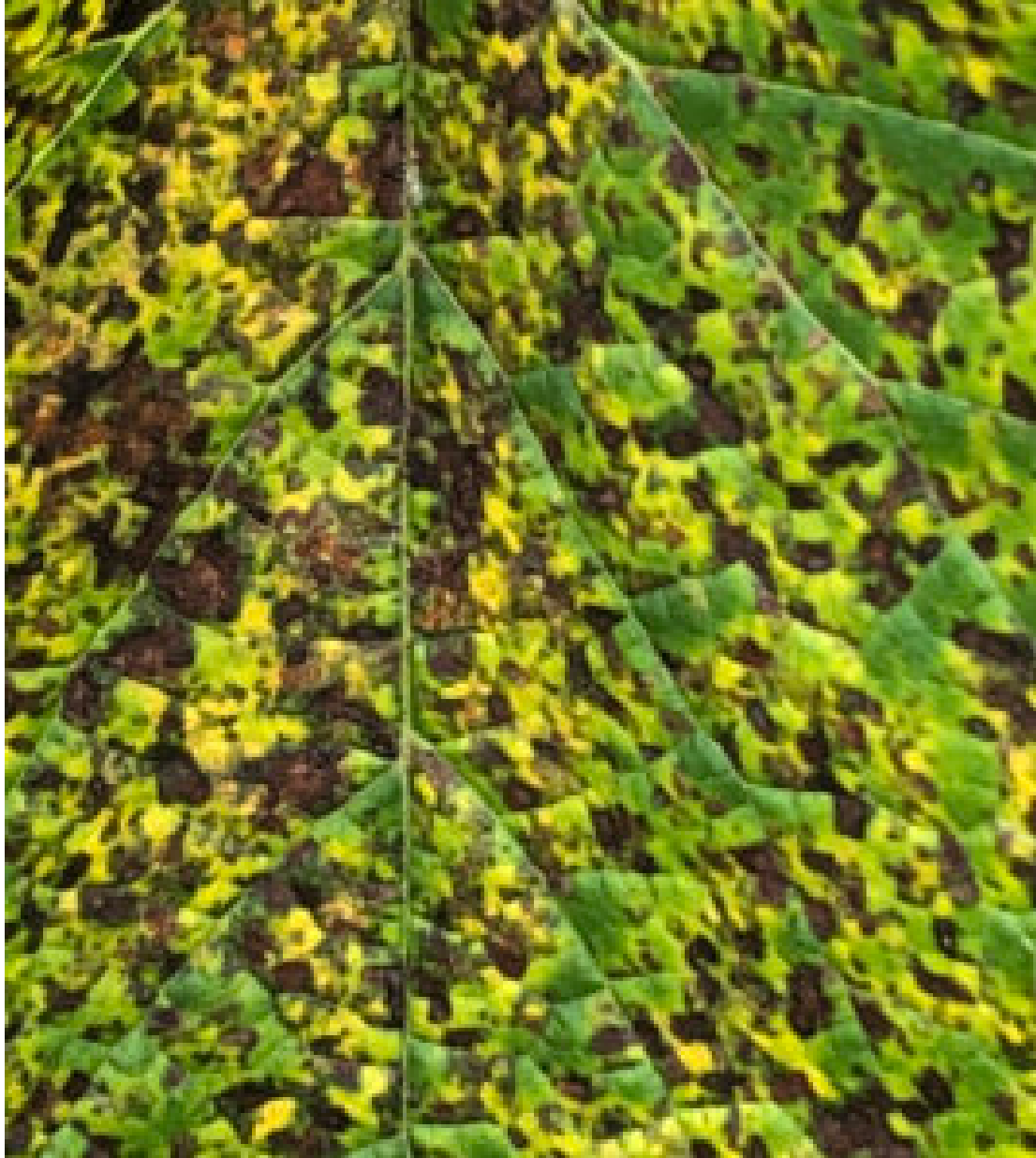


# New Poetry by Chris Bullard: “All Wars Are Boyish”



THE MELTDOWN MEADOW / *image by Amalie Flynn*

## All Wars Are Boyish

Autopilot on self-destruct,  
we went joy riding on tanks  
into the thermal wasteland.

The static of roentgens played  
like parked ice cream trucks  
on the detection equipment.

Playgrounds went incendiary  
as squalls of cluster bombs  
skipped over the pavement,

but our camo HAZMAT suits  
insulated us from the acts  
we had been ordered to take.

They were on the run, maybe,  
or counterattacking. We took  
rations beside a napalm campfire.

Jets among the sweep of stars,  
scorched amphibians peeping  
in the meltdown meadow,

what more could a kid ask for,  
except dinosaurs? They were  
already working on them in the lab.