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## UA37/2 If This Next Apocalypse Gets Canceled or Postponed

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## **If This Next Apocalypse Gets Canceled Or Postponed**

Oh Dear, can we busy ourselves trying to guess the words in a postcard sent by a pilot  
to himself at his next destination?

Can we patent a method of trading places with our reflections in the mirror?

I want to prove that San Antonio is the receptionist's desk at a summer resort for angels.

Let's go to an unfamiliar city at night, and let's get so hungry and tired that the squeaking  
room service cart makes a music more beautiful than Brahms.

Let's let the different words for yearning die on our tongues  
as if they've just stung the different words for satisfied.

Can we find words for every feeling that our cleverness can't comprehend,  
every thought we can't express when awake?

I want to prove that the plays attributed to Shakespeare were written in a creaking attic  
by a manicurist whose second language was nail polish.

Can we live like somewhere in the future we sit, dazed and amazed, remembering  
what we did today, wishing we could reach into the past to give ourselves a high five?

Let's plot a way to die with the dignity of a snowman and the raccoon frozen inside its torso.

Let's sleep with the window open, with the scent of lavender,  
with the sound of rain stunning our restored hearts.

I want to prove that gray skies and rain were born when God finally did the dishes  
and drained the sink after a hard night of making and unmaking.

Ah Love, let's climb into this wreckage and let the night be a story that keeps dreaming itself,  
a new beginning, a better middle, and in the end,

your name running just past my ability to say it.