

# APOCALYPSE

---

Suppose it's fall and you're out walking  
stiff-legged to rustle the leaves.

Color remains in the trees—ginkgos turned to pure yellow,  
liquid ambers maroon where the sun hits first,  
then descends through yellow  
to pale green on the lowest branches.

Field binoculars hang around your neck,  
which aches from watching waxwings  
harvest berries on a mountain ash.

Suppose you notice clouds building,  
darkening to a color more ominous  
than the green sky of imminent tornados  
on the prairies in your youth.

You're certain the end of something is near,  
and turn again to the silky, gleaning birds,  
who, making their thin call, suddenly  
lift off.

~Vincent Wixon

“Apocalypse,” from *Laying By* (Flowstone Press, 2017),  
was first published in *Midwest Review* and nominated for a Pushcart Prize in 2017.