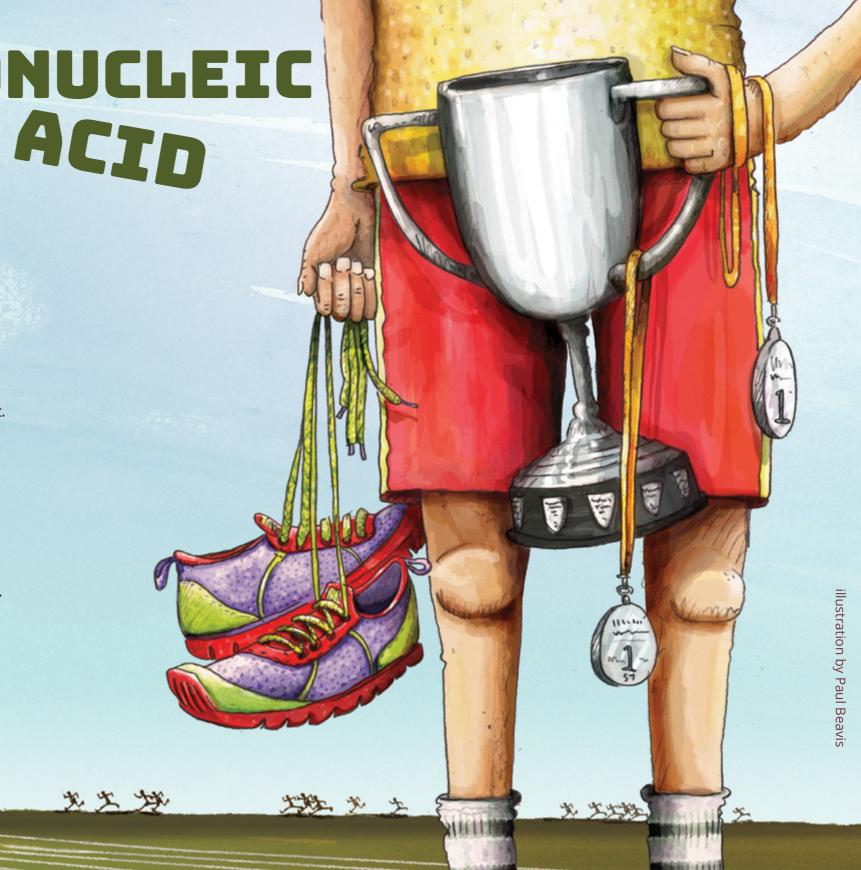
DEOXYRIBONUCLEIC

I look at my dad's chin. His chins.
Are those chins in my future?
I worry about my genes.
Is my throat getting soft? A little flaccid?
I pinch it. I'm not too sure.
Those chins might be in my DNA,
which is a lot easier to say
than deoxyribonucleic acid.

I worry about my knees too.
In the photos of my tīpuna
on Mum's side – look at great-aunt Sue! –
their knobbly knees are not their best asset.
I wish I'd paid attention sooner
to this stuff called DNA,
this thing that's impossible to say,
this deoxyribonucleic acid.

But I can run real fast.
Faster than just about anyone.
"Thank your grandma Sid," my mum laughs.
"No one could run as fast as Sid."
See all the trophies I've won.
I guess I should thank my DNA
for making me who I am today.
Thanks, deoxyribonucleic acid.

Tim Upperton



Deoxyribonucleic Acid

by Tim Upperton
Illustration by Paul Beavis

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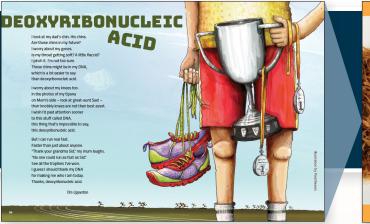
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