

Wilderness House Literary Review 3/2

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To Burn the Sun

I awoke with pieces of midnight tangled in my eyes.
I spooked the broken morning nocturnal.
Darkness fell upon our fragile land with malice,
as man's final glory devoured raw the wounded day.

I stole the sun from the unwitting sky;
I sought to glimpse the far side
of the emperor's face.

For what else is there to lay thirsty eyes upon,
save this awful beauty that everywhere does spring forth?
Now only charred remains greet these hollow orbs,
merely the ape of what once was a state of grace.

Should I wear regret like a coat of many colors?
Weave guilt into a flaming robe of abomination?

I ask to lampoon all who stand erect
under the shadow of the primordial gate.

Should mankind flee in a lunatic stampede
from mythic visions of dominion?

Pursue with juggernaut obsession
triumphant visions of adulation?

Is there anyone with evolution enough
to embrace these cracked visions
of sacred sorrow beyond my reach?