

# *The Last Today*

By David Hurtado

Tomorrow belonged to us,  
as promising as a sunrise.  
Today fire poured down on us  
like God's wrath from the skies.

They came without warning  
and killed based on a guess.  
Does anyone hear our mourning?  
Are they deaf without The Press?

Blinded by tears we ran together  
through the dust we'd soon become.  
But then I felt cocooned in pressure.  
Where my legs should be was numb.

I looked up to see you in the sky  
and reached out to catch you.  
You had always wanted to fly  
among that calm golden blue.

Now we crawled in the dirt  
to share one last moment.  
Soon rubble will bury our hurt  
while they mock atonement.

As I stare into your fading eyes  
and your heart slows with mine  
I hope one day our people rise  
in a land of peace and sunshine.