

End times

by [Donna Pucciani](#) in the [November 6, 2019](#) issue

The doctors say  
we are all terminal.  
We swallow pills,  
navigate blood-soaked terrain.

The Reaper pokes his head in  
to ask directions. We lift  
our lanterns, stare out startled  
into the dark.

Our bodies will enter earth and fire,  
the dust from which we came.  
We fall into the mouths of old lovers,  
ride the wings of dragonflies.

We seek one last embrace,  
the taste of an apple,  
the comfort of an old coat,  
a page from an unfinished book.

We are the one-eyed cat  
and the three-legged dog,  
limping into a world that has  
awaited us secretly and forever.

We lie down, close our eyes,  
wait for the saffron sun.