5-2018

On Apocalypses: 11.9.16

Raffi Altman-Allen
Roger Williams University

Follow this and additional works at: https://docs.rwu.edu/nadi

Part of the Bilingual, Multilingual, and Multicultural Education Commons, Civic and Community Engagement Commons, Gender and Sexuality Commons, Higher Education Commons, Race and Ethnicity Commons, and the Sociology of Culture Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://docs.rwu.edu/nadi/vol1/iss1/6

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at DOCS@RWU. It has been accepted for inclusion in New and Dangerous Ideas by an authorized editor of DOCS@RWU. For more information, please contact mwu@rwu.edu.
I wrote this piece as my way of trying to come to terms with the most recent presidential election. I needed to process how weird it was that something so impactful and terrible had happened, but everyday life didn’t stop existing. My hope is that this poem will offer encouragement to those of us involved in social justice work in the wake of the election. I would also want this to act as an acknowledgment that in other places in the world people are living in war-zones, surrounded constantly by death and destruction, and still get up in the morning and continue living. It brings attention to how seemingly small acts can be vital elements of social justice work.

On Apocalypses
11.9.16

the world ends, again and again,
and each morning, the sun rises.

halfway across the globe a girl wakes
and picks her way through
crumbs and bones and rubble.
in the kitchen,
she puts on the kettle
and makes tea.
and the mug in her hands is as warm
as a heartbeat.

you wake slowly, long past the dawn
and gaze out past the ocean
past the faces of your love, asleep still

make tea in the post-apocalyptic sunshine
and pack your tools-

life goes on.
the world ends and yet, impossibly-
keeps spinning, ignorant of this
before
and
after
that stretches indefinitely past the pit in your stomach,
until the end of the world.