

BREAKING NEWS: July 14th, 2020. As of early this morning, a meteor a third of the size of Earth has been seen launching its way toward the planet. Arrival time is unknown, but confirmed to be soon. With this information given to us so abruptly, there's only so much we can do at this point, except hold close the ones we love and take a last look at what we have. This appears to be it. Good luck and may God be with you.

Violets sway lightly in the delicate rain.

They stand content in a field of dewy grass, the night time sky disappearing for the last time, the stars melting with the moon as the water drizzles on the soft, silky petals.

The rain comes to a halt,

and the sun makes its first appearance on the horizon behind the couplet of violets, gifting the morning of its heavenly rays. They cast the field, golden and vibrant.

A breeze moves through, gentle.

It picks up, heavies, and fresh embers fly with the wind, lacing in and out of the pollen.

They travel to the mountains in the distance,

the mountains that slowly crumble, piece by piece,

from top to bottom.

They travel to the ice caps on the side parallel to the field,

the ice caps that melt rapidly,

turning into soupy, boiling hot water.

They travel to the forests where the frizzy squirrels reside in trees.

Where the glass-eyed deer roam quietly through the brush.

Where the hares thump absent-mindedly through the grass,
unaware of what's to come.

The embers float through the leaves and land amongst them on the forest floor,
where the deer curiously sniff them in their unfamiliar burning scent,
unaware of what's to come.

The embers land idly in the trees where they're fueled and fed;
where they fabricate their flames.

The fire grows large,

larger,

and the trees in the forest become bathed in flames.

And the squirrels scurry

And the deer prance away, cornered, with nowhere else to go.

Eventually, the flames stretch to the buildings, the city,
and engulf the towering structures in scorching white light.

And the people are trapped,

and they scream for help,

and there's nowhere else to go.

But the Earth doesn't stop.

It continues to rotate despite the flame-lit rock headed toward it, the bullet shot by God, traveling
faster and faster as it rips through space.

It gets closer.

Closer now,

even closer,

until

...

Like a candle in a dark room, the planet ignites. The flames fly bright.

Slowly,

They wilt with the lost souls that used to inhabit it. The Earth's core exposes like a skeleton.

A butterfly flaps out of the blackness of the universe, staggering, making its own way to that broken rock.

It passes through Earth's sky-- a searing white, then gray, then black. Up above, it's all a mess of concrete. Dust and ashes.

Its electric blue wings beat through the black smoke. It flutters past mountains of collision, hills
of

crushed bone and shredded skin.

It floats peacefully over a field of disintegrated violets, buried in a valley of dead people, of collective flatlined consciousness.

The butterfly lands its dainty legs on a crisp, blackened hand sticking out of the debris, on the hand's curled, limp fingers.

It sits idly. Content. Unaware of what has happened.

Opening its bright wings, closing them.

And just like that.

Blown past bone, eroded to nothing in a second.

All the proof is diminished in the snap of a finger,
a blink of an eye.

It's all gone.

All of it.