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David James

### A Poem for the End of Time

When I wake up in the middle of the night,

I want the answer on the tip of my tongue,  
my dream rising to the ceiling  
like a blue mist.

I want eyes with perfect sight  
seeing beyond this brief darkness  
into heaven. I want God dealing

me a royal flush or the third wish  
from Aladdin's lamp to make me young  
again, handsome, able to bench press

my weight and more.  
I want to laugh, and leap  
well above the day's shit flung

in every corner, stealing  
blessing after blessing from the drawer  
of sacred joy. From the shelf of good fortune,

I'll grab handfuls; near the closet sung  
by angels, I'll fall to the ground, kneeling  
unclenching my tired fists,

finally ready to give in and bloom.

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David James has published a number of poetry collections, including *My Torn Dance Card*, *She Dances Like Mussolini*, and *Going Down, Friend*. He also writes plays, and teaches at Oakland Community College.