

Revelation

by [Philip C. Kolin](#) in the [February 19, 2014](#) issue

At the end of time
everything trembles and topples—
the sun dresses in sackcloth,
plagues run amok, vaccines sour;
threadbare bones like oakum unravel
and children frieze into sandstone;
patriots fall like falling stars,
and the tower of winds decays in stillness;
a flood of faces bloats the river
and suicides surface like bubbling sores.
Then holy men and women scatter
sainted salts to ward off
fiends trying to steal family voices
pleading for sanctuary; none left
but a remnant of martyrs
to scribble with blood and sickles
in bitter books about the end of time
until the kingdom of eternity reigns
salving the wounds of memory.