An Extremely Important Ending

Brian Miskowich

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This is very much a life lived wrong.
Started wrong.
Marveling at the world, at the abstract.
(Computers.)
But unable to connect, unable to disconnect
Enough to speak in a land of distant speech.
The mystery of separation.
Why?

Why not speak?
Why not gaze upon the face
of friends and be uplifted?
We shall all descend into an endless, ghostly phase,
Apocalypse walking, shuffling, mumbling.
Nobody left, nobody home.
Forgotten foes to stalk our homes,
forgotten too, to be left asunder,
Adrift, aflame in cold vapor, the world’s reconfiguration.
Iced and stinging, empty streets, the populace lost.
Adrift, unable.
All lights are green, impending impact,
the structure toppling,
a domino clatter.
Faceless, nobody to see it, no minds left large enough, open enough
to fit within them witness.
The end, and we nowhere found, not there
to see it, candles in the windy sunlight.