

Tahlia McKinnon

## The Last Dance

My heart is a pudding in my mouth  
and won't be still.

The ground beneath my feet is  
turning soft and whispering.

It calls to me and says  
'You know nothing but the wind;  
you are sentient, yet foolish  
in your misery.'

I shake my fist, I scream aloud  
but nobody can hear me  
and soon, all earthy pleasures  
start to fade.

Be still, my beating heart  
and let flowers grow  
where your head  
used to be.

I try to no avail,  
but before the sky attempts to  
swallow me up,  
I cast my fears to the dirt  
in tiny embers.

The ash cloud rages on.