- 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.

I could move to Idaho, spend the rest of my life in an airship & still have nothing in writing. At least the house settles as best it can, no fault of its own it was built a short stroll from continental slippage.

I can always turn my desk around, let things go southeast for a while to relieve the strain, balance things out.

I can pour less coffee in my cup, bolt the typewriter down, buy hexagonal pencils.

## WAR MOVIE

Pinned down by enemy fire, she lies sunwise on bikini sand, her brave belly coppertoned with dud napalm, the firelight so fierce the polaroids prevent her luscious lids from parting so we can see her grimace gleaming in the cordite breeze.

Down by the water little brother leads a platoon & a charmed life at the same time, handling the BAR, uttering, with deadly accuracy, explosions in his cheeks as the frisbee 88's reign around him like a halo flaring his position with a ring of dead buddies.

What a rotten war! She feels a chill, goosebumps, fires from the hip clean through the heart of an armed young man standing in her sun. Infiltrator, hardly more than a boy, in a stolen uniform, looking like us, talking like us, sneaking behind our lines.

The acrid sky darkens. Frogmen are flopping out of the sea with demolition thighs inconsiderately sprinkling. Little brother glistens to tunes of glory with a bayonet in his teeth, a curl bouncing under his rakish helmet. The grey tonnage is set to go. Already droplets pock the beach, tiny calibre.

Bodies will soon be dark. Materiel will steam.
Cameramen frown skyward for incoming mail.
The director hollers at the troops between full hands.
With sand on their feet the dead rise up screaming war
cries

& thunder into the water one last time before cut & wrap.