

Angus will be gone someday

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one day, many days from now,
Angus, Ontario will cease to exist
my high school will be gone, with its great glass skeleton
where i wanted the touch of a boy i knew
so badly i tried to choke myself in the stairway
the holy roller church down the road
& their god in his everlasting torment
will be gone
the road separating the catholics and the prots
the pizza pizza, the timmies,
the clocktower, its haunted summer music
gone, gone, gone
faded into the deepest part of memory
like the true name of gobekli tepe
the tanks ornamenting the edge of town will rot
and Angus will sink back into the
marsh from which it was razed

the new inhabitants will be glorious
and indescribable to the human ear
their aeon will last until the moon rises for the final time
the ghosts, too,
the ones that have haunted me for all my life
will be put to rest

down by the creek
full of flesh eating fungus
on their little island
the willows blow in the wind