

The Four Stanzas of the Apocalypse

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The sky has fasted in the desert
forty thousand years.
Now it's caught a glimpse
of barley fields and orange groves:
the table the world sets for winter.

If clouds could study the earth
they'd find not one soul who'd died of joy.
Elephants standing against the wind.
Whales cargoing the sea with history.
The leap of the jaguar in gravity's face.

Men's crimes are tilled into the soil.
God farms with the faithfulness of tides.
Elm trees lift their frail wings
and the world readies itself to ascend.
All things alive are the triumph of good will.

Our ancestors are the cold fronts
of the Arctic. Our children are
the ecstasy of the equator. At any
second, the thrill of sunlight
could overrun all our thoughts.
Our sins are only fences to climb
or kick down. The ghosts
of Adam and Eve wave us to shore.