

### **On the Last Day**

What would it be like on the last day of the world? I have not spent a lot of time considering the Apocalypse, but thanks to a very provocative workshop led by Jennifer Hancock, (<http://www.coloradomesa.edu/shared/facprofiles/jhancock.html>) professor of English at CMU, I had the chance to consider it.

We read some fantastic end of the world poems, including Robert Frost's "Fire and Ice," and then one of the prompts she offered us was to consider what it might look like, that last day of the world.

Where would you be? Who would you be with? What would it look like? Write your own imagining. Here is mine.

### **This Is Not a Test**

The stars will not  
appear tonight.  
The plums will not  
release their pink plum scent  
when their thick dark skin  
is broken. The grass will need  
not be mowed tonight,  
nor the lamb's quarters pulled  
from the garden. The birds  
will not require shushing  
tonight as the baby needs not  
be cradled to sleep. And I  
shall not kiss your lips tonight,  
nor straighten your rumpled collar.  
And the paint on the wall  
will not need repainting.  
The car need not be waxed.  
No one will be here  
to mourn or to cheer,  
or to say that it happened at all.