

RENASCEANCE

The day turned black at noon.  
A silent million-megaton implosion deposed  
all order, old and new. All that is known  
was a dark collapse.  
This present place and time were gone,  
and when my eyes opened, I was young  
once more; the all, the else was hoary ruin  
under ashes. History began falling as rain:  
Shards of war, ravelings of shore and sky,  
polyglot thunder, steel and corn,  
torrential music, China, Rome,  
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,  
rugosa, phlox. But Thor and Woden woke  
anew to twist the crosses in a mutant sign  
to hurl against the globe, defiling it.

Uncounted souls rose up like desert dust  
to dervish in the wind. I knew them all;  
my eyes were borrowed from eagles  
to witness infinity from heights beyond.  
My hands held laws and comets. I could vault  
magnetic poles, walk ocean floors, perceive  
the separate helices in chaos, age again  
on pinnacles of Pericles. There to learn  
I must descend. Back to the nadir--  
the carpentry of Calvary-- where all  
must meet. Where centuries must join and lap  
enigmas, antitheses, anachronisms, realign  
their sights to steer by holy horologe  
into the planet's final phase, the sacred sphere,  
the promised time, the King's millennium.

And one day to resume  
the collision course with all eternity.

--Glenna Holloway