

A Millennial Date

I'm so glad we know of
this magical forest--
don't the clear waters here
make us look younger?

End of the what?
Oh, that.
Here, let me pour you a Coke
from our picnic cooler.

Diet or regular?
With or without ice?

Of course, a toast--
here's to this endless earth
we've made and are made of.
May our one-triple-nined
planet contrive to survive
this year of broadcast hysteria,
and may the Christian
clickover of 2000 somehow
transform trumpeting holiness
into selfless silence.

Magic tricks?
No, I have none.
There's so much magic
here in this forest,
here on this earth,
here in our hearts,
that any more
would be less.

Safe this year, are we?
As safe as we feel, I'd say--
and as safe as we love,
as safe as we give,
as safe as everything
we don't understand.

We are flies on a ceiling
which is also the floor
of a marvelous room above.
Count that room's years base 10
and it's a third millennium.
Count them base God
and oneness is far enough.

Another Coke?
Yes, thank you.
A toast to all the magic
that keeps us safe
and all the daring
that keeps us magic.