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Y2K

J. Morris

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# Y2K

by J. Morris

Home in bed at midnight and no,  
my electric clock did not blink out  
and yes, my megawatt reading bulb  
burned on, illuminating the first  
complete sentence of the current thousand years,  
and all was Y2K-compliant.  
The Western world pays for the best  
and gets it.

Below, in the road, the usual cracks  
and booms and hoots as revelers  
tossed their expensive jollity into space.  
Then, rolling into the room, came a thunder.  
It grumbled like the other side of the planet,  
powerful, unavoidable, and densely  
populated. Came and went, and my light held steady,  
and a whizbang swooped past the window,  
burst into two. For the moments that  
I rolled with it, I almost thought  
*The kooks were right...* Ridiculous  
to say I was frightened,  
just briefly. I give the scare to you:  
an appointment to take with us  
onto the empty calendar,  
as the triple-zero payoff rings the bell, our machine  
loaded, not with cash,  
but with a millennium of mounting, awful debt.

