The End is Here (Response to “I Know the End” by Phoebe Bridgers)

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The End is Here
(Response to “I Know the End” by Phoebe Bridgers)
Rebecca Hurtado

Do you remember how the trees caught fire?
How they held the flames like a sacred heart
in a Catholic prayer.
Small particles caught
in electric silence. You said,
“High pressure hugs the sky to red.”
Like the tips of my bare toes pressing
wet footprints into sacred stone.
My goodbye printed on your porch.

Do you remember the words about knowing the end?
The song you played me across the reservoir.
The one you played on my brother’s guitar.
Well, that night it hung in the branches like lightning
hanging low. And your voice struck
me behind the eyes as
I watched you slip inside.
I know.
Your face in the kitchen window.
I know.
“Don’t worry, they’ll dry.” I said,
“I know.”

Why did we let that rumbling weather sing?
Squeezing every blue particle from the sky.
Until the red song burned all it touched,
the trees,
the hearts,
the end.