

Richie McCaffery

The Rapture

Yesterday was Judgment Day.
We were stuck on an inter-city bus
in a traffic jam like a fleet of clippers
threaded through the neck of a cod's bottle,
an exodus on a single lane road.

Somewhere in God's granite allotment plots,
nanotechnologies of hatred and grudges
were stirring the blessed restful soil,
the dead limbering up for a carious dash
to the hot seat, stray dogs salivating.

Cars dropped in ditches like windowsill flies,
a petrol tanker was the first to run out of fuel.
The wind turned punk, we were stuck for hours,
a man began to cry, a busload bound for eternity
unable to stand each other for a sweaty evening.

Only those with a destination will be lost.
You woke and spoke of maybe next year
for your firstborn, coming off the pills for good.
My watch hit six and the light was snatched away
as raindrops danced like sperm on the window.