

## A LATE BULLETIN

a jet drags its vaprous scar across the sky:  
modernity, televised war,  
breeds its own commentators.  
they abound like pet satellites  
sniffing out the larger movements of our time,  
explaining blood, death in context,  
why we must evacuate the stars,  
a jet drags its vaprous scar across the sky.  
war breeds its own commentators.  
I charge no one: the world, for the most part,  
is as literal as a casualty list.  
life other than ours begins at 6 o'clock,  
& just as this poem feeds on the entrails  
of a day's gutting, so the curiosity  
of after-dinner minds, though both  
bib the aegis of higher learning  
& eat in privacy. I charge no one,  
having held this afternoon a quiet boy  
whose dog lay dying  
where Kings & Shelbourne intersect  
while a jet dragged its vaprous scar across the sky  
& cops detailed the damage done.

— *Patrick White*