

Y2K: Apocalypse

And we were sitting in the family room
Boombbox holding Toni Braxton's holy lyrics
Brown legs kicked up on glass tables
Moms stowing away ravioli and ramen
Gallons of water, sweets for adult cavities
Checking landlines, portable radios, new flip phones
And it did not seem irrational, to tell her everything
tasted good, for once, for sisters to fix ends of meanings
for everyone to trust each other's words
by Wednesday, it would close, this millennium doorway
as easy as it opened
no one waiting, watching
Wondering what 2000 meant
No strangers wearing clocks next to crosses
First sunrises, sunsets, first babies of Armageddon
First daughters waiting to grow into their bodies
No criminals finding the three women household
Unprepared for invasions, firearms, a lifetime of hate
Because Toni was crooning, and Moms was positive
Our crew could survive any old American blues flung at us
And somewhere in the world a bug fizzled and sputtered into light