



And On The 7.0 Day, He Rested

Janelle Harris

Dominican University of California

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AND ON THE 7.0 DAY, HE RESTED

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The ground merely twitched at first.
A slight hiccup really.
I thought I had tripped,
Lost equilibrium for just a moment.
The ground bellowed next.
A roar really.
Buildings shifting on their foundations
Like children's blocks sliding on a tile floor.
A siren's WAIL! fills the air
In conjunction with a mother's scream
As her child is crushed by hard, cold steel and cement.
No one believed chicken little
When he said "The Sky is falling!"
"The Sky is falling!"
The Apocalypse
Perhaps, it is the end of the world.
Pieces of metal, mud, rock, sludge
Fill the streets
Along with death.
Too much to count.
Or comprehend.
Or imagine.
The world says we steal
We are savages taking advantage of the chaos.
But we are only trying to survive.
Waiting for help,
Like children abandoned by God.