

# “Knowing How”

by

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We will end not with a bang, but with a whimper.

The feathers will fall from our wings  
in a cascade of grey and white and red  
and the husks of who we were will  
break apart and scatter to the winds.

Our feet will crack and bleed  
into the pavement of our souls  
and leave behind footprints that walk backwards,  
and, oh darling, the things we do to each other.

What keeps us sane will drive others mad  
and the crescendo of their screams will  
envelope us until we breathe no more.

Our lies tattooed to our foreheads and wrists  
keep us from screaming the truth to the skies.  
We bury it down,  
down  
down  
and from its seeds will spring the reasons why.

Perfection is in the eye of he who holds your bones  
and listens to the stories told by your white porcelain fingers.  
The sky cries blue black ink and  
it smears over your skin like warpaint.

Our end will be swift and slow and cruel and oh so beautiful  
and we will die a thousand and one deaths  
just so we can continue to breathe it all in.

We will end.

Not with a whimper, but with a bang.