

PROPHECY

There will be an all-consuming avalanche starting from the falling dust at the top of the pine mountains. As it hits the water, ripples will be echoing between and through the ice-caps, as those wilt away, with the vigor of a biblical wave. The garden's name will have to be recoined, to rid its image of the demons that lost it to the flames.

The pioneering species will have to fight long and hard against the settled ash before any promising seedling is seen by those born to walk the land it tries to reclaim, it will be longer still before those after them are free to breathe an oxygen-rich air. Those who saw the sky shatter, will not eat fruit whose roots stretch out from the shards, but the children of their children might.

Prideful lions will have been revealed as scaredy kittens, with claws too grand for their mitts, and all those who fed the beast will have their hands marked red with its fangs, so that we may identify them. We will watch as the shaded rotten logs are lifted, revealing slithering cowardly snakes, and they will whisper their asymmetrical apologies to the jury, long after we have answered for their crimes.

The turn of tide is inescapable, but the sands will have to shift beneath the rolling water. Those who feasted on the plentiful will be buried together with their shells, to give way to the bubbling of new life.

That is the hope. It is ours now to carry through the roiling landscape, victim to battering winds of consequence, as it's heated, cross-peened, and plunged into stability to cool. We will carry this hope, bring it to others as our feet grow weary, so that they may pass it on to those for whom this stops being a wishful yearning as they will be living it as truth.

That is the prophecy I leave drawn on the soot-covered curved walls of our despair. May it serve as a beacon in this cave of darkness we are in.