

Michael McGuire "Apocalypse Jones"

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APOCALYPSE JONES

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APOCALYPSE JONES

He's part owner of the street and may god bless you
for your dimes, he
is a proud connoisseur of these palpable end times, a
little wild eyed
and scary looking but he would never hurt anyone, just
wants you to
know god is your savior and he sent his only son.
Apocalypse Jones told Mr. Smith, life is like a little bird
you found; fallen
from its nest, you must give it back to its creator but
first you cradle it
in your breast.
Sometimes he's divine inspiration but most the time
just nonsense, he
talks about the righteous future in a precious past
tense.
There's no one left who can remember why he
doesn't have a home,
some say his women died and after the funeral he just
started to roam.
Apocalypse Jones told Bonnie Brown, love is a perfect
day but the
weather man he sends the rain, any one living under
the sky must live
with the beauty of the pain.
Always mumbling to himself or some unseen witness
divine, staring off
into the yonder not sure if that's a signpost or a sign,
he goes down to
the rivers edge even though he's terrified by the rush
of the flow, that
supple tenuous tragedy of motion is all a man can
know.
Apocalypse Jones told Mr. Whatever, the mind is an
angel the body is
the beast know what you're doing, count your
blessings before your
curses lest the world bait your ruin.

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