

ESCHATOLOGY

by Adrien Arsenault

night vacillates - lighthouse-like
on the frenzied edges of my eyes

my fingers touch soft islands
soft and indefinite islands
while I must again invent the sea
to quench my daily thirsts

how shall I perceive
whether I'm a fiction
with multiple details thought out
by a silence in want of words
by a hand in want of touch
by a shadow in want of a skeleton
or simply god
in want of a universe

shall I praise
all this cock and bull intellectualism
in my search for soulward tracks
leading to new iconographies

shall I sit
on bloodless conventions
in rosy tight-assed composure
dreaming warhol imagery
(on daliesque horizons
obscenely impotent)
lost in obsessed concupiscence

or shall I rather praise
all this sexless mondrianism
(fruitlessly ascetic &
wrapped in metacosmic purity)
in moderate but passionate sounding terms
which deep down no one
really gives a damn about

or shall I simply gaze
at all the ruins
and fix my mind on no future
till I have sucked eternity dry
and no mystery remains

so little time for youth
and so long to remember its passage

one weeps softly
under leaden autumn skies
while memory like amphora
retains the fast deminishing
remembrances of time past

without a spring of fire
I lose all traces of my former steps
the sound of my former words
the shape of my forgotten thoughts

I wrap myself in ashy silence

the mystery of my being has fled me
as I renounce all attachments

I calculate my hopes
and deem the cost of my failures

I have shed my leaves
- the last ones -
and the naked cliffs entreat in vain
the fast departing swallows

between my ribs
winter now hides its icy secrets

in my blood
the sun flexes its weakened muscles

the terminal season blows away
the final vestige of a forgotten spring

I have shed my leaves
and the nakedness of my soul
no longer sings
its limited existence