

Against a White Picket Fence

be patient
walking along a white picket fence
when the searing heat comes
in a flash of white light—so intense
it passes right through you and the fence

It's a gift, this lift into heaven
on such a bright, powerful light
It vaporizes your body and leaves only vision
to see that light, and the loss

There's no need to be frightened
as you walk, rattling that stick
against the pickets, playing a child's game
a flick of a switch : a 'tch'
brief and final : 'tch'

there's no sound – no terrible roar
it's a second hand sweeping over you
'tch' – and you wonder where you are
and for some,
it may only be a moment
to live in a dimension
where that didn't happen