

The Promise of Apocalypse

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after a painting by Roger Wagner

What symbols are these? A host of souls forsaken? Or each kernel reaped: a sorrow hammered forevermore into bitter bread? The title, *The Harvest Is the End of the World and the Reapers Are the Angels*, leaves no question. We've forgotten the angels promised us. Spoken into being straight from His lips. Remember pronouncing, dismembering, spreading belovedly each one over our fields in a time of drought? We were children then no doubt.

Here is the forecast: sycamore leaves tremble at the apocalyptic wind from a trumpet's snout. The sky, however, not red with blood or fallout. Same immaculate blueness of burnished steel, archetypal hue of Mary's mantle, of glacier at its core or veins in a young sinner's breast. Dare say the end of days would be welcome? They're scripture in action, these angels scything, sickling, bundling, probably singing all the while. Cooling the quickened immortal blood which flows through outstretched wings.

