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Last Call

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Mythcon 51: The Mythic, the Fantastic, and the Alien
Albuquerque, New Mexico • Postponed to: July 30 – August 2, 2021





Last Call

by E. R. Stewart

Our inner planets whirled
Against the dark,
And no one stumbled
Backwards down to Earth.
Our bravest made
New homes on barren rocks.
They fashioned cities to
Fit the air supply.
They fought the vacuum,
Died in frozen silence.
As travel dwindles
And stars run out of fuel
And skies go dark from
Bang to final whimper,
We learn the skills to
Save what little's left.

We light the stars we use,
Turn off the rest.
This way, we'll live a
Few millennia longer,
Eke out a lasting end
With dignity.
And when, at last, the
Final radiance fails,
Aware of how the dregs must feel,
We lift up our cup and song
And celebrate the
Wealth around us.
Soon enough, the heat-death
will take us all.