

A God in Ruins

James Harmon Clinton

The risk pool eclipses a round of bottled epiphanies.
Fearing nature, I take to carrying a cap in my bag.
Falwell and Hannity are on the phone together, making
markets in pratfalls and redemptions. Consolation

eludes the post-modern hero, remains an anterior
prospect of divinity as he sizes up the crowd's
potential for crosses. He cloaks ambition in duty,
god-mistress and assailant, finds a shelf above

the abyss, presses his back to the sheer verticality
and extols the quotidian while the chorus clatters
like an overheated slant six. Beggars were once
known by their names, but this one at the breakfast

table turns his head away as I change, then abandon
antidepressants, read the romantics—what nature
remembers, the fugitive leaf and quaking splendor,
an original and lower witnessing once removed.