

GLIMPSES

When I was seven or eight
I imagined
storms were swept-up piles
of evil, black bags of it
the devil hung over us
to break suddenly
with writhing weight.
And when all that corruption
began to spill,
it clawed like a falling cat
ripping open the sky, letting
heaven show for a split instant,
brighter than compounded suns.

And then the earth jarred
as God snapped shut
the jagged tear
with an irate boom,
knowing we weren't yet ready

for such unshielded shining.

閃光

在我七、八歲的時候
我想像
風暴是掃起的
罪惡——裝進黑袋裡
魔鬼把它懸在我們的頭頂上
讓它因自己的重量
而突然迸裂。
而當所有的污穢
開始溢出，
張牙舞爪如一隻跌落的貓
撕破天空，讓
天國在一瞬間顯露
比所有銀河更亮的光芒。

然後地球格格作響
當上帝猛然關閉
那鋸齒的裂縫
以一個憤怒的轟隆，
知道我們還受不了

如此無遮蔽的亮光。