

Apocalypse Dream Again

2017 Poetry Prize Winner

We want the world
to be nice for our children,
for our wild ideas of children,
for our asymptotic zygote
Fibonacci-spiral
little freaks, who'll shovel
the last rations into their
dirty fertilized mouths.
So selfish to want
the water and the bread
for our big old selves
to want
to divine a proportion
with our own torsos and to perish
and perish and perish
in a pastiche of apocalyptic
landscapes, roving cannibals,
closed shopfronts, once-impossible
love now entirely probable,
over dust sandwiches in the dust park,
over dust cake in the dust hall,
we can talk about how poetry
rarely addresses the very
end, doubles back on itself,
a droplet of water left for the two of us
to split in two, the sadness of a moonpie,
knowing full well it's your last.
Oh hell, what's another long shower,
another can crushed to the skull and slam-dunked
in the trash. I can hear my children
wailing back to me through the future-conduit,
can hear them telling me
to stop talking, stop talking, stop talking,
their voices doubled and tripled like a chorus
of hoarseness, go back to your bed,

a good way to not propagate is to never
ever let someone trace their finger
along your Golden Ratio, to fold
in on yourself, perfect spiral
and no eye rolls,
you're better off
under there, no a bit farther, no a bit
farther, okay there.