

# **Apocalypse Waltz**

**Philip Metres**

--after Gertrude Stein

Everyone is certain that nothing is certain,  
everything is curtailed

and nothing is open

and all we can do is play, all we can do is

all we can do and all we can do

is play

Everything is over and nothing is ever

Under the under is

all of a tremor

Something is sundered at beginning's beginning,

while under the concrete

there is a burning

and nothing is certain, everyone is certain

and all we will do is pay,

all we can do is

try to rhyme with the sun and mime with the moon,

while inside the swerving

earth is a womb

where something is shortly due to transpire,

dear implacable planet

cored by this fire

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