

# 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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