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Apocalypse Song

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Apocalypse Song

I remember the day the world ended
I woke up in a lake of my own creation
the birds outside were squawking their
travel itineraries over their shoulders
as they swept off toward Eden or the Arctic Circle

we put on our sparkliest prom dresses
swarmed out onto the already scorched grass
marveled at how quickly summer had jumped on us in the
middle of winter and turned our cheeks pink like raspberries
we kissed and spun each other around in tight dizzy circles like figure skaters

we sped through traffic lights stuck on green in a
hot wired pickup truck and let our taffeta skirts
pillow out behind us like parachutes
we ransacked all the gas stations in town for beer and popsicles
before they had the chance to melt
didn't bother looking for supplies because the grown-ups had
taken it all and left us for garden fertilizer

when the truck ran out of gas we smacked at the corroding asphalt with
bare feet until we were sticky and black up to our ankles
we rode past the Mona Lisa on skateboards with
cans of neon yellow spray paint and graphed the
trajectories of our short lives in hearts and
stars on every brick wall we found still standing

and at the end of the day, we dragged ourselves to the beach and
watched a radioactive orange sun plop itself
down on the ocean like an egg yolk
and when it disappeared under that thick green line we realized
that the sun was too heavy to bring itself back up
so we dove down deep into the water with it

our lungs and bellies filled with steam and pure hydrogen
and we dove to the place where the green water turns into
green forests turn into a starless black sky
we came to rest like pine needles on the soft floor
and exploded into supernovas so that the new people
would have some light to find their way
out, back to the stinging surface

maybe centuries from now they will emerge from that coral underworld
and their seaweed hair will dry and crack in the electric air
they will find crunched cans and the remains of tiny bonfires lit from popsicle sticks
scattered on the sand like the clothes left on the floors of our bedrooms
and maybe they will wonder about the childish tantrums of their ancestors
the ones they found calcified into statues on a sandbar not even a hundred feet off the coast