

Withering in Springtime

The tide sweeps in
The tide sweeps out
The boys they wave and jump and shout
The children jeer and laugh and clout
The lovers heave and sweat about.

And elderly statesmen
With shrunken weeds of manhood
Grimly contemplate their own demise
In violent condemnation of the lively.
Celebrating their unexpected recession
By fusing youth to weapons
Transforming love to missillery.

I shall not die alone.

Better Things for Living

Through Chemistry
We have made such wondrous
Things.

Such as glare proof nylon
Gun turret windows.
Used to really be a problem
Angling up into the sun
From a strafing mission.

And that gook woman
Standing at the edge of that sewer
They call a river
Holding a shriveled blackened souvenir
That was once a baby girl,
Weeps and prays to some pagan god
For the pain saving swiftness
Of her infant's death,
Courtesy of napalm jelly
Made among the growth stocks
Of a Delaware suburb.
For the benefit of each and every.

-- Jean Rosenbaum

Santa Fe, New Mexico