

# A.F.I., Spoken Poem At The End Of ...But Home

We held hands on the last night on earth. Our mouths filled with dust, we kissed in the fields and under the stars.  
The sky had come crashing down like the news of an intimate suicide. We picked up the shards and tried to make sense of it.

You said, &quot;The cinders are falling like snow.&quot; There is poetry in despair, and we tried to find it.