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Leona Evans
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The Vapors of Consciousness

Leona Evans

There is a new consciousness
in this world.

There is an expectation,
a fuzzy, gloved power,
a gnawed chocolate,
a vapor of energy,
a glare of immortality
challenging our destiny.

In the flush of anguish
cleansing and denial
shout for attention.

There is a sour, sulfuric smell,
a pattern of evil,
face-to-face suffering,
a clawing, fierce, freezing pain,
domineering in its demands for
servants to poverty, disease,
and hopelessness.

There is a love of money,
a Janus of happiness
in which the few swelled-bellied
and swelled-heads,
dominate the many,
whose fearful whispers are denied
by serpentine Gorgons,
psychic stone masons who
carve experiences upon the soul.

As if glowing religious rapture
bronzed trumpets hail the
clarity of logical creation through
newly discovered
genes of immortality,
maggots drawing to the new gods.

Is there no cleansing, no fruitful
healing waters of light,
no cosmic bombardment of salvation?
Are only clarified expectations
no more than a good mudpack?

Fear not, for the angels play.
There is a soft chiming of a
simple, repeated harmony,
a multicolored universal wisdom,
singing soprano in the winds upon the waters.
It penetrates the double helix,
the DNA of fear.
Magnets draw the heavy souls
to an unknown joy
filled like a newborn star,
with compassion and forgiveness.

There is an awareness of the
designer of our destiny,
a poet waving
the ancient verdant wand,
Godot has arrived.

