

Another Ending

by David Ackley

you tell
a stranger's story
because your own...well

They're all fungible anyway,
right?

A man...no make it a woman,
is on an ascending escalator:
halfway, she imagines a goat

about to be devoured by a panther
that used to be her ex.

Sure enough, here he comes,
on the down-run:
(Is that her gun?)

As if a kind of logic says
that up must have its down
That what is joined together
must be wrenched asunder

I'd have them pass with secret
smiles meant only for each other

