

Tectonic shift

It came, no warning
swiftly surging with the grimmest of a reaper's assurance
a wall of ocean spawned by a wrenching seismic disturbance.

Fast,
but not so fleet; people outran it, if they had a head start
I've seen them on video, fleeing, a coastline torn apart
Heard the cataclysmic thunder, of everything at once plowed under
succumbing to an irresistible force; megatons of onrushing water.

It was, without a doubt
a bearer of tragedy, more sudden than that we have seen
in the long and bloody annals of our human history.
Gristly recover work on barren and scoured sand
the leavings of the ocean's invasion of land.

Yet, somehow
we are untouched on this far side of the world
watching and learning as the charity, of humanity, unfolds.
It is only the event itself, destined to be retold
which has changed the face of this world grown old.

I understand
the watershed ushered in on a destructive tsunami
a psychic, tectonic realignment of humanity.
Which will come to fruition gradually, like seedlings
laid in freshly ploughed, nourished loaming
over time and with care, a new order growing.

The sun sets on the husk of the worn-down West
before arising, revealing, a new-born East.

Steven J. Sackinger
January 5th – 12th
MMV