Revelation 27

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3 in a row
Lizard, ebony, and rose
Went down to the river
in elaborate suit

Drifting past an altered landscape
Roses of the reddest hue
Cherry-blossoms in elevated view
Wild carniverous animals
Dead on the riverbed
The trees of the forest forming obscene gestures

A Revelation in their 27th year
Sent them stumbling like an injured deer
A meditation, a calculus of fear
An experienced experience
drawing them near

A generation hanging upon the wing of the raven
Purged headlong into forgotten revolutions
Relevant passages of time
Flowing
Unceasing in their confusion
Sounds of fire made them self-aware
Riot squads amassing for battle
Pacifist’s skull dangling on the butt of a billyclub

Their rhythms diffused the veil of the guiltiest jungles,
The harmony of young minds,
The sensuous panic
deliberately evoked.
A Revelation drawing them near,
A realization of man’s worst fear.
Intoxicating sounds,
Will you come again?
Probably not,
ever again.

14
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Blair: Revelation 27
Cleansing electric seance
I am not surprised
Why living on the edge
Has its fateful price
When time and purpose
Are lost symbolic trances
The river seems inviting,
Comfortable, soothing:

27 is a good number.

Don Blair