

Apocalypse Postscript

She believes in the night of toppled skyscrapers,
of airplanes burst like rotten plums,
of charred and gutted crypts, of melted
paintings rivering down museum
halls, of shattered light
bulbs spilling impotent wires.

While planet's axis creaks askew
and dullards squawk from bureaus and TV
she studies ancient texts till prophecies spin
obsidian webs in her brain. It started when
you strode into the tunnels of
her breath and made seas
blaze behind her eyes.

Taken she is, wholly. Though red
roots knot her still in flesh and earth
she keeps this faith: somewhere beyond a
wilderness of trash and blasted bones
you wait for her to rise from all
her pores on flame—
pure helices, released to her origin's white
light, breathing your name.

— *Cynthia Cahn*