

## EASTER 2010

David Sparenberg

What does it mean  
that the dead have arisen and walk again  
What does it mean  
that at the end of the rainbow  
there will never again be a pot of gold  
What does it mean  
to climb the inverted tree of creation  
and find oneself uprooted  
by forever falling bombshells of history  
To be transmogrified  
from the crucifixion of time  
to the cloistered bomb shelters of eternity  
Knowing that we have no regard  
for the children around and beyond us  
or the Ancient  
unburied among desperate elders  
and the urban anxiety of dreamless lives  
O all of these billions-blackholes ambulatory  
sucking into our soulless cells  
the coming hell of extinction  
the monotonous white noise of nothingness  
When all others are no more  
and we waiting waiting purified by loneliness  
in the tar pits of our shadows  
in ash heaps without memories  
The quickest road to death  
is forgetfulness Once and twice  
and continuing routinely since I was "thrown"  
we gave the name of Auschwitz  
to human industry  
and of Hiroshima  
to the imagination  
What does it mean  
to ask the matchstick of a question  
knowing that those who  
stare into the fire are blind  
and those who listen  
are screaming with madness  
There is a single certainty: At our  
speed as with similar forms of mushrooming cancers  
eventually the nightmare ends  
There will be no future  
need for answers No further questions

It is Easter morning. There is haze and sunlight.  
And the earth smells of rain.



Painting: Lona Towsley