

## **One Day, Not So Very Long Ago**

By Brandon Dennis

It was a warm day  
that day, not so very long ago  
yet long enough to become hazy in the mind.

The fall leaves had crackled and  
fallen from their hibernating limbs,  
carpeting the forest floor.

The fruits had all fallen and rotten;  
The insects had all  
burrowed into the earth.

The animals had slipped by me  
that night as I lay beside the churning  
waters of Lebo Pintheo.

The earth seemed numb,  
not a deathly numb but a  
contemplative numb,

and it rang in my ears and mind.  
So I walked near the river  
atop the carpet of leaves,

then made my way deeper into the  
Great Way.

The Spine of Macerios lay before me  
but it did not concern me.  
The world lay behind me

yet I was not afraid.  
All that was on my mind was the  
tramlings of thought,

and these tramlings drove me deeper and deeper into  
the woods of forgottenness,  
Where no mortal eyes had been in a hundred years.

One calls madness that thing  
which drives men to do things seemingly  
aloof,

but I have always called it a gift,  
a wonderful ability to  
cast off the cocoon of modernity

and wallow gleefully in the ancience of  
yesterday, today and  
whatever never might come.

Aloof I was, that day,  
not so very long ago,  
when I passed through the

birch archway of the  
Great Way  
and found what I had not been

seeking  
but have sought ever after:  
the answer to everything.

And I knew it, I knew it!  
For a brief moment  
everything came together in a Rubik's Cube of

history and instinct,  
and things were not so strange and unknowable  
but familiar, sensible,

identifiable and understandable.  
All of history's mistakes were made plain to me  
that day in the autumn heat,

and I knew why we were compelled to make them  
and remake them forever and a day,  
until in one flash of history's existence

the sky will turn red and the clouds will fall,  
the earth will crumble and  
the seas will boil,

the colored horses will march upon modernity  
and the vials will crack open.  
The curtain will be torn asunder and

the continents will sink.  
All that was dark, cool,

evil, malignant, decaying,

festering, rotten, unremitting,  
beautiful, wondrous, light,  
shimmering, radiant, translucent

sick, diseased and inspired  
will be burned away, and  
it will only be a moment in the

minds eye.  
The ashes will fade and  
Disappear and the noises of

chaos and moaning will disperse.  
The trumpets will no longer sound.  
The horses will no longer ride.

All that we know of  
will no longer be a burden and a pain,  
but a new beauty will emerge from the old,

better and yet the same,  
and all that we loved will still be there  
but all that we hated to love will be gone.

I saw these things  
in the forest of the Great Way,  
not so very long ago,

that day when the air was warm  
and leaves carpeted the earth.  
I saw it and I knew.

I understood.  
And until death harvests me  
into its wicker basket of souls,

I will never understand again.