

GEORGE EKLUND

In a Dream of the Locust

In a dream of the locust
In a rain when it rained sound from within
I tried to hold to count each
Silence green and filling with wind.
Into the core where the eye was born in darkness
Blessed in a fugue of pulsations
Ivory beginnings returned
The mountain laurel reached its peak in the acidic shale
We cannot help noticing what makes us disappear
We cannot help believing in the silence that made us
Out of the great death that emptied us
Squirring in a bucket of song and laughter.
Where did such a sound find a beginning
Where did such a beginning find a sound
To claim and name itself.
A pulsation that cannot help itself
Even as we are carried in our machines
To the ends of our tissue, the ends of our matter.
Soon we will not fear the end of things
Soon the locust will reverse itself in our sleep.