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The Beginning

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Sarah E. Oliver *The Beginning*

There was mist like this
the night we found the end of the world.
Except then it was darker and as the soft
ground moved underneath our feet
I knew
even though there was no where in particular
that we were going.
I would always remember.
Remember
the refreshing cold which warned
of the coming winter.
Remember watching our laughter, encased in white
clouds, vanishing into the night.
Remember
our arms encircling the waist of the other,
strolling, daring anyone to question what we
were doing on a night when the mist allowed
you to see only so far.
With scents of rotting leaves and clove
cigarettes, it was the night I wanted to kiss
you for the first time as I watched you stare
toward the stars
long ago, that misty night, when
we found the end of the world.