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## RENASCENCE AND RENASCENCE

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There was a million megaton implosion of tense and time:

When I opened my eyes again I was young;

All else was hoary-hued, anointed with ashes.

An ocean licked my ankle. It started raining history.

I recognized scraps of peace, war, fragments of moon,

Polyglot thunder. Torrents of leopards and steel,

China, Nile and Rome. Ice and rods of condensed sun.

Lightning struck each tree into a cross. A tide of blood

Stained my soles. It clotted and paled and vines grew.

But Woden and Thor awoke again, smiling.

They twisted the crosses into a mutant sign and hurled it

Against a part-ghost globe.

The orb rolled and cauterized itself in viscous fire.

Souls dervished like desert dust.

I knew them all in their collapsed clocks. My eyes

Were borrowed from extinct sires of eagles. My mind

Kenned all men's knowledge. I could touch

Music and planets, witness infinity and Genesis

Unending. I walked the bottom of the deepest seas,

Then climbed the apogee of Thule galaxies. But

I kept returning to the nadir—

The Carpentry of Calvary—where all centuries must meet,

Lap, and lock anachronisms in a rood horologium.

To rechart the collision course with eternity.