Searching Behind Me

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2008/iss2/14
So tonight I was thinking about that,
When I stopped,
And looked up,
And watched

The slow battleship crawl
Of clouds over the moon.

And watched my breath
Fighting its way out of me
And up,
It was like that.

It was like the world was empty
Or filling with ghosts
And so I thought you should be there to see
Or just be there

It was like we were starting over.

Like those nights in winter when
I stood outside watching the snow drift down.
Lifted my arms,
Pulled them low,
Like I was pulling the snow,
Like a curtain.
Because
Here, I controlled,
And the earth was lifeless
I surveyed a kingdom
Of silence
And Ash
And secret treaties with time:

Time, which froze in the cold
Which stood beside me,
Which laughed
Which turned to leave
Which kissed my hands and toppled civilizations
And stole and waited while we said goodbye
Which swallowed whole
Which crucified
Which practiced into the late hours of the evening,
Moved effortlessly around us and over us
And never told us to be still
Which bared its teeth in a sadistic animal grin
Enjoyed its reflection in the Medusa eye
For irony,
Which sunk a blade into the heart of the Caliphs;
Which symbolized itself in sand,
In dust,
In ash,

In wreckage.

In consuming and destroying and fading like faith
In the eyes of our Armageddon sons
In our daughters of the apocalypse
In the cursed mother and the shaking fathers
In the turned over side cars

Hitching thumbs in belt loops, smiling over blackened teeth
Spitting tobacco to the floor
Throwing the kids from bridges and flinging your money to flame
The world is ending
The world has ended

The world has ended and the trees will grow back
The roaches will carry bacteria
Which will become our children again,
Reborn

Time you hold us but we will own you
Time, you kill us but we will not be killed
You ramshackle house
You broken dishwasher and shitty waitress job
You foolish kids with stones and cigarettes and crowbars
You clawed hammer
You raven at the door,
You Caesar, You Augustus
You Judas.
You thirty pieces of silver and hieroglyph
You Armada and Plymouth Rock
You fucker.

You springtime
You tides
You blossoming tree dangling pods and white flowers
You drifting snow
You quiet night reminding me I am alone on this earth, missing him
Whom you have stolen

Whose spirit
Compels me