



Second
Coming
Sooner

1-o-i-p, graphic narrative, Mitchell Kane, 2014

Second Coming Sooner

i-o-i-p, graphic narrative, Mitchell Kane, 2014

She appeared,

POOF!

An aberration, a ghost,
a wet angel on fire.

Any allegorical figure,
such as Lady Liberty would
make perfect sense
and nonsense.

She reappeared once
more, then again.
I wasn't counting on
it for that matter,
yet there she was,
much sooner than I
could have imagined.

What if she had doubts
and just riddled off an
inaudible sounding
"I don't care" out of
some sense of obligation,
as if she was going through
the motions of a day job.
Coming from Liberty,
I expected a little
more empathy?

The sex, not love,
by any stretch of the imagination,
was episodic -
it happened in fright many years ago:
now nightly.

The pain returned at first touch, like
rubbing two sticks together, a friction
in body and as an idea ever so tightly
wound and short in shelf life,
calibrated to burn hot and quick.
Taking prisoners would be cowardly.

To be honest, the second coming
couldn't happen soon enough.
"Haste makes..." so please stop
boring me.

As impatient creatures we make high
demands [hand over fist over hand
onto whichever circumstances are in
the closest proximity.]

We spread and spread and devour as
we travel. We want what we want...
end of conversation.

"Get it over with, already.
Be insensitive, if you must, if that's
what pops into your mind."

"So..." she would defaultingly ask.

"Oh shit, it's happening again..."
I thought. To see it coming from off
in the distance, but holding silent.

What form or color does a second
coming demand? Who would truly
be able to witness such a miraculous

achievement? The benefits are unfounded. Who, for that matter would even notice?

We can imagine that any attachment would be fantastic, so start licking your chops and get ready to reap the rewards: liberty works this way.

I, personally, am in no rush to remedy this situation. If the writing is on the wall, then get-along-go-along would suffice.

A second coming
sooner, or not soon enough,
is a bleak proposition
celebrating the unoriginality of the
second "bite of the apple" as the
primary source of creativity.

This is too passive an
approach: where creativity succumbs
to liberty, and the necessary
pleasures of the body must
fend for themselves.

“What’s up women?”

She asked from
across the room..

“Cracking,”

she replied.



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