

PUSH

MARGARET ANNE LOUGHREN

Push it down

Holding my own head under the waves
A piece of knowledge fighting back with a desperate,
Willful,
Bite to survive

To be heard

So screeching and powerful I turn my head away
Eyes directed at the corner of the room
Glance at some

minimal distraction
Some cobweb where two baseboards intersect

Ignore the wailing that does not drone on,
Eventually retreating like a wounded animal
But rather ascends,

A shrill, exponential scream

Seawater gushes into city streets, flooding
World drowning and the sun sparking into

A fiery orb,

the whole garbage planet obliterated
The wailing of every living thing rising

Our own fault

This vision I try to shove away

But it builds
Up

Until I escape the world into stardust and thrust the scream
Into my childrens unwilling grasp
Here...
Try to push it down