

**On The Anniversary of the Bomb**

Through sex, cigarette, and wine  
the thought persists—I still  
love the damn rod wet from its  
point to its root plunged to its  
depth although ten years should  
have weakened the charge. Still  
ten years coming I will fuse  
to her naked flesh, ravage her  
forest with napalm, and dream  
often of the deed. Again ten,  
with the spark still red but  
ignition failing above ground  
zero, I will make a loud noise,  
rock and club with a beast's  
last strength. Ten tens when  
I am a dud dug from the earth  
those who find the shell will  
feel possible holocaust. No  
time at all will waste it all  
(From the moment I'd targeted  
you from a distant vantage  
then homed, sure that heat  
seeking would not burn though  
explode me, I have had inflexible  
thought steering me always. You;  
you, life and death; you, I love;  
you civilized world I shatter.)

*John Horvath*