

WHEN THE APOCALYPSE COMES

I've never believed
in the 'American Dream'.
Never mind that I'm Canadian,
I know
there will be no picket fence,
no two-point-five children.

Why are youth these days so depressed,
when we watch tragedy happen
in real time now.
A moment of silence for it all
and I would never speak.
I refuse to carry the weight
of everyone's mistakes
on bones designed to hold
one person.

I tell people I have no plan
because I didn't expect to get this far.
Recruiters call like shopkeepers,
saying they hold the future,
while I
resolutely go backwards,
working mud and wheat.
Let ambition rot
to grow later,
like heirloom tomato seeds.

When the apocalypse comes,
I won't be the chosen one.
I will scream that it's okay
if the only part of the world anyone saves
is themselves,
and let that be enough.