Howard Fergus

‘Second Coming’

17.3.2000

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Waiting for the spill of anger

of the mountain is like waiting for a second

coming. Come it must, but no one, not the mountain,

knows the hour of dome collapse, the magic moment

of apocalypse. Will it ride on ash-grey

horses or in chariots of fire? Will it merely

come to pass defiant babels in the North

or will it light new funeral pyres at Bethel?

Will it come, as at St. Patrick’s, a bonus

for epiphany, a thief just after Christmas night,

or noonday as at Molyneaux and Paradise

robbing wretched workers of the light?

Either way, it is to the same sources that we pray

for a dignified send off. Either way. Calm seas

at Carr’s Bay, clear air at the heliport.

We wait upon the mercies of Jehovah and Clare Short.