

Nihilist

The last bomb that came was a quiet one,
a light ordnance device that rattled no windows,
blew down no walls, left no crater.

No blast or shockwave
ruffed the eager-ugly mouthy streets:
all eyes and feet.
Here, in the sunless duns, they felt nothing,
saw nothing. Just me:

I saw it coming, nosing silent
through years coughed up like litter.
Through twisted froth
of final, spent and bitter words
it came. A zero-perfect ballistic
homing in; my name on it.

I am a street of havoc; a ruined borough.
My mind is a rain of iron and fire,
my tongue choked on rubble.
My blood: ash. My guts
a spew of charred restraints and failed parts.
My brow is a search-light: blinding.
There are sirens.

I am cordoned off.

I am an exclusion zone.

Padded men poke me with long sticks
to see if I still tick. Children taunt
from the safety of ice-creams;
their mothers each an Isis
flooding with cold, dark water.
I am set, a grim attraction:

digi me in for posterity
in some further Sunday
or the broken ends of bus-shelters.
Call me a name -
if it helps.