

The end of the world

Pietro Grieco, © 2005

Golden letters engraved in wood
tell travelers they have reached
the end of the Pan-American Highway.
A tranquil landmark lucid as the sun
leaving me speechless and alone.
The end... the abyss... the end...
the waves... hypnotizing the silent
loneliness of moss, soul and stones
receiving the beat of the surge
a mantra for iris and retina
perplexed unknown at the end
of the labyrinth of this world.
Facing a gray and frosted horizon
imagining an ephemeral continent
behind the feared Cape Horn
and the mariners graveyard
whitens my mind.
Steps in long decades

drove me
to the world's end:
Tierra del Fuego.
Stunned in this Land of Fire akin
to an original Patagonian Ona Indian
wide eyed to flames dancing
under the Southern Cross at
aliens coming from Finisterre.

Moved
I closed my eyes.
Facing an invisible threshold
the temptation was nearby to
embrace the cross or steal the fire or
jump and be swallowed by the whale
sacrificing for something bigger than
myself bypassing the line of madness
to live not by bread alone, be
or descend into the darkness of time
losing my being in the transformation
while this epiphany plays an arrested
rhythm between this instant and eternity.

Stepping over the end
of a global universe,
end and beginning have
the same meaning as
the end of winter or the start of summer,
in a meaningful and futile
temptation we define
the end as a lucid revelation
where not a bird sings
and we draw the line
where we break our dreams
and we step over our hearts
where we decide to pass on
and awaken the next day
where an end seems to be
is never an end but
a new stone to step on
a new path to transcendence
where the best Victory of Samothrace
flies away from the furnace
of our burning chest.

The end of the universe is not a destiny.

The end of the universe is not a place.

It is only a location in our minds where
We step upon immanence for a new experience

My sight stirs
the same pebbles resembling
faithful dogs at my feet. Similar
to those mysteries of life
the same small miracles that
keep us going. Thus
the end of the universe is not a destiny.
The end of the universe is never a place
It is an act of imagination!

Breathe in
breathe out
Breathe in
breathe out.

The horn honks
Disrupting my reverie
The head turned toward the empty
bus for our return to Ushuaia
walking this clear tear of joy
like a simple speck of dust

I realized we are all part
of a poem
the universe is writing with us!