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RENASCENCE AND RENASCENCE

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There was a million megaton implosion of tense and time:  
When I opened my eyes I was young;  
All else was hoary-hued, anointed with ashes.  
An ocean licked my ankle. It started raining  
History, scraps of war, pieces of peace,  
Minutes of moon, polyglot thunder. Torrents of leopards  
And steel, Nile and China. Ice and rods of condensed sun.  
Lightning struck each tree into a cross. A tide of blood  
Stained my soles. It clotted and paled and vines grew.  
But Woden and Thor awoke again, smiling.  
They twisted the crosses into a mutant sign and  
Hurled it against the globe.  
The orb rolled and cauterized itself in viscous fire as  
Souls dervished like desert dust.  
I knew them all in their collapsed clocks. My eyes  
Were borrowed from extinct sires of eagles. My mind  
Kenned all men's knowledge. I could touch  
Music and planets, see infinity and Genesis  
Unending. I walked the bottom of the deepest seas then  
Climbed the apogee of Thule galaxies. But I  
Kept returning to the nadir—  
The Carpentry of Calvary—where all centuries must meet,  
Lap, and lock anachronisms in a rood horologium.  
To rechart the collision course with eternity.