

Editorial

and the dust and the blast
rained on us all
 namibians at the foot of towers
 felt the instant combustion on their tongues
gray skins turned gray with the vibration
of expanding air / blue no more
 and the wreathes were left / really /
 at the absent
when the absent
locality no more / spirit of place a lie
land no longer land / no longer vital and black

taste the high octane fuel---twenty three megatons---
suddenly turn to---combustion---
and the burned air---innocent of all---
 now a poison / aftertaste on our tongue
 all our tongues---and we are billiard balls---
 all---unsteady and volatile and rolling
 mindlessly, on felt, green no more
we are the emptied-out. we are the unconsulted.
we are the strollers hit hard between shoulder blades
 with a mindless fist---fisted in mercury-revenge.

and the world had been pricking its ears
and waiting / for the blast / waiting a long time

and now the dust and the debris
has rained on us all

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