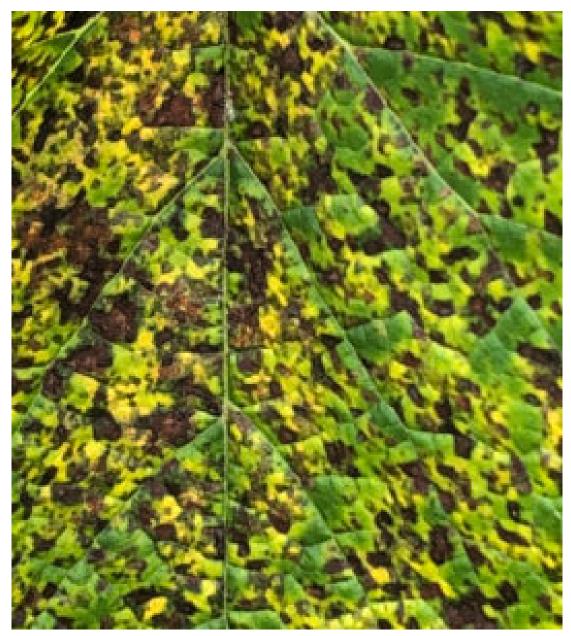
New Poetry by Chris Bullard: "All Wars Are Boyish"



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.