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Through the Crack

by

R. L. Boyer

I will open my mouth in parable;
I will utter dark sayings from of old.
—Psalm 78:2

The world appears before me in the shape of a giant egg.
In the center of the egg a tiny crack appears and grows:

Through the crack I see the shapes of the coming deluge.
Through the crack I see apocalypse appear.
Through the crack I see the murder of the innocents.
Through the crack I see the world turned upside down.

Through the crack I see insanity of nations.
Through the crack I see the twilight of the gods.
Through the crack I see the moon turn red with blood.
Through the crack I see a global *danse macabre*.

Through the crack I see the terror of philosophers.
Through the crack I see the death of God and man.
Through the crack I see a plague of fiery serpents.
Through the crack I see the dragon eat the knight.

Through the crack I see the raging of the prophets.
Through the crack I see the noonday sky grow dark.
Through the crack I see Pandora's Box wide-open.
Through the crack I see the plumes of mushroom clouds.

Through the crack I see the tragic fate of millions.
Through the crack I see the shape of things to come.
Through the crack I see things which cannot yet be spoken.
Through the crack I see the birth of a strange, new world.