

hieroglyphic stairway  
by Drew Dillinger

it's 3:23 in the morning  
and I'm awake  
because my great great grandchildren  
won't let me sleep  
my great great grandchildren  
ask me in dreams  
what did you do while the planet was plundered?  
what did you do when the earth was unraveling?

surely you did something  
when the seasons started failing?

as the mammals, reptiles, birds were all dying?

did you fill the streets with protest  
when democracy was stolen?

what did you do  
once  
you  
knew?

I'm riding home on the Colma train  
I've got the voice of the milky way in my dreams

I have teams of scientists  
feeding me data daily  
and pleading I immediately  
turn it into poetry

I want just this consciousness reached  
by people in range of secret frequencies  
contained in my speech

I am the desirous earth  
equidistant to the underworld  
and the flesh of the stars

I am everything already lost

the moment the universe turns transparent  
and all the light shoots through the cosmos

I use words to instigate silence

I'm a hieroglyphic stairway  
In a buried Mayan city  
suddenly exposed by a hurricane

a satellite circling earth  
finding dinosaur bones  
in the Gobi desert  
I am telescopes that see back in time

I am the precession of the equinoxes,  
the magnetism of the spiraling sea

I'm riding home on the Colma train  
with the voice of the milky way in my dreams

I am myths where violets blossom from blood  
like dying and rising gods

I'm the boundary of time  
soul encountering soul  
and tongues of fire

it's 3:23 in the morning  
and I can't sleep  
because my great great grandchildren  
ask me in dreams what did you while the earth was unraveling?

I want just this consciousness reached  
by people in range of secret frequencies  
contained in my speech