
Wiped of the face of creation,
a world of lost maps, lost islands
lost lives, lost minds, blot out existence.

Those who are left escape into a void of
nothingness, walk distraught on nowhere
roads to nowhere destinations,
bedlam echoes on our quiet shores and sanctuaries,
lost faces blur on vanishing horizons

each face tattered wrinkled flag,
pennants of defeat in nature's conquest,
limp bodies spangling the branches of
weeping trees.

pinned down, beneath the fallen walls
the mangled forms of children

Every pore, every crevice of the waking
consciousness overcome by odours of
putrefaction where once this tragic flesh
was warm, instinct with breath and life
Gigantic plumes of surf rise,
stun the air,

Waves swoop down to clutch
the writhing bodies so soon breath-quenched,
the winding sheets of waves are torn
apart, tattered limbs exposed to sun, to wind,

Now the long slow dinge begins,
the mourning of the bereaved waves
keen on and on,

spewed out upon the grooved sand
ridged with bodies, new furrows appear.

The air is alive with invisible ethereal
wings of hovering spirits weighing down
our leaden souls,
beneath our feet, the surf-edged
waves stampede, ride over a fissured land,

trees, branches, roots plucked up
with manic hands torn and twisted,
piled up the tumult of crushed debris.

Deep trenches close over mass graves
concealing limbs tangled with the
hopeless plunge of riven flesh,

blood seeps into soil,
what plants, what trees, orchards and
fields will grow to feed the pastured
kine and all this orphaned breed.

We alone are left
in this aftermath of Armageddon.

Our Mourning will not cease
In a surreal landscape
massed behind the skyline
lighting up the macabre darkness
the leaping fires of burning pyres,
wrecked boats, twisted rails, carriages
flung haphazardly, all awry,
with sundered bridges.
an eerie silence hangs its pal
over a voiceless night.

THE WAVE

This wave was not the perfect blue calligraphic
swirl of Hokusai's woodprint, each water-strand
throbbing with a force and energy all of its own
overpowering the peerless sky as it invaded the land,

there were no signs of buried wrecks,
no wrench of bodies torn asunder too puny
to grapple with the towering wall that
crushed the fallen bodies,
no lullabies from Whitman's cradles of the deep
and Paumanok's shores,

mountains of waves uprooted from quakes
and upheavals thrusting out to grasp and sweep away
each living being to unknown mysterious destinations,

bodies that will surface one day with their
messages like all those chance bottles thrown
into the sea, those silent voices scrolled on
parchment seeking out the solitary watcher
on the shore bearing portents and predictions
we ignore.

On the east coast they are burning the
bushes with bodies entangled in thorn trapped
twigs and splintered branches.

Piled up, dead fish, limp bodies, wrecked
boats, sculptures of desolation in landscapes
of timeless ruin.

Gone, all gone, the shells and corals
enticing children in play, gone, the scuttling land-crabs
with eggshell china shells, transparent, blue-white,
the algae and feathery sea weed trails, sea anemones,
mother-of-pearl shards, starfish, the flotsam
and jetsam that's flung on the shore
the castaways of the ocean.

Jean Arasanayagam