

Apocalypse

The end must come when blood-stained
daggers reign
And seas shall froth and rot beneath
the sun.
While men scream "War!" on Armageddon's
plain,
The tombs erupt with life to greet the Son—

At least, that's what I'm told. I doubt at times.
I fear to trust those things I cannot see.
Could John have inked, in hope, those
final lines,
Alone, afraid, beside the Patmos sea?

I hate this doubt that twists my mind in two;
At times I break, at times I stand so sure.
But truth is truth, and ever shall be true,
Despite the hellish logic I conjure.

But will I cross that unmarked line to stand
And bow to him who crawls upon the land?

Kenn Field

Doppelgänger

Conform, or be replaced,
demands the man behind the desk,
By carbon copies, compliments
Of industry. They talk and touch,
They walk and hear, controlled, of course:
The answer to all anarchy.

They touch, but do they feel?
They hear, but do they listen?
Can they possess the music of a mind
Behind their painted smiles?

mechanically recording stimuli,
the man who wields the nine-cent pen
unleashes hulking logic (profits versus?), then
slurs on

Intangibles, and nothing more.
Besides, no one will ever know.

(But if I am replaced
By a Xerox renegade,
How many friends will know
That I am gone?)

Kenn Field