

Apocalypse

By Kimberly Hodgman

Tranquil pulsing waters
undisturbed by stone
refract from nothing
react across a distance
to a sun that's absorbing the sky.
Traversing boulder cliffs
is a geometric figure
cloaked in once-white
heading for the mountains.
The forest fights back
radiating secret seeds,
Hoping. Nature only takes
a life of its own once we see
its potential; before it's too late,
it picks a thornbush in the midst
of daisies yellow and lilies blue.
A sun-eyed serpent eats our blood moon.
Our blood earth
spirals out of control,
away from scales writhing
in a celebratory dance.
Our life dissolves
and the serpent radiates green