Officers Quarters Bombed 13 Killed, 6 Injured

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The evening paper
The finale of the day.

The young workers in the bar
Bark at the old men
Who talk about the celestial
And remain terrestrial;
For their sport of Peace
The number of the dead increase.

The war-widow
Seven days a week in the bar
Drunk like a snake preserved in alcohol.

A young bartender grabs
The widow's burning heart:
The widow's tears, the young man's laugh.

Out on the street, the two see
A man like a beaten frog under a car.
The unknown faces mock and flick
Like the funeral lights on the water.

The widow in the bartender's arm
Turns the desolate corner
To her silent flat,
The flat behind a church that sleeps.

The hands on her thighs
The memories of her loved one's touch.
The war-widow with a wail
Panting under the bulky chest.
Their hearts thundered like artillery.

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