

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.

ON APOCALYPSES