Horizon Ridge

When I feel as alone as any of us do
there is a way past the glowing ash
that signals the end, a way past
sparing the Kindle the trouble of warmth.

Let's go—
since you feel it, too;
in the petal-crushed purple of the sky
against the Black Mountains
with all that remains,
the burden of life balanced
on undiscovered ruins, the secret
beginning, the mysterious end.
The same things cost more now.
We may be met with trials
like those we witness via satellite.
Death will come
but first we lay to rest
the lies by omission.
Here together
tear this bread with me.
Let's pour black coffee, tell the story
of the last wire transfer before the lines
were cut; how the hesitant take a step forward;
or the single hour the faucet ran
and we were awake to fill our bottles;
though, its not running now.
In the morning
while its still morning—
I need you to remind me again.

Elizabeth Ann Enke-Zeldes