

1945

**:I was at my friend:
David Mintz's house
in August: His mother ran**
into the room and told us that it
said on the radio that the army dropped
an atomic bomb: I looked across the street:
My house looked the same: There was no fire
smoke in the sky in the direction of Clinton School:
"Where?" I asked: "Japan," she said: Serves the mean
shits right: I thought seeing the newsreels of naked babies
screaming on railroad tracks in Shanghai and Nanking in my
inner radio city music hall: march of time: translux of the past:
I had never heard of an atomic bomb: *I realized in my marrow*
it was a strange alien of death: I wondered *what an atomic bomb*
could be: I had a vision of a huge polished stainless steel barrel
with many raven black iron rivets *and a death ray engine in a*
chrome dynamo inside a giant *mysterious radio tube with a*
lightening bolt painted on it *with a very clean snow white*
bristle hair little engineer *in a blue sateen tuxedo like*
the Nicholas Brothers *wore in a journey to a star and*
white wing tip shoes *standing on his head inside*
a pyrex beaker *over a burner on a lead*
table singing *his silver tenor* of the galaxy
heart out in *billowing white* smoke from
fire-spitting *electric switch* hes: deftly:
dutifully: *he's patriotically* y flipping
numerous *intricate solid copper*
levers: sing with good cheer:
God bless America's Bomb from
God: He is all for the USA and
relatively wholesome fun for all: The
Big Guy just gave us the dough and
the know-how to get the ultimate.
:a u t u m n t o f a l l:
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