

JEREMY GLAZIER

In the Age of Terror, Góngora Reconsiders Life's Brevity

—after a late sonnet by Luis de Góngora,
“De la brevedad engañosa de la vida” (1623)

No less eagerly did the second jet that morning
vanish into pillars of fire and smoke,
no more silently did global warming
strike, or avian flu, or all of Lake

Geneva, WI, get swept up by the rapture—
oh wait, that last one hasn't happened yet,
but mark my words: In vain we tried to capture
our elusive lives, the Doomsday Clock reset.

Bin Ladens in the dark caves of your afghans,
beware: Don't think I can't unstitch you here.
(Or “uncrochet”—is that a word?) The hands

of time will find you like a drone (to mix
my metaphors), bust your bunker, fix
your wagon: There's no nostalgia for next year.