

Stephen Robertson

In my end...

This train terminates here.

Please take all your belongings with you,
and could the last person to alight please switch off the lights.
This departure has arrived.
The locomotive will desist from locomotion,
this is our final destination.
These are the buffers, this is the end of the line.

The last post has been sounded.
The last post has been collected.
The last word has been had.

Nothing remains
but the fuzzy end of the lollipop and the squeezed out tube of toothpaste
that the saxophonist left behind.

This is the heat-death of the universe;
the restaurant has closed,
and that was the last syllabub of recorded time.
From the bottom of the barrel
the sound of scraping has ceased.

This drain germinates here.