

The Prophet's Dream

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An angel came to me and said, O Pitiable Fools!
O Foolish Mortals! O Everlasting Damnation!
I said, Perhaps you will be willing to shew me
their eternal lot, and my own. He said, Come.

I thought I was riding in my carriage and the angel beside.
Foster and Higbee we saw twisted as snakes and strangling
the strength out of one another, dripping vile poison.
This the angel gave me as their state, and was gone.

I was overtaken in the prairie by the Brothers Law,
dragged from my coach, and cast into a dark pit.
Is this, I cried, my everlasting lot and their own
so easy? Have patience, said an angel beside, and listen.

I listened and heard the screams of the Brothers Law.
Perhaps I may stand on your shoulders, I said to the angel.
But he took me by the shirt and tossed me high in the air.
From that height I saw the Laws below consumed by beasts.

They cried to me. I shewed them my hands they had bound.
I cautioned them to throw themselves into the pit
for an angel awaited them. They would not hear me.
My body sped upward. They grew smaller and smaller,
diminishing.

The whole earth was spread before me and my hands were free.
I saw that I was drawn up not of my own power, but by an angel.
That was their eternal lot, he said. This is yours.
We sped upward faster and faster, our bodies shining.