



The North Meridian Review

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Untitled

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“UNTITLED”

RICARDO QUINTANA-VALLEJO

Today I was afraid the Universe would end
of all consuming fire or second flooding,
if that's more your style. It would start
with a single broken toaster or light rain,
but the key is it wouldn't stop.

I was afraid of marinara stains on my collar
in the interview I'd been waiting for
for months. Of my words being dull
or simple or not relevant
at all.

Most of all I was afraid of the porch
vanishing where we will sit and rock
when we are old men and watch
our dogs or children play;
Of the wind or fire or rain.