Apocalypse Waltz

Philip Metres
--after Gertrude Stein

Everyone is certain that nothing is certain,
everything is curtained
    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