## The Day The World Ends: A Collection of Poems About the End of the World

The end of the world is a topic that has fascinated and terrified humanity for centuries. From religious prophecies to scientific predictions, the idea of the world coming to an end has been explored in countless works of art, literature, and music. Poetry is no exception, and there are many powerful and moving poems that have been written about the end of the world.



The Day the World Ends: Poems by Ethan Coen

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This collection of poems offers a glimpse into the many ways that poets have imagined the end of the world. From the sublime to the terrifying, these poems explore the emotions and experiences that might accompany the end of all things. Whether you are looking for a thought-provoking read or simply a way to contemplate the fragility of life, you are sure to find something to appreciate in this collection.

#### By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

From the dark chambers of my brain Leap forth the thoughts that long have lain Imprisoned there, like captives chained, And clutch my soul in their cold, damp hands.

I see the end of all things near, The chaos and the darkness drear, The final crash, the universal fear, The doom of nations and the fall of man.

I see the earth in flames consumed, The heavens in blackness all entombed, The sun and moon extinguished, and the stars Blotted out forever from the universe.

I see the oceans boiling high, The mountains crumbling to the sky, The land convulsed, the seas a-cry, And all the elements in mutiny.

I see the wicked in their pain, The righteous in their grief and strain, The good and bad, the rich and poor, All mingled in one common doom.

I see the stars and planets fall, The universe dissolved in fire, And all the works of man become As ashes in the wind and dust of time.

I see the end of all things near, The chaos and the darkness drear, The final crash, the universal fear, The doom of nations and the fall of man.

By William Butler Yeats

And what if this our earth, our home, Our dear green home, our watery home, Were changed, as God were sick and tired, To a dead cinder, and

the harmless air To poison, and the seas to barren mire, And the white stars to blood and the red sun To a grey, ghastly disc, and all men gone Dumb, blind, deaf, mad, and every blade of grass To a crawling abomination?

And what if God, the great artificer Of these, as of all other things, Foreseeing this that he would make should pass Wearied of it, and gave it up to Chaos, And if, besides, he had no need Of other worlds, and, we being gone, Were no more mindful of us than of flies That in the sunlight of a summer morn Pass, and the gaze of a child following them, Or as of gnats that in his glass swim Slowly, and soon are dead?

And if God, casting out The world and us, emptied of all delight, Stood silent in the waste of endless night, With hands omnipotent, and face of stone, And blank, blind eyes, and awful, tongueless mouth, Uttering no word, and mindful of no thing, And if, seeing, we the very things he has made, Were sick and mad, and wondering, had grown Dumb, blind, deaf, mad, and every blade of grass To a crawling abomination?

#### By Ezra Pound

And then the angels Cut the green cord that held the earth to heaven, And the grey waters / rose Splashing over mountain tops And the dead came up Out of the holes, the holes, the holes in the sides Of the earth—

And the earth was drowned And the moon was drowned And the stars were drowned All drowned, all drowned, And there was only a grey sw Imm Ing

And the only thing moving On the face of the waters Was a lean cat And the cat was walking on the water As the lean cat walks On the wind.

#### By Sylvia Plath

The day the world ends, I will be sitting here, writing the last lines of what will be my last poem. The pen, the paper, the chair, the room, the house, the street, the town, the country, the planet, the solar system, the galaxy, the universe, everything will be gone. And I will be here, writing the last lines of what will be my last poem. The day the world ends, I will be here, writing the last lines of what will be my last poem. The town, the country, the planet, the solar system, the galaxy, the universe, everything will be my last poem. The pen, the paper, the chair, the room, the house, the street, the town, the country, the planet, the solar system, the galaxy, the universe, everything will be gone. And I will be here, writing the last lines of what will be my last poem. The day the world ends, I will be here, writing the last lines of what will be my last poem. The day the world ends, I will be here, writing the last lines of what will be my last poem. The day the world ends, I will be here, writing the last lines of what will be my last poem. The day the world ends, I will be here, writing the last lines of what will be my last poem. The day the world ends, I will be here, writing the last lines of what will be my last poem. The pen, the paper, the chair, the room, the house, the street, the town, the country, the planet, the solar system, the galaxy, the universe, everything will be gone. And I will be here, writing the last lines of what will be my last poem.

#### By Wislawa Szymborska

On that day the sky fell down, Or rather it was not the sky that fell but the earth that rose up to it. And all was quiet. And quiet is left only in country churchyards, when all prayers have been said, the organ has fallen silent, the mourners have gone home, the dead alone are left, the worms have not had their say, only the quiet earth humming and the sky holding its breath

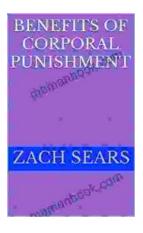
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