

black haloes

aghals atop keffiyehs
invert iconic saintly glows
repudiating antique ideas

as if anybody knows
life's bottom lines
based on their sandals or shoes.

tornadoes look like this
top-down, scouring the landscape
to a metamorphosis

of the unwilling,
reinforcing Dorothy's faith
in Wonderland's anything.

11.25.2018



missing in action

you'll miss it
though you know the words.
you've got the strings,
but the harp went overboard.
I know the tune, but not the lyric.
whatever we heard, we heard.



your off & on gaze,
enticingly ambiguous,
says more or less what it says,
volumes of timidity or disgust.
whether it deserves a guess
or not challenges trust.

●
if we could level
with each other we might
not continue this shell
game. we might not fight
with self-defeating skill.
time to sing it right.

11.11.2018



“no ideas but in things”

the slow drip *should've* tripped my sump pump
but a glistening sheen wicked up
by U-Haul boxes bearing histories
flooded evidence to mysteries

that pale in the face of Hell in Paradise
where everything blackened the skies
in unprecedented conflagration
blamed on mismanagement by Trump

a dragon with no ideas but smoke
not even funhouse mirrors for a joke
while the fire victims languish
in a presidential whitewash

where fact and fiction seem to touch
when devastation says too much
to let the Weasel in Chief invoke
sympathy as a mourning cloak

11.17.2018



tell me if you know

mystery maker no
history maker. was it
good for you? your
answer doesn't count.

faux, you meant
every word of it.
we've got no cure
for truth in slo-mo.

what are words for?
ways to repent
the obvious
from the get-go?

11.9.2018



that ride to Goddard, Jack, when you switched
radio stations, seamless as a DJ, to let even an
evaporating veracity come through & verify us
as a caravan bringing liberty to our own nation
by then anaesthetized against interconnection
& autoimmune proliferation of obnoxious bugs
pretty much cleared things up about the human
well before the smug ignorant audience bitched

11.17.2018



the butterfly effect

if one might not provoke a hurricane,
which to quarantine, which to blame
ahead of time, based on what flutter?

hidden in the swarm of monarchs, one,
a camouflaged Manchurian, takes aim
at father, mother, son & daughter,

blissfully unconscious of its daisy chain,
colorfully aflutter in the sun,
innocent of its role as frotteur.

long before the bug has gone
its serendipitously winding way,
we're skeptical of the weather report.



witch hunt

broomsticks get you only so far,
even in Oz. (try to avoid water.)
don't monkey with your local
Dorothy. she knows how to spell.

even a tornado can't keep
helpers from helping when you're asleep.
even the Wizard relented
& eventually repented

before waggoning on to hawk snake oil.
too late for the frog on slow boil,
for incredulity at the bizarre
naiveté of a movie star.

what matters most when we reap
what sows us garbles how we speak
fire from behind the curtain
to camouflage an original sin.

11.10.2018

Imagine being nuked. Then imagine being nuked again.



Meet Tsutomu Yamaguchi, the only man recorded to have survived two nuclear bombs.

On August 6, 1945, Yamaguchi was in Hiroshima on official business for his company when an American B-29 bomber dropped Little Boy, the name of a nuclear bomb with a blast yield equal to 15 kilotons of TNT.

In comparison, in 2017 China used 5 tons of TNT to level 19 buildings in only 10 seconds for space to make a business center. Little Boy was 3,000 times more powerful.

When Little Boy dropped, the entire sky disappeared and Hiroshima was destroyed. Yamaguchi was only about 3 kilometers from the blast site (about 1.9 miles for my fellow Americans) and was hit with radiation, sustaining many burns.

Yamaguchi had to stay in a shelter in order to recover, and headed to his home of Nagasaki where his wife and son were (I think you know where this is going). While at his workplace's office, Fat Man, which had a blast yield of 21 kilotons, was dropped in his area.

Though he was seriously injured, Yamaguchi slowly recovered and survived, and so did his family. Unfortunately, his wife and son eventually died of cancer (not too surprising since they both were exposed to a lot of radiation).

Yamaguchi later advocated for not using nuclear weapons, and for good reason. We now have bombs that would make Little Boy and Fat Man look like toys. If there's ever another major war, then we're screwed.

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