

Passing Thought on Apocalypse

You may be in robe and curlers when it comes,
its big-time sparklers rousing us toward bomb shelters.

Those may be a manifest signs of a kingdom
newly at hand, and not the helter-skelter

robbing of the present, benighted, made numb
by all you thought you knew, an infested belt.

The word suggests a curtain ripped behind the tombs,
emergent steps of something mighty. The rest, melting.