

*Imagine We Are the Last*

Imagine we are the last.

We two; living now beyond the battles.

And pretense is just a forgotten, childish luxury.

How will you judge me?

Are we not the last?

Will you abandon me now?

Or can we at last relent to joy?

We have traversed the void. But I will not ask for truth.

Have we not always lived this way since our first sacred breath?

I'll stir left and you right; struggling to control memory.

Working tirelessly — for meaning.

This last hope is ours to nurture and cherish.

Whisper with me, for I have always needed your voice.



“Imagine We Are the Last” by Pete Planisek

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