

## The Deluge

Out of some ironic turn of events  
    it looms  
    in the Sistine:  
The Ark floundering, not in roiling tongues of water  
    but awash in humanity  
        in huddling naked bodies  
        under gnarled stumps  
thrust up from blackened rock for the sole purpose.

There are those that cling to floating woody basins,  
    Desperation's thick scent permeating  
like a sodden fog.  
    Others have cast off hope long ago;  
        these lay silently dreaming,  
not trusting the sun exists  
        after evening is gone.

His coloured arc is shrouded in grey,  
    a singing child under sky's dawn folds,  
yet still an old sinewy man  
    clutches his withered friend steadfast to his chest  
        and he sets a weary foot to go  
    doubting the spluttering sea  
        instead of the coming glow.

The human condition is plastered on the ceiling,  
    it is above everything.  
    If a flake of cracked paint detached itself,  
        floated through the dry air,  
settled on my eye, I would still be blind  
    to the full immeasurable meaning.

But even in the act of a rapt gaze,  
    I can sense that every  
        neck-craned person around me  
is another bare-necked figure,  
    toiling to be heard from up in the shadows.