

ESCHATOLOGY

Michael Fantina

Out past the furthest old frontier,
Where the thundering star streams glide
I have been called, am present here
Where stars collide.

Great worlds fantastic and jejune
Roll on this far and vast frontier,
The planetoid, the silver moon.
I am here.

Huge pulsing stars like opals pale
As diamonds in some diadem,
Move through the comet's icy tail.
I swirl with them.

When this great clockwork then runs down,
He'll cull the last of avatars.
I'm like some statue's stony frown,
Still as the stars.

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