

Wilderness House Literary Review 10/1

*Nicole Yurcaba*

**Watching the Geminids**

God's fingers  
nimble turn open  
the valve.

One. Two.  
Spurt! Rush!  
SHHHH.

A streak, two shots.  
A dozen, two dozen.  
Brilliant, thin-bristled  
strokes  
daubing the eternal  
onyx canvas.

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**Thou Shalt Glow**

the Artist—painting necrotic portraits of a phossy-jawed human race  
    dancing beneath a fluoresced radium sun;  
    swimming in cesium-137 lagoons;  
    building isotopic snowmen in strontium-90-laced atmospheric cocaine—  
licks his camel hair paintbrush's tip to straighten, to smooth, the half-life bristles.

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A Mind of Apocalypse  
Contemplating continental drifts,  
Pangea's divorcing shifts,  
I wish to see an earth-shattering,  
continent-splitting, ocean-parting,  
atmosphere-altering, blue sky-blackening  
geologically  
geographically  
toxic event:

an asteroid,  
smearing its elongated finger crosswise the sky's canvas,  
painting with Earth's ocean water, Earth's battered, broken crust;  
Earth's screaming molten magma;  
the poisoned atmosphere sobbing ashen tears.

I think I would smile apocalyptically,  
waiting for nuclear winter's chokehold,  
softly stuttering,  
"G-god is s-spitting."