

I DREAM OF THE END

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Ankle-deep in lily turf
and impatiens, at the beginning

I stand in the front garden
and cannot tell what is wrong.

At the beginning the mind
misfiles the mound of ocean

in the next yard. It is a film
of a slow fountain rewind,

of water taking an escalator
upward. It is a green-screen

tsunami, heaped sine waves,
a jumble of blue shag runners

stripped from a vorticist's stairs.
When I do not cotton on

death does not tug my sleeve.
It waits until I turn of my own

accord toward a sea piled taller
than the box hedge between lots.

I know I am lost.

...

It is like this,
mostly, when I dream of the end.

Death rarely chooses the bear.
It rarely sends a gunman

or bats a plane from the sky.
Instead it hoards, just outside

peripheral vision, a hill of water.
Or, if not that, some other

maelstrom made patient
by the promise of my awe.