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## On Apocalypses: 11.9.16

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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.