

“LETTERS NEVER SENT: GENE VINCENT TO CHARLES DARWIN”

Charles,

You spent years politely observing finches while the rest of us were busy proving your theory in real time with louder instincts than any lab could contain. You called it natural selection. I call it survival with a backbeat.

Out here, nobody adapts, they either evolve or get erased. There's no gentle gradient. Just a hard line between the ones who can command a room and the ones who get swallowed by it. You'd recognize it if you stepped off that ship and into a smoky club at midnight: the weak fade into the walls, the strong bend the air.

You wrote about struggle like it was a quiet, patient thing. It's not. It's violent. It's a guitar amp screaming because it has to, because silence means extinction. Every note is a mutation, every crowd a selective pressure. If you can't hit harder, move faster, burn brighter, you're done. No footnotes. No legacy.

Your finches had islands. We've got stages. Same rules, harsher consequences. You cataloged life. I live on the edge of it.

Next time you write about evolution, don't dress it up like a gentleman's theory. It's a knife fight. And only the ones willing to cut deepest get remembered.

—Gene