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Apocalypse

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Apocalypse
Elizabeth Wiles

I hate the smoke in the air and in the skies.
I can barely see a thing under its breath,
a dragon's disguise.

I hate the smell of new buildings and crisp walls.
All the tie pins, cufflinks, and red ribbon are
blood on corporate gauze.

I hate these machines we have built to survive.
Locked out but what passcode can save our empty
aluminum lives?

I hate the sight of all the coral wastelands.
Mouths sealed shut; swimmers so parched and still.
Landfills in flaked sand.

I hate the sound of gavels and green allies.
Three months with no change and soon he'll be
back between her thighs.

I hate the laughs, our country is now a joke.
We need to rise against this apocalypse.
No more vile, white cloaks.

The end is coming, look up and you will see,
this world is advanced, bigoted, and not
what it's meant to be.