

# Thinking of the End

by John McDowell

We never tire  
thinking of the end.  
    (a dream of final  
        total violence  
        )  
    *given in a moment*  
        *in a twinkling of an eye*

(Will it be?  
Will it be

ash across our horizon?

Doomed as the dinosaurs—  
rulers of the world  
longer than we know the colors of sun  
across the prairie—  
swept by ancient rivers  
to graves on sandbars.

(Yes, now that we wield

the spade      we will  
                  we will  
    know your final      humiliation/the angle  
of                    death.

So, we classify but do not ask,  
what was your last expectation?  
Did you know that bright light  
in the late cretaceous sky  
as a meteor rained down for your apocalypse?

Surely, you who thundered these plains  
understood how temporary  
this planet's flight  
falls between twin eternities.

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