

POSTSCRIPT TO DEAR MILLENNIUM, LOVE

P.S. Dear millennium, love -
 would you please translate
dying languages into living tongues?
Dear universe of destroying angels,

please minimize the risks
 of our bioethical quandaries shot
thru by doubt,
 of joy shattered against lyotropic crystal,

transfiguration
 of penny operas
 into brass-toned pyrite
seeking paranoia-free sums of grace
 in metaphysical drops of gold
 -pressed
olive oil anointing our gall-soaked martyrologies,

flame-treasures of Christ. Yes, a beleaguered
widow offered all she had

in a prophetic exchange, as even now our poverty
 is the currency of heaven –

*Were not our hearts burning with us
 when he spoke to us on the road?*

Dear angels of destruction in a post-religious age,
dare we say, this conservatory of hunger
 feeds a debris-field ash? Flashes of torn
 lilacs? Dear red azaleas,

bombed-out subways, dashed portals of aroma
 in blown-out train stations
 dancing on faceless shards of cola glass

 who are no longer – *Everything is falling.*

Dear ugliest taste of plumed diesel
 shot back to shorn towers, our civilization
of *not there* rain. River. Bay.
 Dear late daylilies lasting bizzarely,

millennial angels loiter on a fire escape
 in fractured abecedarian light, our lettered
 A B C D avenues in disarray. *Selah.*