



Volume 7
Issue 1 Fall 1998

Article 21

12-1-1998

Blown Away

Stephanie Hopkins Hughes
Concordia University - Portland

Follow this and additional works at: <http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean>



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Hughes, Stephanie Hopkins (1998) "Blown Away," *The Promethean*: Vol. 7 : Iss. 1 , Article 21.
Available at: <http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean/vol7/iss1/21>

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by CU Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Promethean by an authorized administrator of CU Commons. For more information, please contact libraryadmin@cu-portland.edu.

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.