

Poems before an Apocalypse

I wonder where I'll be
on the Apocalypse
if I'll be
alive or dead
if I'll try to save any
of my poems
or if I won't care

chances are
I'll be here

watching it from
my window

the tornados
of fire

the leaves
like bled corpses

me
trying to
get the last few
words out

before being
swallowed up