

## ISHTAR PONDERES THE APOCALYPSE

at the end of this, the world tree will bleed  
kinship and i will be taking a drag thinking  
that the last words you've ever said to me  
were, baby how great would it be if you  
put on a uniform. your medical fetish has  
never been my thing. not really. but i would suck  
a catheter clean if it pleases you, darling.  
i have no scruples when it comes to

you coming unto my unraveling skin, stitch  
by stitch, the way god made me. and this is  
the end, you see. you said when the end comes,  
you will drink and fuck and smoke cigars. but like,  
you don't even make enough money for booze, so  
let me sip you. it's all you've got. remember my  
voice laughing over your naked ash; remember,  
i never once stuttered when i said i loved you.

- Jocelyn Suarez

## WHEN WE DIE, WE DON'T GO TO HEAVEN--

instead, we land upon the nebulous shores  
of the Andromeda; her arms open into spirals  
of blue blinking one trillion light bulbs for  
the auspicious occasion of your arrival.

welcome to Messier 31, also known as  
NGC 224, or among its shapeless residents,  
Solar System 2.0 where fumes from hungry  
ghost festivals build our atmosphere and we

breathe incense even though we have no  
lungs. they were right when they said that burnt  
offerings of cars and prada bags cross the afterlife.  
this is our second coming. our collective heaven

and hell. standing by to witness our old world  
unfold, our children grow old, and burst into the  
ashes that they were once made of, going god  
only knows where. in here, we do nothing but

wait, until 4.5 billion years later, we find our  
astral plane collide, this afterlife with the actual  
life. if we last that long. after all, entropy is all  
that remains across all of the universe.

in here, we wait. we, observers of the worlds.  
breathless astronauts. limbless historians. this  
will take time. existence allows no space for  
forgiveness, knows neither death nor origin.

you were wrong, darling; so for now, get yourself  
an earth-line, call your parents. ask them to  
burn you an iphone, some cigarettes, and the bunch  
of pills you took to escape there. we'll be here

awhile.

- Jocelyn Suarez