

NUKE POEM

When I have fears that *we* may cease to be,
I think that I would gladly die.
Would?
I mean *will*, or will try to try.
But then, when Death shall eat me
And void me into black space utterly,
What will the difference be how green a world has disposed of me?
When the last singer of my songs
Has sold his guitar and no longer goes partying,
What do I care whether player and instrument
Are or are not to be holocaust-harvested?
There in the void, will I feel an additional layer of nothingness?

Why, in my dreams, so often and so soon—:
Undifferentiated dunes,
Contaminated dust,
Our history, the whole idea of us.