

Is This Is The End

by Jack Woods

In case of emergency, dial three digits and ask for the personal
pronoun Help,
 tell them I (John) sent you,
 she will want to know what happened...
—Tell them the floor collapsed beneath your feet reaching for the
stars
 consumed by an Earth quaked in decision
Tell them he was on Greefire attempting an experimental return to
eternity
 punished by academic's into weapons-grade graduations
Tell them I forgot to maintain the casual relic of existence,
That it couldn't be helped, that time is everything we must sacrifice
 to order future's past
Tell them you saw the whole thing, or I saw it or we witness lost
translations
 below the balcony's glass floor, one hundred stories over
Tokyo
 with nothing but a coin to name
Tell them the terminal velocity of mind and surpass their mach 1
with
 your gentle speed of light,
Blame the blank faces lining the quantum crosswalk for igniting
Schrödinger's
 last cigarette to cleanse geometry of our paperback woes,
Show them my body leaning Pisa, invisible on the eyes of a dead city
Hung in silent awe full of spectacle, sending messages incapable of
language
 beyond elastic metaphors equally lost and tried,
Tell them; you will release her if that's all they want, whom agree
asking
 for more to truly monopolise another's apocalypse,

Tell them please convince them crazy take less than selfless
Lucifer's giving
 to satisfy a personal heartache,
Tell them it is immoral to trust one's hand to their shot of halo--a hit
 of socially acceptable heroin, preaches the better man
A better man to blame for the destruction of utopia, holding chaos
hostage
 we watch shadow's illuminate Platonic cave turning mind
and body
 against us, each jealous of their dimensions taken for
granted,
Tell them those damned kids did it again,
Show them three or seven dissolve behind Old Man Trump to slide a
single
 dollar in his pocket, whom in turn receive 50 lashes and
forever
 probation, "you gotta earn your keep..."
Tell them the accident is the medium riding a fragile thread,
connecting each
 failed arrow to the roulette of reality,
Give them reason to doubt the alphabet painted soft in every
memory,
 devising rules of grammar to usurp our purpose,
"Tell them we have too much freedom—"
 yells the silhouette beneath your window as you
turn and watch ununiformed officers slit his throat—bag,
boot and
 drive, all too quick in the wild of imagination,
Ask her what this all means, are we watched or beings watching?
 do we affect the passed?
Ask if I'm real, you're real, this page is real or simply locked to
Physic's syntax
 communicating unseen between a conscious stardust of
disorder,

Ask them if this phone call is merely another persuasion and art is
nothing
more than coming to terms with what is on the other end;
Can help be our only end?

Epilogue

Remind them of the harmonics and hired symmetry tied to an
imagined theme,
Tried first to the inconspicuous fabric of Brain Jones culture
swooping grey
desserts for every final feed, while
The last supper stretches to begin history as we tell succeeding
generations
what it all means,
To tell to show to reveal the face and discard another bad apple into
the
eyes of Eden,
Tired of tomorrow, another perfect day,
Show them perfection is the inverse-square of time devoured in
relative's
at the edge of infinity,
That we could be watching light on the back of our light-speed
tortoise,
residing careful on every speed of light's turtle all the way
down,
Tell them words are math counting forever four letters of truth,
Tell them we no longer see but to hear the broken voices of our
brother's
o' our sisters!
leak through the void; a something
Tell them the tragedy of the lie Lazarus waits to reveal,
That everything ends, but which end?
Tell them the here, and die one martyr short of mortality,

To leave me rest and avoid the words bringing me back from
nowhere,
Tell them I lost the draft, and recreating manuscripts are the true
war,
To recall a memory so fragile and thin, faint but patient for the idle
observer to reconnect the last genetic's string we forget,
Ask them: if this were the last poem of our forgotten civilisation,
would these words be enough
to create us?

