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## f. warden

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## f. warden

by Natalie Turner

You are the last pack of Oreos on the shelf before  
nuclear apocalypse. You are the sensation of a smile  
lingering on lonely lips, back turned, fingers coiled  
around an alien zygote that may one day  
grow up to be called "two cats in the yard."

You are the triumphant roar of early man to a  
rolling storm, saber-toothed throats, thumping  
bare chests borne. You are the glass against my face  
in a car without air conditioning. You are the final blow  
of a sparring match three hours strong, blood and iron,  
oiled keys. You are my last words etched  
underneath my tongue sixty-six years in advance,  
sixty-seven years before we know  
if we'll meet again in Heaven or in Hell.