

the sound

we stand in silence . . . watching the mushroom cloud . . .
the split atom goes berserk . . . shreds earth . . . rends air . . .
finds no way to escape the pain . . . tears out its hair . . .
roars . . . shrieks . . . bellows . . . scratches out its eyes . . .
throws lightning all around the sky . . . increases decibels . . .
bangs thunder's timpani a thousand thousand thousand times . . .
ignites a fireball's hell . . . burns off its face . . . goes wild . . .
it writhes in agony . . . its death is slow . . .
it knows that there is nowhere left to go . . .
light left the instant that it scratched away its eyes . . .

sound comes slower . . . on the currents of its tortured cries . . .
a universal howling screeching scream of disbelief . . .
innocence slaughtered . . . a universe in grief . . .
sub-microscopic elements break down and weep . . .
the sound is beating at the ears . . . the eyes . . . the nose . . . the mouth . . .
so loud the skull vibrates . . . bone begs relief . . .
the tongue is frozen . . . thought shrinks to nothing . . .

the head is buried in the sand . . .