

2017

And On The 7.0 Day, He Rested

Janelle Harris

Dominican University of California

Follow this and additional works at: <http://scholar.dominican.edu/tuxedolit>



Part of the [Art and Design Commons](#), [Creative Writing Commons](#), and the [English Language and Literature Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Harris, Janelle (2017) "And On The 7.0 Day, He Rested," *The Tuxedo Archives*: Vol. 2010 , Article 4.

Available at: <http://scholar.dominican.edu/tuxedolit/vol2010/iss1/4>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Literature and Languages at Dominican Scholar. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Tuxedo Archives by an authorized editor of Dominican Scholar. For more information, please contact michael.pujals@dominican.edu.

AND ON THE 7.0 DAY, HE RESTED

Janelle Harris

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.