

## How the World Will End

This is how the world will end: a somber-faced reporter, her make-up freshly applied, her hair perfectly coiffed, wearing a smart blue suit. Her professional voice will waver on the word “missile.” She will speculate about triangulations over night-vision green images of jungle-gun fights that will stand in for footage of the warhead: horsemen of the Apocalypse cannot be captured by conventional means of photography. She will continue to speak until interrupted by dead air.

The world will fall silent, preternaturally so, stripped of the sounds behind which silence hides. Gone will be voices, laughing and arguing. Gone will be guttural engines, gone chirping of cellular phones and birds alike. Gone doppling sonic booms, gone sounds of industry and business, gone jackhammers and opening doors and music. Gone, gone, gone.

In the sudden stillness of angels, we will take each other’s hands and set out into the unknown, past abandoned cars and houses, in search of edible food and potable water. We will pass entire buildings whose facades have crumbled into fine dust that will cling to our shoes and pants and eyes and lungs, and we will hold our breath as we pass for fear of ghosts. We will seek nature and wilderness, hope and survival.

We will find a river. We will pause on its muddy bank, listening to its heart thunder along its way. We will disrobe and plunge into it, allowing the water closing over our heads to drown out the empty silence of the world. There in the clear, cool water, our flesh will gooseprickle as our bodies glance against each other.

We will continue on, and we will find a mountain, which we will climb. We will sweat as we do so, and our bodies will

shimmer in the moonlight, moisture glistening pearl-like on our foreheads, on our limbs. We will sigh with pleasure at the whispering caress of the night-breeze.

On the mountain we will lie together. The soft, loose soil will be our bed. We will be thirsty, and I will drink of you until we both are satisfied, my thirst quenched and yours forgotten. We will cry out together, in pleasure and in greed, and afterward we will lay on the soft soil, under a great silver moon, glowing warmly green as the radiation seeps into our bones, and we will watch the world end, again. And again.

And again.

*-Will Entrekin*