

# Endgame

by Anthony Anaxagorou

at the close of capitalism catch the professor & I  
waving our big flags at the parade

our haircuts inspired by Barthes's coinage

*gusts of life*

seniors leaning out of windows  
their imminent deaths a thing of the past

that's me in the corner suffering conclusions  
that's me itching to sing my killers to sleep

leaving them supine in a retro spa

*All Together Now* as if we were smuggling winter  
into Dartmoor as if this were a collective effort

to find the oath I buried inside a chapel organ

the professor read how my mother thought to smother  
the hour I was born in     you're right, I'm reaching

beyond the pablum for a straw man to leave my plasma  
on             muscled colonies so saccharine I could die

*All Together Now* as if we were the study of a pale body  
tanning in unison

*it's not life we want more of, it's beauty*

these days you can watch the world soften in high  
definition

watch a man fire into a crowd  
until the man becomes a government

my grandmother dug up the last of her savings  
then went on to fill her purse

the cicadas are screaming to know  
why their singular music moves me to the point of vapour

the professor believes the future is undergoing  
its final autopsy

isn't that why the highest-grossing movies  
always contain some kind of high-speed chase?

& why most conversations between strangers  
begin with the mention of weather

which in itself is a kind of light