

A version of “slipping between dimensions & the world ends” published with *Moon City Review* this year.

slipping between dimensions & the world ends

I know what you're thinking, but there is no happy ending. we will not gather as one, our hands over our salivating mouths, our eyes thin as paper. we will not come together arm-in-arm. we will not photograph ourselves, our hair braided with oil & water, for future evolutionary bipedals to caress. we will claw slick earth. we will bury ourselves like moles & live beneath the ground afraid & alone. we will lose our sight, our trimmed fingernails. we will grow elongated muzzles, furred bellies. armageddon is already here, living inside the lining of our wombs, the rotten pear skins melting into the soil, the leftovers of a swift's nest. if this ending were a serpent, it would have already swallowed its own tail. it isn't predator or devil or extraterrestrial. I know you feel like you can disappear sometimes & isn't that enough? other versions of ourselves propel us as we gorge on the dead, their good deeds syrup on our fingers.