

The Broken Heart-Land

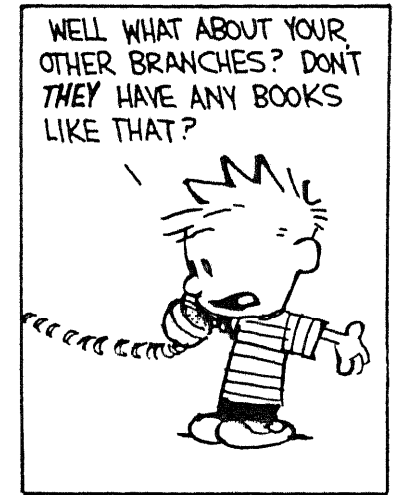
"Mommy, my school is broken."

So are our hearts.

In each one, a jagged hole
nine stories high.

We have been jolted from our light doze
and have awakened
to a more morbid nightmare
than ever before concieved
in our **small-town** discontent.

This unnatural disaster was caused
by those so devoid of conscience,
that their rage consumed their complaisance
and fueled the ultimate revenge.



The deliberate distortion
of facts concerning
a hideous, fatal **mistake**
should arouse some **indignation**,
but never should it motivate
the monstrous trading
of one molten plastic fire **truck**
for another.
Will this chaotic chasm in our midst
destroy our delicate souls;
cause the collapse of our humanity?
Or is there a way, any way,

to assuage, even in part
this torturous, gaping agony
and salvage **a few small alphabet**blocks,
even knowing

the gruesome task of rebuilding
must use the blood of babies as mortar
and collective grief as girders?
There is no Band-Aid big enough
to cover their school,
our hearts . -

But perhaps there is
some fabric that exists,
however thin,
of hope.

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THAT'S WHAT I SAID. I
NEED A BOOK THAT LISTS
SUPPLIES AND GIVES STEP-
BY-STEP INSTRUCTIONS
FOR BUILDING, RIGGING,
AND DETONATING THEM.



In most,
anger is a small spark,
easily extinguished --
Not fused to terrors
explosive beyond imagination.

