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End of the Road

Keelie Mlay

Winthrop University

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End of the road
Late night long drives don’t want to get there
Breakfast at midnight then slept through three alarms
World’s worst-for-you ice cream sundae
And worlds tightest hugs

End of the trail
Cold hands hooked arms wanna walk forever
Herd of three dogs and a deer hike with us
Waterfall and bear-cave and fallen logs
And tree leaf memories

End of the line
Moon shining through the window don’t want to hang up
Watch the sunrise from a million miles and almost an hour away
No voice just breath and you in third space
And whispered promises

End of the world
Kiss goodbye don’t want to let go
Two months between now and the next first day
Promise you’ll visit, what if you forget me and I’m scared to be alone