

## Perhaps the World Ends Here

*after Joy Harjo*

Perhaps the world ends here...at my desk staring into the glaring blue light of the computer screen. This screen that carries me deeper, into the web of the unvetted world, its diverse, perverse and untrustworthy knowledge. This screen that connects me to work, to emails I neither want to read nor answer, to thousands of offers to buy, buy, buy after spying on my browsing search histories. There is no mystery to life once you have a portal like this. You can learn the ten thousand names of god, even the ones never to be spoken aloud, lest you invite demons, destruction.

Perhaps the world ends here...me leaning over this keyboard, typing my last words into the open document, the file format ready to receive anything, no matter its worth or accuracy, no matter its lunacy. To autosave for all eternity. Or at least until the hard drive decays in a hundred decades. Or until man-made climate change brings on the final cataclysm.

Perhaps the world ends here...today, my fingers lingering over keys, my mind wandering elsewhere. Not dwelling on the screen at all, but careening through the window, and the world's seeming reality. Two rectangular panes that overlook the hillside, down to our small village of under a hundred full-time residents. And beyond, in the distance, to the fractal curves of the coast range mountains, still so green from the long winter and spring rains. Off to the left, the mighty Pacific roars and wind shifts the sands of Cape Meares beach, our coved-in mile of paradise. Straight ahead views to the lake, filled with trout, and to the right, Garibaldi, the more bustling town across the bay. And above it all, the ever-changing hues and cloudscapes of sky that I never tire of looking up into.

Perhaps the world ends here...me brooding, yet again, over what to say and how. Pondering what matters now, and still will in a moment or a millennium.

Perhaps the world ends not in a bang or whimper, but a blink and a blank. An inexplicable flash. A cursor backspacing over all of wondrous creation.

**Lana Ayers**