

neutrino burst

“The poet fled with his wife;
their newborn baby is said
to have died in the flames.”

—entry on Edmund Spenser,
The Norton Anthology of English Literature, 8th Ed.

I

Crunched to slivers,

gaining energy to survive this.

The unfinished book, eaten by fire;

I'm not sure how I'd be as a father.

So much scattered flint—

broadcast choked with blitz.

Visiting the famous historical quarter,
I noticed gutters

filled with leaves.

II

Yes—

Ridiculous that this isn't illegal.

Ridiculous that they figured out a way to do “this” to me.

The color within those Egyptian eyes

exterminates everything.

No—

The next great world war will be fought
with cultural touchstones, from our museums.

Take solace in the fact

that what does not remain,

time has wholly destroyed.

Yet—

III

In combining sensuous vividness
with cerebral precision

I grow discomfited

by my inner discordance—

Flooded skyscrapers crumble as I pass them by.

What is there to say?

All is ordained,
this life in the fog.

The mothership's outline
assumes itself above
the seaweed-stricken dock,

as I'm destroyed by maggots.

Later, a lone biplane passes overhead,
too close to the rooftops.

Seeking the landing strip,

as the moon

shimmers, collapses in,

vanishes—

brightening your sleeping face.

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