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I Know How It Ends // Richard Jennis

In an organic diner in Portland we sit drinking sanitized coffee in a room full of salsa dancers. You say that coffee tastes better if we imagine we're the human vestigial of a robotic future, and I say that the entire technological race can be expunged by a virus some hacker created. Hackers are clever that way, like artists and dictators all they want is for their dream to spread.

I crashed your car one summer morning when the birds were fluctuating like marionettes, crookedly northbound in the sweltering heat. The thermometer read 114 degrees Fahrenheit, but only a week before it was -33. The whole weather forecast is fucked, and Matt Marshall, weather man channel 4, recently quit and named his Rottweiler his successor. I think the Rottweiler's doing a damn good job. Your car isn't, it's probably still on fire, blazing bright under an apocalyptic sun.

What can I tell you about my life? I am doing well, I suppose, only I am suppressing that familiar longing to fly. I forget my wings were severed during Armageddon, when Lucifer finally got to fight Michael. While I was distracted watching Gabriel summon his seraphs with his horn, the demons dewinged me with gargantuan scissors. Snip, snip. You're human now. Welcome to earth. Don't fret, the humans have a ritual just like this, it hurts much more. But humans don't have wings. No. No they don't.

I'm so lost without your road map smile. We used to go on adventures and then we weren't in Portland anymore. Now you're off scouring east Poland for traces of god; you hold witness to a sunset that bleaches the fields with all the wrong colors. I'm dreaming of a city where the woods part to make room for you like conquered seas. I want to be charged egregious sums for organic food, only to have it go bad overnight. I want to see feminist literature lining all the shelves of all the bookstores. I want to stare up at a bedazzled sky alongside

you and forget we're mortal.

The moment you departed, the moon feasted on the sun. You left the day of the eclipse.