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f. warden

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f. warden

by Natalie Turner

You are the last pack of Oreos on the shelf before
nuclear apocalypse. You are the sensation of a smile
lingering on lonely lips, back turned, fingers coiled
around an alien zygote that may one day
grow up to be called "two cats in the yard."

You are the triumphant roar of early man to a
rolling storm, saber-toothed throats, thumping
bare chests borne. You are the glass against my face
in a car without air conditioning. You are the final blow
of a sparring match three hours strong, blood and iron,
oiled keys. You are my last words etched
underneath my tongue sixty-six years in advance,
sixty-seven years before we know
if we'll meet again in Heaven or in Hell.