

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

You could call this a PS from an MD.  
These last notes from my research lab may be  
unfinished when found. My jar of reprieves is empty.  
I have entered the complex process called death.  
And my dear sworn-by-Apollo colleagues  
(who labeled me loner, prima donna, bastard),  
despite all the times we've seen death, heard it,  
and yes, caused it,  
we don't know much about it, do we?

Based on my forte for human horology, my time  
will stop near midnight. Till then, I write  
my thoughts as a poem:  
No more late hours to haul my heaviness  
up the ladder to inhale library dust,  
mine the only fingerprints claiming those heights  
since my old professor's. No more mornings to stare  
through the lighted shaft probing mindless obscenities  
feasting on healthy tissue. Nor afternoons to breed  
and stalk the seething child-killers confined in glass.  
Having defeated one once, I'm driven to destroy others.  
But my demon, destructive as any virus, has come again  
with the fuel bill. Unpaid, he's shutting me down.

No time left to isolate the mutant entity I suspect  
lay each day beneath my eye imitating innocence.  
My life's goal-- to unlock doors, expose it  
to world attack-- to throw Messianic lightning down  
the corridors of science. I would deal with Satan  
to do it. But the dream must be delivered by others.

I move away from magnification and atomic rhythms  
to culture my notebook in starlight. What do I know  
of poetry? Yet the minutes allow for nothing else.  
Now is distilled sediment, vitro-essence of failure  
sealing my cloudy siphons with unanswers.  
My sulphuric tongue is already silenced. And no life  
will be better for an eleventh hour poem.

So much waste. Great strides to standstills. Unless--  
that one! My wire-drawn student who yesterday  
challenged the godsmiths. And turning to dispute me  
in the flush of discovery, incised and laid open  
a moment by my point, gave me a glimpse  
of the bright burning edge of a demon I know.

To that damned and holy host-- that lonely pupil--  
I leave all I have: The harsh shine of my keys  
which will soon fit his grasp  
--and my only and unended poem--