

Kate Houston

Snapshot Endings

I

... The anticipated ending stretches forward, dripping hungrily on the path
Like rain. Staining stones darker as words attempt to fill the gap
Between this point and somewhere just past my horizon.
Body aching, waiting, for my chalk outline. The last mark I'll make,
White and pure, unlike the life taking it's last steps.

II

... Screeching brakes and crunching metal as gravity falls away.
Tumbling upwards, being pulled by an invisible string held
By a clenched fist, soon to become a fatherly
Embrace between insubstantial beings who feel too much.

III

... Bleached walls stare into pale skin, each keeping the warmth
In while the branch outside knocks, drum-like,
Pounding out a rhythm in harmony with cold machinery.
A continuous shriek throbs against the wall
And the tree falls silent after receiving no entry.

IV

... If you come to the end of the road, stop. If you can't live with yourself,
Don't. No easier to describe my feelings in scrawled letters
Than in conversations, so the note stays unfinished.
One last breath drawn, shakily, then I end something
For the first time.