

In Which Two Stoners Watch the End of the World

Ace Anthony

The sky opens up like muscle peeling back from bone.

Tracery from the old cathedral walls carve designs into the night, illuminating the end of the world as light sputters into charcoal pews half-destroyed already.

Our mouths are full of smoke and ricocheting epitaphs that drip thick into our lungs.

Polaris, patron of irresolution and grief, slams hard into the asphalt parking lot.

You ask if I've ever believed in God; I have enough faith to last me a month, at best, but I'll share the rest for this moment.

I am a believer that becomes molten, then man, then the mimicry of fireflies and their hum sounding sober in this midnight entropy.

I inhale tremors of storm that crawl to reach us, electric in their technicolored rays refracting over a thousand times.

My hands are volatile and clumsy as they pass back the joint.

I exhale our disbelief and the wet pulse at the back of my throat singing of purpose that's no longer needed.

Our jaws crack open to taste the stars pursuing the edge of the world as our tongues bend in anticipation.

My hand grasps yours in horror and we run from the gaze of the crucifix above us on the witness stand, shivering with uncertainty.

The sky breathes shockwave lightning stretching like pale antlers across cumulonimbus havoc, each flare igniting the scene in which reality appears. You laugh in delirium.

We'll start with the apocalypse and take it from there.