

## OH, YES, I KNOW WHERE THE BOMBS FALL

Oh, yes, I know where the bombs fall,  
after all, I'm 60's child, 00's delirium  
seen again, twin spawn watching  
and clutches as the bombs fell fall  
and the photos orbit the death orbit  
blown off limbs never connected  
to the armies that serially obit them  
erroring the event for tv  
on the orbit of talking dead

Oh, yes, this time I know the bombs fall  
where the corruption of deceptions  
and legerdemain of politicians  
that orbit their own circle of lies  
using the patrols to mace mind blind  
the flesh eating war with war  
throwing up the skull words  
as heart amputations are being  
done on the battlefield medivacs  
carrying away the evidence of the disease

Oh, yes, the bombs I see fall  
as I drive through west side of Chicago,  
entering homes of those who treat a white  
man well, and the children whose bombs  
are ready as I walk by, as I walk  
through my bombed out hometown, not a

train running, where you sleep in alleys,  
and go to chief of police to play  
the numbers, “we were never here,” you’re  
first lesson in deception when the  
starvation gruel was first laid out.

Oh, yes, I know where the bombs explode  
in every prison cell, an abomination im-  
possible to heal. Burn the cities; we’ll  
never let that happen again; we’ll in-  
carcerate a generation before they’ve  
the chance. Political primaries incinerate  
with ballot stuffings, a long, proud American tradition  
while incarcerate the bombed  
Americans with police powers,  
bombs never tolerated by any founder.  
Give up the womb for the tomb.

Oh, yes, I know where the bombs are  
in the Halls of Congress, where as I walk  
I see Mark Twain and corruption’s worm  
and evolution’s haven, brittle bastards  
who love the bombs more than their moms,  
or so their votes and totes so say,  
as a President shocked and awed  
a generation out of paradise, forever,  
no turning back, not for the seventh  
generation, the original natives say,  
bombed blight for honor to his horror’s end.

Oh, yes, they know where the bombs fall  
as I go into public classrooms  
of abandoned rigor mortis and bureaucratic  
arteriosclerosis and clams  
who refuse ever to open --  
rather starvation than marvelaton.

Oh, yes, the bombs knowingly fall  
in developing heaven, parceling the earth  
to turn grass into money, so money  
grasses worthless, as parcel water,  
rivers, every inch of desert, soon to parcel  
themselves and air, even breath, a dollar  
center, every birth, an expense sheet.  
As I walk down dollar bill street cheers  
cry out loud against the public act of  
lovemaking for a bombing  
those who dare defy being an ant.

Oh, yes, the bombs have been going off  
in me and those I love so often I jerk.  
I see the bombs explode, the crimes  
for dimes, a crime of life awash  
in a heaven of explosion refused  
to see, made corporate to cover refuse  
with cellophane, out in the streets  
as the bombs fall all over and have fallen  
for 50 years, so no safety, freedom

is bit by bit blown to bits and amnesia  
insures the insurers, passenger pigeons  
are walking, no longer eagles worth wings,  
frozen in time, bombing itself worthless,  
out of existence.

Oh, yes, I know where the bombs keep falling.  
We lost the cold war, look around you.  
I fear and fear the fear,  
frozen iceberg broken off  
floating directionless  
destroying itself and its most hopeful supporters until  
no-  
thing of any use is left in useless society  
that bombs for being and gives its living  
death and ways to better death for killing  
is this bomber's way of life, infects  
every vein and arm of government, soulless  
not worth the country that made the generation.

Oh, yes, I know how bombs are made,  
I've been a fly in the oval office,  
the wanting to die for freedom,  
for the forms of freedom, where are  
those banding together to live,  
really live for freedom and true  
expansion of liberty, where it counts,  
as it did for the American colonists,  
in the heart, and if you haven't got

freedom in the heart, no matter what  
you say is deformed, not the original  
freedom imbued and breathed. Where  
are you? Freedom bombs, big lies  
of democracy are still big lies –  
gives sway to power to bomb, at will,  
the citizens, voted into numbness,  
into submission, wolves of tyranny,  
out of the native soil, to bite  
the neck of freedom, vampires of freedom  
by bombs so loud not even decency stands.