

What the Bomb Wants

The bomb never dreams of Maui vacations,
of climbing ancient volcanoes to peer
into pools of lava. Why beauty exists
in one eruption and not another
could exasperate the bomb but doesn't.
It is busy counting seconds
until its annunciation
upon an unsuspecting crowd.

Spend time in the company of bombs
and you begin to think like one yourself.
Bag and tag ears and toes,
amorphous chunks and splintered bones.
Guess which tab fits which slot.

Shoving curious onlookers back
from the perimeter, your mind
ticks toward detonation,
eyes scanning robes, hands,
dark-eyed faces, wondering
which is thankful for your presence,
which wants you dead.

Not all bombs have wires and batteries,
triggers connected to cell phone ringers.
Some attach to all you swallow
and hope to forget, biding time
until their sudden explosion.

Reason is secondary to a bomb. Resting
on a fulcrum, it waits for gravity to shift,
for the scale to totter and drop its weight,
for the chance to do the only thing it knows.