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Jump Cut to a New Century

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What are we doing here
deciphering scribbles at the end of the world?

Everyone else is at the game
watching lizards crack their hard skins together.

Everyone else is watching children run
stoplights, placing bets.

Down the street, a former boy scout stutters lullabies
as he dices infidels from rival towns.

No one understands the words he's saying,
but no one laughs.

His voice is like music to us now, even as it grates.
Can you blame us, the birds being gone?

Nothing waits long enough to ripen, or ripens too fast.
Crocuses are surprised by sudden pumpkins.

Women sunbathe while icicles drip. They complain
because everything burns these days.

Meanwhile, a few of us gather bits of paper
that used to be somebody's deeds, bills, pieces

that the other scavengers missed. We collect
charred wood, formerly a dinette set, forging pencils.