

# The 5 Senses of the Apocalypse

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The Rapture comes and goes unannounced  
in carbonated soda bubbles spicing the air.

PPPPHHHHHPPPPHHHWWWW

Cities don't matter anymore. Only light matters.

We're all alive but there is death everywhere.  
It's all over us like a stink.

The loudspeaker says  
we are birthed in rhythm with death.  
Your heart is the backbeat.

This is sweet knowledge.  
Sweet runny wisdom,  
dirty like VHS porn.

Truth is slippery,  
it can't be held.

