

New Poetry by Aaron Wallace



Blackhawk

Truck 2 is hit,
and they're calling
for the medic,
and I'm out of my truck
kneeling next to the driver –
I could hold his organs in my hands.

At the top of Stanley Road

Tim the Chip Man sings
steak and kidney pie,
steak and kidney pie, oh my my,
I love steak and kidney pie
to the deep fat fryer.

The lieutenant is mouthing
words over the radio as the rifles tap-tap-tap
like the pen in my hand signing the mortgage
to the only home I've ever had
and Cole is tap-tap-tapping a magazine
against his helmet to knock the sand out
before he reloads.

The lieutenant is mouthing
words over the radio as my wife
breaks the crest of the dunes
backlit by a burning ball of hydrogen on her way
to our altar on the beach,
while the driver bleeds in waves.

The lieutenant is mouthing words over
the radio while the VA doctor explains
that the war will kill us now
or some other time so I stick the driver
with too much morphine.

I walk with my wife and son
in Central Park. Trees are chirping—
the bird is on the way, the bird is on the way.

War Porn

After mission he sits covered
in sand, sweat, blood, then boots
up his laptop – listens to the whir of the hard
drive as he goes through folders and picks
his favorite girl, blonde with globular breasts
and gapped teeth, who bounces

her ass on the floor and looks up at him, her hands braced against him while she moans

“Do it Daddy, give it to me, I need it.”

He turns away, uninterested, and thinks instead about the woman from the village, her supple voice babbling and crying while he kicks over pots and furniture—she eventually falls—reaching for anything, everything, to throw at him, cursing him, his family, his country, and he hears Bucky outside urging him to do it, *just fucking do her* – so he reaches down, undoes his fly, spits on his hand, thinking how lucky am I?

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