

RENASCENCE

The day turned dark at noon.
A silent million megaton implosion deposed
all order, old or new. All that is known:
A black collapse, a density of one
not on but in and of another, all.
This present earthly place and time were gone,
and when my eyes could open I was young
once more, the all, the else was hoary ruin
under ashes. History began to fall as rain:
Shards of war, long ravelings of shore
and sky, a polyglot reply of 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 a cross. A tide
of blood engulfed me then. 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 all.

Uncounted souls rose up like desert dust
to dervish in the wind. I knew them all;
my eyes were borrowed from the eagle's sire
to witness infinity from heights beyond--
from Genesis-- on to the end.
My hands held laws and planets. I could vault
magnetic poles, walk ocean floors, perceive
the separate helices in chaos, age again
on pinnacles of Pericles. And 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 Earth's final phase, the sacred sphere,
the promised time-- the King's millennium.

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

--Glenna Holloway