

The End

Luke Good

Earth is a space
And time is its child occupant.
Cold waters finger forward from
Ravines and lapse judgment.
Where have you gone?
I have shaken out the tapestries
And rugs that warm our cave.
I have collected that dust
And made a monument to moments,
One that will stand when
There is nothing left.
Apocalypse, Apocalypse,
My friend said strawberries are overrated,
But I believe it is you she meant.
I have seen signs
And felt you lulling in the sky,
But I am the great ender.
I end again.

The chewing made him murky / As he soon began to snore / He dreamt of trees of jerky / So he chewed it all the more