

...I had a salowe vision
wherein were fiery serpents and scorpions and drought
...sand, in an abrasive swirling murk,
covered the crackled book of life...

A testimony
from the dimension of regret.
This voice comes
from the second right after the disaster
when all there is left to say
in a distressed whisper is
It is too late.
The irreparable has been carved in stone
and those made accountable for it are you.
Standing, shivering in cold dim light
waiting for the sentence of the Holy Dead
like Adam and Eve at the end of time.

One may argue that it was flawed
since the beginning
that the dice were loaded
that God had it all within
that He is the Source.
O heavenly Father!
pathogenic agent of contamination.
harbringer of catastrophe,
icon of the impending Fall:
but what difference does it make?
Altitudines Satana
the vertigo of Liberty
tipped the scales.
A shadow of horror is risen.

This will not be redeemed
no matter how sincere the genuflection
and ardent the confession.