

## 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.

They subsided like lava, always waiting in pits  
of vitriol and violence to erupt again, defacing  
every trembling serenity, every greening tendril.  
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, the promised time,  
the King's millennium, before we reach  
the sacred apogee beyond the common sphere  
where centuries must join anachronisms,  
match codes and coordinates to realign  
their sights by a holy horologe

and complete the collision course with eternity.