

On the blight of Trident

Sea-launched nuclear depression
Impressions of midnight dying
Tears streak the skies in your wake

Begone you black-hearted crime!
Mad with fear you react to your demons
Reported, imagined and mythological
Blind from birth blind about life
Missile tubes carry homeless death
To fulfill your boredom you think
Your dance shows guts and manliness
The moxie of the mutated American

You cannot see new possibilities
Beyond the angst of predatory tradition
There is no place for bursts of wonder
There is no place for the soft rhythm

Aboriginal dreams undreamed
Wailing whales can dig Ahab
Sink your ship of never say die
Subtidal beings sing the blues
In the wake of your nuclear game
Of mutual assured destruction

Words are nothing to radioactive you
Nothing renews in your empty space
Morning stars crash lightly against
First-strike hatred you do not recognize
Within the skull of your unquestioned view

Carry urban death crash the farmer's field
Burn all the children you cannot see
Out unto the clear and distant horizon
Deadly melopoeia of Hiroshima and Nagasaki
Screams through our childish history like
The prow of your boat through Puget Sound

Approaching our dreadful simple destiny
Black hour of murder in the moonlight
Detonation creates a bloody environment
Blast, thermal pulse, neutrons, x- and gamma-
rays,
Radiation, electromagnetic pulse,
Ionization of the upper atmosphere
Large amounts of dust and radioactive fallout
As the glowing bodies crumple to the floor
Erotic fireballs warm your lunatic heart

By Larry Kerschner