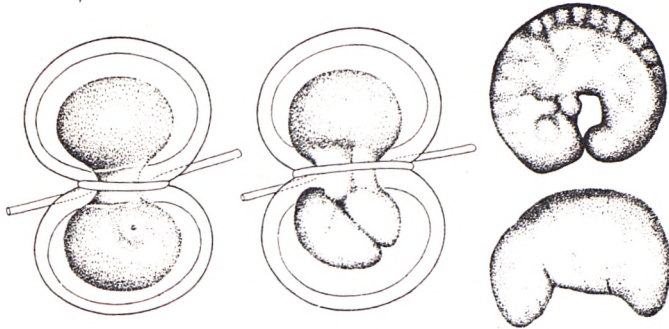


Editor: Marvin Malone; Art Editor: Ernest Stranger
US-ISSN:0043-9401. Copyright © 1977, The Wormwood
Review Press; P.O. Box 8840; Stockton CA 95204 USA



JUGGERNAUT

Each night, while most of us relieve our days with
dreaming, sleepless men, in a hidden place, are
building a Juggernaut.

It takes a long time; each generation must find a new
site, conceal it, teach their children to fashion
new locks, shape the few keys.

Nightly they make their way to her by different paths,
driven by their days, to build their Juggernaut.

All of virgin iron thick as a fist she is, hammered &
brushed, riveted with bronze & polished brass.
Designs of deep meaning are graved over every inch of
her sides, inside & out, for all to see, those
who ride as weight on her terrible axles (there
is room for populations) & those over whom she
was designed to drive.

Her armaments are chains & scimitars, shackles & prison
bars, rapiers, iron maidens & barbed wire -- all
melted down & requenched in their own cold blood;
refashioned in the shapes of broken bones of
native races, the jagged char of their villages
& towns.

Her steel projects to all compass points & is fastened
to her sides with the heat of Dresden, the
furnaces of Dachau; like the arms of Moloch,
the deadly brood of Jagannath.

She is broad as a ghetto, long as the mass graves & high
as Hiroshima; she is wide as the swath of
Crusaders, round as the trade routes of slavers
& tall as the towers of armed guards.

She is bright as the flesh of heretics, brilliant as the
flash of Alamogordo glowing as the hootches of
Indo-China.

She is heavy as the decapitated children of infidels,
dismembered witches, cruciform kikes, hanging
gypsies, lynched niggers, razored spicks, gunshot
greasers, vaporized japs & smithereened chinks.

Her engines are powered by the critical mass of history;
she runs on pure truth; fuel is everywhere; she
is frictionless as a mission to the moon

yet her builders do not survive her demands; she echoes
their dedication with inhuman portent; she
trembles with hunger, with destiny greater than
her birth; she has a life of her own that feeds
on them.

They wonder who will lift that first hand to her levers;
when that day comes & they stand at her controls,
will they smile at one another, thumbs up?

They wonder, when that day is over, will there be anyone,
after a night's rest, to tear her to pieces? A
few to let her rot & go about their business?

Will ten form a committee & tack a plaque on her side in
commemoration? Will fifty assemble to clean her?
Five hundred oil her dismantled sections? One
thousand & fifty pack them carefully in numbered
crates, schematics for her reconstruction kept
for future reference?

Will nations be reborn rebuilding, millions watching,
billions remembering, quintillions without a
single regret?

I MAKE MY BED

At 3:06 this morning my house, a quarter mile
from the Hayward Fault, shook me awake. A mild shock;
happens all the time; the Pacific shelves
readjusting themselves; sections of the planet shifting.

Not to worry, except that now my morning coffee
spills, my typewriter works its way to the northwest,
downhill with every key struck; no matter
how I put the pencil down, it rolls. I find myself

leaning in my art each day, striving for new levels,
the muscles in my mind, the spine of my feelings
subtly straining to adjust, compensate, stay straight.