

# 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

