

VISIONS OF APOCALYPSE

1. MELTING

Some times the World ascents to answer our questions.

Others, knowing we have the answers
or equipment there for, leaves half-blind,
half-wondering, but never denied.

I sat at the peak of a roost wondering,
sometimes into doff silence,
with words that shook the tranquil.

It was not needed. They knew what they were
and what was necessary.

Some took part, some took it apart. Shocked Wood
whirred somewhere and distinctions either hid
like the guilty, jumped around huff some,
or after the hide and jump, for the dust,
could find no sun.

It was alright. One house bigger, we had our pleasures,
tweaks and non-observances that fed the non-health on.

I would have thought every being could see
where in fact we were. But I see now,
there was a lot of not looking.

Understanding had long thrown itself in, over,
as your boarding might allow. Such that kith
claimed whim, and kin – nowhere to be found
in the madden. I sank again as I sang.

And the fire was hot.

2. TOODLE DO

“The high Voltage is my sinecure.” the one to the others.

I don't know what I saw in that dream,
But it could not be named nice.
They, on the power lines, brought, I think,
by tinge frequent hum, were not from my world.
Danger ranged in their tries.

I thought, why far from Innocent Charter of Childhood,
under volume collapse, virus/non-appetite/hot day
and hooter night should I be given such a view?
Was it a movie I'd seen come unbidden
to ride understanding, oblivion remanding?
Surely it was no gift of vision a deserver is given.
So, what the F was it?

3. TREE

God bless. It's Wednesday, my assigned day to water
between 6:00 and 10:00 am, and you got that.
- Trash was again taken. Post Office, after key to lock,
the mails coughed. I paid the bills, voted, signed my ballot,
and left where told.

It may be of excellent merit and beneficial
to strike the personal/singular, like a tad addict,
from your writing. But the impersonal,
with many another high deceit/wrong eye
may have brought us here.
I wonder how much I've given, and how much done without.

4. MOTHER MARY

Thrown Heiddy. No! more droplet street-scene dropped
into moment's parti-colors gaiety. Then police abuse,
sinister smoke, gas chaotic,
and the half-good man was pressing Her into my hands.

Her eyes were real. Her hands feel I... could,
like looking into those eyes, never describe.

Panicked runs, the hack and drag of child,
people fall. I asked, pulling, if she could run. We did.
She got ahead of me and fell badly.

I went to gather... too vulnerable to be real!

But not a hint of anguish. Her Goodness was everything
passing through me, and anything would have been done
to protect Her. A little more proairetikos
and the half-good man was there again.

Did we make the rendezvous? Was there one?

She was broken. I woke up.

© 2021 (08/18-31) Joseph Duvernay. All Rights.

Notes: Volume collapse = Earthquake. Heiddy: 'affectionate!?' for Martin Heidegger.

Pro(h)airetikos (Inclined to prefer, purposive; will) – see Aristotle's pro(h)airesis
(choice, purpose, resolution, etc.).