

Alpha and Omega at the End

This dream, arising from a cloud of seeming,
Is a sea of glass that first in fusion
Formed from the pyre of a once delusion,
Siftings of earth and sky, and of dreaming,
Quite near in fond regularity as a reliquary
Of early history. The crane of imperial light
Seized the light and cast it high as yearning
That stopped at the precipice and the ferning
Uplands of sintering magma and labradorite,
Nestling in gemming nitre, carbon, and feldspar
Into pools of the Unified Field. But you might bar
The real, or disclose it. See the encumbering star
That will fail as others did, and this that warms us
Is memory, but the soul's retention harms us

If we think that aught might remain. What remains,
In my candor, is the illusion that out there
Can be recorded and kept in an error called here,
Or within. Within, the fragment of was, stains
The solipsism. I am the bridge, not the land
Or a shore, but a bridge with no end of passing,
Air to air, space to space, no stream, but the massing
Of the diaphane, the pavane, and the incredible sand
Washed into the luminous sea of glass, in fire.
Fond illusion, you persist in me as I tire,
For I am your memory, your faith in the first spire,
Rustling through me as memory, the aery lyre,
And my song. I gather you in at a balustrade
Of sapphire, and begin again as Alpha and Aubade.

—Clinton F. Larson