

you'll forget it's arson

By JeFF Stumpo



for my fellow doomscrollers

and one day you're in your apartment
and the fire alarm goes off
and you grab your baby no
you grab your shoes no
you grab no no time to grab time
to run you run your neighbors
are running there is an alarm going off
in your apartment nobody knows
what happened nobody
thinks in past tense all is present all is ing
you are all running and the alarm
is going off when another alarm
starts going off and everyone stops abrupt
ly everyone starts
running again just as abruptly just
run says your neighbor red
as an alarm red as the third alarm
ringing now from somewhere you don't know
where there are alarms going off yet

another alarm starts ringing you are losing
track of the alarms you are running
losing your shoes and your baby and you
are present gift-wrapped for the fire another
alarm the building resonating with the sound
of *get out* with the sound of *you*
are going to die this the only future
you can contemplate in the split
seconds between rings and then there is nothing
to countenance there is only the alarms constant
overlap the alarms running with you
like bulls your building is an alarm your neighbor
an alarm your legs alarms running
alarms building hives in your ears alarms
replacing all means of thinking alarms
instead of language just the running and the ringing
of alarms alarms alarms alarms alarms alarms alarms alarms

Image: "[Fire alarm](#)" ([CC BY-SA 2.0](#)) by [mike](#)