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to you …

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Blown Away
Stephanie Hopkins Hughes

Hiroshima was only the beginning.
Since then the bomb has been going off in us,
in all of us, all of the time.

Waking, sleeping, cooking, eating,
loving, dreaming, it's going off ... 
exploding in slow motion, in very, very slow motion,
blowing away our ideas of who we are,
of where we came from, of where we are going,
blowing away the past, blowing away the future.

Something is gone in our hearts that was not gone
in the hearts of our fathers.
We no longer hear the glory in the anthem.
It merely feeds our death wish.
We swallow it in bits with our morning coffee.
Today the Italian prime minister was blown away.
Yesterday it was a piece of the president's skull.

Our children pray for it as they chant the magic mantra,
"by the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air ... "
We wish it would hurry up,
end the hunger, end the injustice,
back to zero, return to Go.
Bang. Boom.

Perhaps the bomb is the riddle of the Sphinx,
the great test, the four swords flashing at the gates of Paradise,
the dragons of prehistory, the face of the Medusa
(look at it and you turn to bone),
the plagues of the Middle Ages
(ring a ring of rosies, pocket full of posies ... ),
the thunderbolt of Zeus, the Minotaur, devouring youths and maidens.
We protect ourselves by refusing to believe in it.
We shield ourselves with ignorance.
Click, we change the channel.

Shiva, Shiva, all fall down.

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to you ... 
Tim Winterstein

All the thoughts I want to get down
Sometimes it feels like I could drown in them
Do you know what I mean?
Have you felt the way I feel?
The blandness of it all
Sometimes it gets to me
The cruelty of it all
Sometimes I just don't see
Did I mention I love you?
You could probably tell
Did I mention I hate you?
This little taste of hell
The sickness of it all
It makes me want to cry
The blindness of it all
Why do I even try?
And then I realize the truth
You aren't the original
You're just a fake
You never were
I always knew
You say it's depraved
I know it's true
It's a good thing we don't look forward ... to the Present.

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Winterstein to you ...