

## Revelation

by [Philip C. Kolin](#) in the [February 19, 2014](#) issue

At the end of time  
everything trembles and topples—  
the sun dresses in sackcloth,  
plagues run amok, vaccines sour;  
threadbare bones like oakum unravel  
and children frieze into sandstone;  
patriots fall like falling stars,  
and the tower of winds decays in stillness;  
a flood of faces bloats the river  
and suicides surface like bubbling sores.  
Then holy men and women scatter  
sainted salts to ward off  
fiends trying to steal family voices  
pleading for sanctuary; none left  
but a remnant of martyrs  
to scribble with blood and sickles  
in bitter books about the end of time  
until the kingdom of eternity reigns  
salving the wounds of memory.