Love Poem for the End of the World

Should the end of the world come,
tell them we’ve already seen it.

The traffic parted
and the people went indoors

And everything became very blue
which could be a reference to our screens
I suppose, but I more mean

the film on my tongue
the lacing of my shoulders

I think I heard the opposite of an echo
sitting down inside of myself
for the fourth time
last week

I keep thinking too slow
I keep trying to say my name
but there’s static

I keep tripping on the step stools
which, I think, is supposed to ground me

And what better way to fly than to have
done it by accident

Because that’s all this is
And I hope you don’t think me a pessimist
I’m just saying Bob Ross
would be very pleased with what we’ve created

as everything else came unstuck, so

Should the end of the world come,
tell them we’re not scared.
You see, worlds end all the time;
This moment is a world,
this poem a world

And there will be infinitely many after it.

The sun is just a burning body
but it makes this here,
this seeing your face possible

How wondrous it is that
we have memory
to weave these stars into constellations

There is a pattern
we burn into the night sky
and we alone can make it beautiful

So listen now
while our hands are
still raw with magic:

hold all that you can
build something, break it down,
then build again

and when you finally look up
smile at the people standing beside you.