

# *Resurrection Suite*

Paul Bergner

## **1. False Prophecy**

The weatherman said "rain"  
and true the clouds were black,  
but marimba music chimed  
under multiple rainbows,  
every sparking drop  
a shining note.

Lines 3-4: African drum rhythm  
October 28, 1991

## **2. Autopsy Report**

The colon tumor,  
grapefruit sized  
all heavy moist and green,  
has pulled the transverse colon  
down against the pubic bone

and some hard rider, driving,  
with her message for the King,  
was forced to cast this steed aside  
to move ahead by swifter means.

Cadence: Appalachian fiddle tune  
November 1, 1991  
Re: Dissection Lab, National College of Naturopathic Medicine (1987)

## **3. Rainbow**

In death's garden  
the reaper harvests  
heads, hands, and feet.

In the distance  
the curve  
of a seven-hued rainbow

perfectly mirrors  
the swing of the  
skeleton's scythe.

Tarot Trump XIII "Death"  
June 9, 1992

#### **4. Trumpet Blast**

The gravetop's open.  
A family's rising out,

parents and a child,  
clad yet in their  
winding sheets,

and all are looking  
skyward toward the sun

where the angel's  
trumpet rang.

It echoes still  
throughout the scene.

The sound has  
rolled away  
the stone.

Tarot XX "Judgement Day"

#### **5. She May Heal You**

Salty and clad in the weeds of the sea  
all silty and green in knee-deep surf

the dark mother spews sea foam from menstrual flow,  
aching in rites more ancient than skies,

naked breasted, bared teeth, gnarled hair  
she's screaming, a tidal banshee, Kali crying,

awakened and raging and  
waking you under the moon.

Distant shipwrecks spew their golden fortunes.  
Stormy clouds sigh at the passing of souls,

turning to suns over worlds without space,  
crying aloud as they fly:

"Passing time dies hard"

Sept 25, 1991  
for Susun Weed

## **6. Icarus Triumphant**

The sun itself, if sailed upon  
is flat as any earthly sea.

No reference point to demarcate  
a circumnavigation,

it spreads on vast horizons  
filling up a flat eternity.

But sailors on this starry water  
find no surface there to float upon,

and carried down by holy currents  
sink into its sacred depths and drown

and breathing in the golden fluid  
find it brings no suffocation,

but as it pulses in their veins  
that magical elixer

gives a life eternal far beyond  
the world of human dreams.

Nov 1, 1991  
for Christopher Weiss

## **7. A String of Pearls**

Lovely Marita,  
age three,  
little-daughter-of-the-sun,  
catches a crystal-cast rainbow  
in the goblet of her hand  
and laughs a row of perfect pearls  
spilled rolling all across the kitchen floor.

Marita Lampton  
Portland, Oregon