

End times

by [Peter Cooley](#) in the [August 19, 2015](#) issue

What would you choose? I'd like eternal life  
such as the dandelions aspire to  
across my lawn this morning. They will shine  
all day in my imagination while they rise,  
their golden crown they'll lift to throw away  
turned seeds, the fuzzy diadems plucked by the wind.  
I'll be that stalk remaining, tall, to fall.

But also I will be the wayward seed  
descending to flush the storm drain and pick clean  
the rainbows of the motor oil's sludge  
across the grates, and maybe I'll descend  
with one of the tomorrows down that drain

and then—Imagination stops me here.  
My last poem will inscribe that paradise.