Apocalypse Soon

It's just rained.

The last breaths
of an autumn sun
nuzzle the back of
my neck. I walk alone
paced with a brisk step.

Ahead stands a man,
pamphlets secured in hand.
A sermon locked and
loaded within his gullet.
He wears a wry smile and
a puffy jacket that winces
with every breath.
He asks about my day,
I complain about
the sweat soaking my sweater
even though it's only
November.

We have turned our ways
towards Satan's hymn
and by that sin, Judgment Day's
cavalry rides forth to
settle the score started
by plucked rib bone's
serpent tempted lust
for fruitful balance.

Or so he says.

His snaggletooth grin
keeps with my eyes.
I stare, numb
to his noise,
wondering,
"Why the end of the world?" and if
I'd miss
it.