

Eschaton

The rapture begins in your wrists—therapist,
after you tell her your parents will never love you

the way you want them to: “where do you feel
that sorrow in your body?”

Text from dad: “the end is high.”
Ha, what a typo. Your adrenaline spikes regardless—

trembling hands and a head that’s forgotten the fear
of God but your limbs remember the kneeling,

forehead in hands,
forehead to carpet,

to dirt,
to train track—

“In my shoulders,” you tell her, hunched forward
in your chair, the permanent slump of one

who has not prayed in years but knows
the line the spine creates, rounded at the skull

like the shepherd’s staff. On the day the world ends,
you fulfill the prophecy: gnashing of teeth—semi-circular, contemplative

grinding. Half-eaten toast, limp with butter. Twisting
pen in hand, coiling air, stare out the kitchen window—

across the country, your dad prays for his own toast,
this morning, your soul. We—no, you
and he—begin like this, always.