

An Unspoken Legacy

By Provolone Sinatra

A.) "I shall hear in Heaven."

B.) "Pity, pity—too late!" (in response to hearing a publisher had gifted him twelve bottles of wine)

C.) "Plaudite, amici, comedia finita est." (*Applaud, my friends, the Comedy is over.*)

Depending on who you ask, one of these three options will be presented as Beethoven's last words before death. Either option is infinitely inspirational. The last words spoken before your light is snuffed out are supposed to summarize the totality of your existence. They are supposed to be transcending of time and experience. Alas, I can never think of anything good when my time comes.

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Three days ago the world ended in the morning. I felt it as soon as I woke up. My gut told me that the Earth will be consumed by fire or that giant spiders will conquer and devour humanity within the day. Society, by noon, was going to devolve into feral groups of lusting cannibals. I refused to leave my room. All my phone calls went to voicemail. I watched malicious shadows beckon me from outside. I ate cans of peaches and green beans. I contemplated going outside, and then didn't. My last words were, "*but it's not even noon!*"

Two days ago, the world ended in the afternoon. At three o'clock, while the rest of the population was at peak productivity, my world drowned in sour milk. I was standing outside a gas station arguing with a bank representative about overdraft fees

when the great, putrid, waves crashed onto the street. I died with an unlit cigarette still stuck to my lips. My last words were, "*Fuck, I forgot my lighter.*"

Last night the moon's light was somehow both diaphanous and piercing. All the houses and hedges of my neighborhood shimmered as if they were made of cellophane and glass. It was the most peaceful End I had ever experienced. I was perched on my roof when it came.

It started with the trees. Every tree across the globe began to stretch effortlessly into the atmosphere. Branches wove across the sky until all I could make out of the cosmos was the beckoning light from the moon. Through the interstices of thick branches I could see the silhouettes of tropical birds float across the sky. The pines in my front yard greatly resembled the ancient sequoias of national parks.

I bounced around my roof as monstrous roots ruptured through tectonic plates and sped towards the core of the Earth. It was going to be any minute now.

I texted my mom *I love you* and she called to ask if I was drunk.

Laughing, I replied, *yes*.

She asked me what that great crushing sound was in the background, and I told her that she wouldn't understand.

"I'll be just fine tomorrow."

"Don't drive anywhere," she says, "I fucking mean it."

When the tree tops stopped growing the rest of the plants realized that they were hungry, too. St. Augustine grass sprouted from the lawns of my neighborhood, demolishing the sidewalks foundations. Everything was silent spare the whistling of the wind and the rustling of giant flowers. Houses were claimed by gardens. Cities were devoured by parks.

Purple passion vines crawled through my chimney and up the walls of my house, ready to claim me. I started thinking of my last words. A couple vines had reached my sneakers and tugged at them playfully. Purple flowers, from which the plant received its name, bloomed instantaneously as the plant found my flesh for the first time. They were beautiful.

The vine wove itself carefully into my ankles and from in between my toes. It wormed through my calves and I felt it's flowers budding in between the discs of my spine. I tried not to cry. I pulled my lighter out of my jacket pocket and lit a cigarette to aide in the contemplation of last words. Should they be words of passion? Hate? Of revolution?

My lungs were pillaged by playfully sprouting daffodils. Various plants from across the globe ripped into my chest and lurched for my heart. Hungry tulips nipped at the nape of my neck. I spit some blood onto the empty scotch bottle at my feet and fell to my side.

Yup, I thought, this is it.

Author Bio:

Provolone Sinatra is a writer that emerged from the University of Central Florida. If you were to boil down his character into two words those words would be "scholarly hooligan" or "charismatic existentialist". He has been recently published in an anthology titled "The Haunted Press".