

# Endgame

by [Romain P. A. Delpeuch](#) (July 2023)



*Einsamer Mann auf einer Düne*, Max Liebermann, c. 1908

**The door is** shut, and I am left outside.  
I will not even get to bang on it.  
I wouldn't dare. And I don't really want to.  
A ray of light through spaces cuts a line,  
where all the objects I could see have vanished—  
at once—and left the world so void. This thread  
is hanging there for hope: the damned get high,  
then lower, further down, when from their touch  
it breaks. But always there's another one.  
For hell is made of hope, and hope of light,  
the drug we can't get off, whose dealer's Name  
should not in vain be taken. We are duped;  
I let myself be doped and caught in dreams.

My place is in the outer darkness, with  
“idolaters, and whosoever loves  
and makes a lie,” for poets always lie—  
though through their lies it’s truth they want to serve.

I drink some light, that from the ceiling oozes,  
and music from the upstairs neighbors’ dancing  
keeps me from fading right away, maintains  
my sense of being here, just long enough  
to feel unfolding some few moments more,  
beads adding up to everlasting chains,  
in rosaries of prayers I dare not speak—  
for I don’t know who’s listening to them.

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