

# Last Poem

*by Gary Hardaway*

At some point  
in the locus of points  
it will be true. When

the heart stops  
caring enough to squeeze  
pallid blood through

or the voice that wants  
to be inscribed  
forgets the sounds

the vowels make  
or the shapes  
of the consonants.

Some one  
must be the last.  
Why not this one?

