

The World as We Know It

by Eric Rozenman (December 2015)

At the end of the cul-de-sac

At the end of the world as we know it

On a sleepy Sunday morning

In the tree-line along the driveway

Deer survive somehow, squeezed between two subdivisions

Beyond which the world's in flames.

Refugees run for it

By the millions and holy men

Build bombs, nuclear bombs when they can

Suicide vests if not to impose

Their scripture upon the corrupt of the earth

That is to say on us,

Infidels who beg to differ

Beg is all they allow and then but briefly

Their swords are not sharp

Better to make their point

At the end of the world

As we know it

Aroma of percolating coffee

On a sleepy Sunday morning

Reaffirms that all is quiet
For now, the kids in grad school
The mortgage nearly paid
Just in time for the end of the world
As we know it, the previews of which
Run in newspaper headlines and television news breaks
While an international orchestra
Plays soundless notes for its deaf conductor;
Why doesn't the audience scream?
Instead it sips champagne at intermission
Of this opening and closing performance of
The end of the world as we know it.

The writer is a Washington, D.C.-based news media analyst. Any opinions expressed above are solely his own.

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