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UA37/2 Love As The World Ends

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Love As The World Ends

'A': An honors student crams all night in case the test's not canceled.

Bison stampeding are rendered invisible by frost on windshields.

Children unborn, names already chosen, painted on cribs, blue and pink smell of paint drying.

Dollars fall from the sky instead of rockets in our last dreams.

Everything done gets undone.

F: this.

Going, going, gonged.

Hungry for forgiveness, for another shot, for a last look from the bridge at the sparkling sun
skimming the scalloped waves.

Ill: Kids say "sick" but mean something else. Al Gore said the world has a fever.

Just us: sacks of skin that want to touch and be touched, that want and wont and need and knead,
sources of injustice, gathering places for goosebumps

Keep playing guitar. What song will you pick? You can't
keep anything. But what if you could? What would you keep?

Like the simile, we're going the way of the Liaoceratops.

Making love might make us forget that we're about to explode
might be the last come-on.

Anyway, this feels like the ultimate ultimatum.

Optimists, even the end of the world isn't the end of the world to you.

Poems are prayers that pop.

Cue the doomsday prophets, gleeful about finally being right.

Re-reading Rimbaud in a ragged voice sets the right mood for the day on fire.

Smoking: No reason not to start now.

There may not be there, depending on where we're going.

Underwear: Wear a clean pair.

Valery called perfume the refuse of flowers. Now you know that.

We were totally lied to by that REM song.

Exes: At least you won't bump into them in clubs any more.

Yesterday we said *yes* and *yes* and yet and yet.

Zoo: We were the animals. They shouldn't have fed us.