



Aaron Hightower

If it's the end, what is there to question? Such questions matter in context, and my fear is that at the end of the world I will still be in the mundane. Not that I am a politician, or pastor, or prophet, or a general manager at Wendy's, or anyone prolific enough to be somewhere important for the end of the world.

What if I'm on the late-night bus next to some guy eating Skittles and I see the sun exploding? Then I have thirty seconds to realize that internship really was useless.

What if I am at my computer paying state taxes? Then I really didn't need to donate three dollars to charity.

What if I'm at the doctor's office getting a mole checked out? Then I won't die from skin cancer. I don't even have to bill the insurance for the checkup.

What if I'm ordering Taco bell on DoorDash from my bed? My gym membership won't make my ex text me again. She was right actually; I'll always look like this. I'll always look like this.

I am working so hard, taking every calculated step to go somewhere in the spiderweb Joker-inspired incels call society.. I'm ready to be something interesting before an economic collapse. But what if I remain a regular? And when some other-worldly beings take notes of important earthlings in their analysis of human culture, what if I am not even a mention on one digital record?

What is my place on earth if I am not the relatable main character doing Monday mundane routines till I become someone special? What would my end credit song be?

What would I do on the bus? Or what would the Skittles guy do? Cry? Hug me? Would he jump up and bang on the door? Or, would the Skittles guy sit there, stare, laugh, keep chewing, and then hand me a couple? We would just accept that we rode a bus for no reason.

What is there to ask? All our questions would then be answered.

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Aaron Hightower is a graduate from the University of Alabama with a Bachelors in English. He spends most of his time doing stereotypical English major activities such as barista, thinking really hard about metaphors, not thinking about finances, barista again, going nowhere with that one book idea, and getting more meaningless tattoos he claims represent the metaphors he was think-ing really hard about earlier.