

HIROSHIMA – 40TH ANNIVERSARY

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15 miles of ribbon
wrapped around Washington
bearing images of what the maker
would miss when the bombs burst –
a flower, a bird, a child;
25 thousand separate panels.
Hiroshima, no more!
Nagasaki, no more!
Hibakusha, no more!

The deaths and the deformations
now enter the third damaged generation.
The buddhas no longer weep
and the heart is a desert of dollars.
The thousand folded cranes
are spray painted on the bricks
on Market street around Kearney.
Hiroshima, no more!
Nagasaki, no more!
Hibakusha, no more!

All these symbolic gestures –
While the bombs have multiplied,
the children have folded their cranes
the demonstrators have gotten arrested
the speakers have yearned for peace
the politicians have voted for more bombs

and the scientists are designing
and engineering them all – laser weapons,
anti-matter weapons, particle-beam weapons,
micro-wave weapons, bio-genetic weapons.
Hiroshima, no more!
Nagasaki, no more!
Hibakusha, no more!

What is the next act?
Is the curtain already falling?
Where is the deus ex machina?
Are all the heroes the agents of death,
avengers, and dualists? –
Reagan, Rambo, Eastwood, Bronson.
Are the Four Horseman already mounted?
The Prince of Peace riding in on a cloud?
Is it all illusion? or a dream?
Why is everyone vacationing in Bali,
New Zealand, the Fijis, and Australia?
Why the hell don't they write?
Hiroshima, no more!
Nagasaki, no more!
Hibakusha, no more!

I've got a list of 25 ways
to end the arms race –
but nobody wants to see it
no less print it – it's a secret list.
Don't tell the CIA!
I also have a map with
all 25 ways delineated in order.

Don't tell, the FBI!
It's really simple –
Why hasn't anybody else thought of it?
Maybe I'll win the Nobel Prize for Peace
My unlisted phone ringing at 3 a.m.
A foreign voice asking for my secret list
I wake up in dream mist screaming-
"Hiroshima, no more!
Nagasaki, no more!
Hibakusha, no more!"

Are there millions out there
with their own secret plan,
their hands atrophied from writing letters,
addicted to dreadful statistics,
their shades drawn against the dying light,
waiting in the cracks for the small talk to end
then spitting the skull from beneath their tongue
until only silence surrounds them
as they secretly graffiti the night-
"Hiroshima, no more!
Nagasaki, no more!
Hibakusha, no more!"