

## ODE TO A BLACK PIG

by Nelan McMichael

Down, down to infinity;  
Down in silent softness-  
Limbo eternal.  
Darkness, darkness  
Whale's belly black.  
Flourescent fearlessness  
Marking time,  
Marking time  
That hangs on like  
Spanish moss on  
Ancient oaks  
Who laugh at time  
In silent whispers  
And turned heads,  
Lest they be overheard

Twenty-four years  
In an eternity  
That blinks with  
Heavy eyes  
Through grey beards.  
Sixty eternities  
That erase memories  
Of life and  
Other worlds.

Continuous suspension,  
Motionless in the  
Silence of the raging  
Wars of existance.  
With tender ears,  
Like ulcers on the  
Metallic skins of  
Leperous robots,  
Pierce the silence  
And it explodes with  
The echoing concussions  
Of continuous battles  
That testify to life.

Where is eternities end,  
When this silent  
Erasing of time  
Emerges into the  
Thundering brightness  
Of eternal light?  
When do ghostly  
Shadows of yesterday  
Step forth from  
Their cocoon of infinity  
To flower into  
The butterflies of  
Today's today,  
Where time is living  
And light is life?

Up, up  
Shedding a skin  
Of wrinkled age  
Dacayed by  
Suspended time.  
Shatter the mirror  
Of yesterday's images  
Into tiny slivers  
Of light that pierce  
Like arrows into  
The darksess of  
Eternal flourescence.  
Shatter the grave  
With resounding  
Thunder and step  
Into the chorus  
Of the living.  
Robe your ghostly  
Bodies in sunlight  
And sing the  
Songs of life!

Breath a breath  
Of fine wine  
Aged in casks  
Of flashing joy.  
Breath a breath  
Of love and beauty.  
Intoxicate the body  
And purge the veins  
Of the colorless,  
Sluggish fluid  
Of death.

Place a shadowy  
Footstep on the  
Assurity of today;  
A firm, solid  
Confidence in life.  
Stand with bare feet  
In the sand  
And feel the heat  
Of the fires  
Of the living;  
Living life that  
Burns with a breath  
Of moving noises of  
Miraging motion  
And a steady rhythm  
Of dancing souls  
And vibrant voices.

Dance to the  
Rhythm of time  
As it beats  
A steady beat,  
And silent  
Sneaks on tiptoes  
Across mountains  
Of todays that  
Radiate with  
High-pitched vibrations  
Of living.  
Dance your fill  
And overflowing.  
Plant colors and  
Grow music.  
Eat, sleep, and drink  
Of the harvest  
Until, once again  
The day comes  
When laughter dies  
And backward-looking  
Men march  
Solemnly to the  
Window of the  
Grave that brings  
Them to the eternal  
Limbo of non-existance.