchangeable.

A legacy must be bequeathed, and a bequest can only be, ipso facto, awarded after the bequeather is no longer extant, or after he himself resembles bread mold, and/or becomes an irretrievable entity. The latter can happen without the benefit of death, but I'm not here to smather around poetic notions of what constitutes a half-life. Zombie politics are best left to zombies, and, given my track record, I'd support the wrong disembodied platform, anyway.

But, now that I've been booted up a generation, I have this question of a grandchild's legacy to consider, and I will do so for as long as this column takes, which happens to be a 500-word redaction, courtesy of my editor's muffin-pan mentality. To the unschooled scrivener, this may seem more than sufficient, especially to explore such a grand ... forethought ... but with the word count already at 307 right about HERE, I'm up against it.

Thus, I have (or had back there) 193 words remaining to expound on just what it is, exactly, I will pass on to my now multi-tiering progeny once I've retired to worm-farming full-time.

Will it be in the form of tangible goods (real estate, a used Harley, or my hand-painted thumb piano missing two metal keys, forcing a grandson Mbirist into western minor scale diversions that only the most minimalist of rhythmaticians could suffer)?

Or, will I bestow my heritage as wisps of whimsy (my collection, still not assembled, of unfinished 559-word columns that I refuse to further minify, or my unwritten nonfiction novel on the world's first head transplant recipient and his re-assimilation exploits, or how I've always believed, and would encourage my grand-baby to investigate, that simian seeds could prang-up human eggs if only someone had the bio-laboratorial daring)?

Whatever it is, I've only 43 words left to decide, before I relegate the whole duty to a refrigerator's second shelf, where it, along with that chlorophylling anadama loaf, will have to wait for great-grand-papa-hood.

See you in twenty years or 11 words, whichever comes last.

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