

End/Beginning

If we should wake upon some quiet morn
And find ourselves beneath a quilt of ash,
And in the sky a winged bird should flash,
We'll ask ourselves if we have been reborn.
If in our ears we hear that mournful horn
And time has pulled the grains straight through the glass
We'll rise, our tattered bodies unabashed,
To join the Earth in firestorm restored.
Or maybe this itself is but a dream,
Fear-sodden, sand flying, we bend beneath
The vicious red; the ground beneath us quakes,
Pulls from your lips a final, single scream.
Beginning, end...we all must simply breathe;
To live, to die, we sleep and then we wake.

– *Jenny O'Grady*

