

RENASCENCE

Day blackened at noon. Clocks disintegrated.
Astronomical implosions deposed all order,
place and time.
All that was known collapsed in unlit silence.

When our eyes opened, we were young again;
the all, the else was hoary ruin. History fell
as rain and sleet: Shards of war, ravelings
of shore and sky, polyglot thunder, iron, oil,
torrential music, China, Rome, the New World,
the currency of kingdoms, wheat and plague.
Needles and drops of everything gone before.

An ocean licked our feet as lightning struck
each ravaged tree into an upright cross. A tide
of blood washed over us. It clotted, paled,
and vineyards grew along with saguaro, sedge,
and phlox. But Mars and Woden awoke anew
to twist the crosses in a mutant sign to hurl
against the globe, defiling each quadrant.

Unnumbered human spirits rose like desert dust
to dervish in numinous winds. Some souls we knew
as we witnessed the world from above and below.
Our hands held laws and comets. We could vault
magnetic poles, walk ocean floors, perceive
the perfect helices in chaos. We began to age
once more on pinnacles of knowledge, and learned

we must abandon the heights, descend to the nadir,
the carpentry of Calvary where all must meet
before the final phase. Before the promised time,
the King's millennium, before
we reach the sacred apogee beyond the sphere
where all centuries join anachronisms,
match codes and coordinates to realign
their sights by a holy horologe

and complete the collision course with eternity.