

Saints survey the scene from
The past sitting on left behinds,
Milestones warning of thier
Fears for us finally born.
The monster dances in glee,
All of mankind singing his name
Charging the stifling perfumed
Air with lurid scents, creating
Diffuse flame of St. Elmo's fire,
A diamond blue mist of his
Name, calling up sulphurous
Condensate of the lake of fire.

I hold you in this slipped of
Kiss in the neon silence,
Ceramic tile framed in the
Truck stop cigarette machine
Mirror. Cheek bone toeye socket
Corners of mouths touching, hearts
Waving red and black war flags in
The blue sky.

*Motor Trend Oct. 1980, p.180, "Last Report"