

NEW LOVE MYTHOS

There will be a great rapture in the world to come—
emit from me.

And while you speak in fine tongues of love—
Western archetypes
no longer flow free.

Because they're buried underneath the mask
of fantasy.

I know little of your Gods—Roman and green
with the plague of things
lost in envy, pity; same to me.

When will the days of mythical loves—
contemporaries,
full of scandal and swirling inconsistencies—
John and Jackie,
Gertrude and Alice,
Lenny and his love/hate words of Jewish being.

The rabbis saw him the day the police
burst open the door and upstaged him.

He did not feel guilt;
he felt rage.

This man, he is the answer to Pan's adversity,
found in a series of blasphemies
and pays homage to the unearthly
occupancy of history and memory.

I haven't bothered learning about the Greek
tragedies.

Set in a climate of crumbling marble and
Helios—Joyce—release me please.

They've not killed the cattle for fun or need,
but because nothing else was left to kill.

Words—falter on my lips—
hold me—my breast's cold spot—
make sanguine.

This love—today—of one Dan-I-el and one me.

Within the refracted light of complacency—
someday will be ours.

Thousands of years beyond the scope of human time—
our time—again—we will discover
yours and mine.

—Kristin Kepler