

# A Letter

*by* stephen hastings-king

I write to you from waiting for the world to end. I will leave this in a desk drawer. I sat here for many years. The buyout transformed it into furniture.

I put the best face on things. I adhere to routine. I do not discuss it. Sometimes I think about buying a gun. But I do not know what I would do with it.

The future used to look like the present except a little bigger like it was in a mirror. I felt like I could walk to it.

Lately, I have started going to a different bar. It is long and narrow and smoky. It is lit with Christmas lights and has Madonnas and tinsel and country music. I listen to the jukebox. I think about furniture. I drink until continuity breaks.

I do not know what it will be like on the far side of the end. It makes me anxious. I wanted to say that to someone. So I write to you. I do not know who you are.

