2008

The Final Chapter

Josh Davis

Follow this and additional works at: http://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger

Part of the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation

Available at: http://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol2008/iss1/51

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by UR Scholarship Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Messenger by an authorized administrator of UR Scholarship Repository. For more information, please contact scholarshiprepository@richmond.edu.
THE FINAL CHAPTER

Josh Davis

First, the bridges began collapsing.
then cars began imploding (I think the Audis were
the first to go).
one day the sun didn’t rise.
the scientists weren’t sure what to make of it
but they were confident that the sun was still completely functional.
they posited that the earth had gone awry.

A little time passed and then babies stopped crying.
there was an uproar and in the confusion someone grabbed a shotgun.
sadness was descending upon the earth.
but the poets claimed they understood precisely what was happening.
millions of poets set off on a journey.
they were going to stop the penguins.
less than seven poets remained when they reached the edge of the world.
across an unfathomable distance they were distracted by a wondrous sight.
however, before any report could be made, those poets vanished
into the thinnest air any of them had ever seen.

All we know is that for the next three days
a distant cry could be heard echoing throughout
the expanse of temporal reality—

Pterodactyls are powerful beings and they demand respect,
even from the grave.
the penguins had offended the pterodactyls,
although we never completely understood how they had done so.
perhaps it was the posture of the penguins.
we weren’t sure what, but there was something wrong with their attitude.
those of us that were left tried to reason with the penguins,
but those damn birds wouldn’t listen.
like most creatures of majesty, the penguins were victims of their own hubris.
for their blind pride, we were condemned—
They should have known their limits.

Some of us were consumed by our anger,
but as pieces of earth began crumbling away,
a precious young girl of about age four showed mankind how to die:

she was spinning
and spinning.
one of us stood beside her,
then another.
then another and another.
we were spinning then.
we all began to spin.