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Alpha and Omega at the End

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Alpha and Omega at the End

This dream, arising from a cloud of seeming,
 Is a sea of glass that first in fusion
 Formed from the pyre of a once delusion,
 Siftings of earth and sky, and of dreaming,
 Quite near in fond regularity as a reliquary
 Of early history. The crane of imperial light
 Seized the light and cast it high as yearning
 That stopped at the precipice and the ferning
 Uplands of sintering magma and labradorite,
 Nestling in gemming nitre, carbon, and feldspar
 Into pools of the Unified Field. But you might bar
 The real, or disclose it. See the encumbering star
 That will fail as others did, and this that warms us
 Is memory, but the soul's retention harms us

If we think that aught might remain. What remains,
 In my candor, is the illusion that out there
 Can be recorded and kept in an error called here,
 Or within. Within, the fragment of was, stains
 The solipsism. I am the bridge, not the land
 Or a shore, but a bridge with no end of passing,
 Air to air, space to space, no stream, but the massing
 Of the diaphane, the pavane, and the incredible sand
 Washed into the luminous sea of glass, in fire.
 Fond illusion, you persist in me as I tire,
 For I am your memory, your faith in the first spire,
 Rustling through me as memory, the aery lyre,
 And my song. I gather you in at a balustrade
 Of sapphire, and begin again as Alpha and Aubade.

—Clinton F. Larson