

## RENASCENCE

The day blackened at noon.  
Astronomical implosions deposed all order.  
All that was known collapsed in unlit silence.

When my eyes opened,  
the place and time I knew were gone. I was  
young again; the all, the else  
was hoary ruin. History fell as rain: Shards  
of war, ravelings of shore and sky,  
polyglot thunder, steel and corn,  
torrential music, China, Rome, the New World,  
the currency of nations, ice and plague.

An ocean licked my heel as lightning struck  
each ravaged tree into an upright cross. A tide  
of blood washed over me. It clotted, paled,  
and vineyards grew along with lodgepole pine  
and phlox. But Thor and Woden woke anew  
to twist the crosses in a mutant sign to hurl  
against the globe, defiling every quadrant.

Unnumbered souls rose like desert dust  
to dervish in the wind. I knew them;  
my eyes were borrowed from eagles  
to witness the world from above and below.  
My hands held laws and comets. I could vault  
magnetic poles, walk ocean floors, perceive  
the perfect helices in chaos. I began to age  
once more on pinnacles of knowledge, and learned  
I must descend, back to the nadir,  
the carpentry of Calvary where all must meet  
before the planet's final phase, before  
the promised time, the King's millennium.

Before we reach the apogee beyond the sacred sphere,  
where all centuries join anachronisms,  
match codes and coordinates to realign  
their sights, to steer by holy horologe.  
And complete the collision course with eternity.