

## **This Is the Way the World Ends**

From the other side of the world a dazzling light  
approached. This is how the story will be told. At

first just a gleam, a tendril of light eclipsing  
the night. This is the way of the world, it was said.

A body at rest: eyes closed, skin the color of  
a new moon, a hue so bright you'd believe your own

body would glow in the pitch of night. This cannot  
be said. Moments later a bang was heard, few were

awake when it happened; a deafening whistle  
that rattled the brain—the world went mute. Then came a

heat—the heat of the world rose to meet the body's  
blood boil. This is when the body gives in to the

coming light. This is the will of our body. Our  
greasy coat peeled off, flesh gone to bone, muscles dried

out like severed ears or peach halves on the kitchen  
counter; flames licking fat, then split yellow wick shrinks

the body, split atoms leak, vaporize. Faces  
yawn into skulls. We will. We will. This cannot be

done. We be. We were. We sun. We become undone.