

*The End of the World*

These fragments I have shored against my ruins  
- The Waste Land

1.

The veil here is thin, haunted as fuck in the deepening cracks in the  
overpass in the long dark and green alleys between long dark  
houses

in the stray cats Claude and Claudette in  
the places the water lives and deepens  
(which is everywhere)

sticky fingers wiped on thin cotton pants  
bacchanal's last glitter

my horns, my rhythm  
my wicked desperate eye

We are stupid giddy dancing in the street and  
*Are we in love?*

2.

I am excited about  
sex and poems,

and a not insignificant  
revolution.

I left work to see my lover  
(your younger lover! she  
laughs)

as a form of protest  
against alarms

against the gluttonous inbox,  
and all forms of messaging,

against death and dying, against  
this cruel war.

Against sickness,  
I present pleasure

and being reborn  
again and again:

my hand totally gloved in her.  
I like it all that wet,

humming like a box of bees  
dripping with honey.

3.

D says she doesn't keep up with  
a lot of things but she does look  
for the moon. I write down  
everything she says, everything  
an act -- even love. The sky  
knows what's up, she says and  
we both look. I love a hallelujah,  
a lipstick stain that looks like  
cunt. I'm holding on hard to the  
bodies that I love and

4.

The dangers of xx are mounting so rapidly we may soon lose our ability to ward off xx in time for xx  
to xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx  
Countries aren't doing nearly enough to protect against xx science warns The xx is elusive How xx  
navigates xx will determine the next ten years the next twenty years the next thirty years the next  
forty years the next

5.

It will never be winter  
until suddenly, it is, trees  
slipping out of their

leaves, the sunset brief  
and brilliant through bare  
limbs. Sooner and sooner,  
it sets: time and light,  
precious. It is late  
December, 65 degrees. It  
is 5pm. My longings are  
conquerable and easy. I  
have almost finished this  
book. My eyes are tired.  
The movie paused. The  
sunset shifts gorgeously  
orange and slate as my  
husband talks to my lover,  
sweating glasses of aperitif  
and soda. I am still  
bleeding inside. I will be,  
but not forever. I dream  
about it every night I  
dream.

6.

Welcome to the party  
The End of the World party

O O O O that Hallucinogenic Vibe—  
LAST CALL

Hanging out in the veil

We all knew it would end this way  
Our horoscope is always dead real

This is just the way things are now  
Unreal

Popular unhappiness

The secret thrill of sharing bad news  
All of us talking in a ring  
Nostalgic for our past  
gentrifications

Tirese with his taroc pack

Predicting drownings at the bar

LAST CALL

Muses hitting all their angles  
in the neon light's rose glow  
Showing off Yeah but it's alright We read  
hot takes most of the night and go  
south in winter

Our indelible little lives  
This is not who we are

Our shadow in the mirror striding  
behind  
Arms full Hair wet  
Eyes failed

Lady of situations  
Wheel inside a wheel

By the waters of the Mississippi  
We lay down and wept

3AM  
LAST CALL LADIES

Kiss me again and let go  
of me, my love; how  
glad I was how glad

.  
shantih shantih shantih  
So long