I only heard this; I have no way
of verifying its authenticity.

In Baghdad during the Gulf War,
they say, within a meters-thick

bomb shelter the size of a mammoth hall,

women, children, the old and infirm

were gathered for protection
from deadly American weapons.

In their midst landed a daisy cutter,
which had bored through the thick concrete

willy-nilly, without effort, with little compunction.

Daisy-as in my mother’s lazy daisy,
which effortlessly serves those who wish to eat, sup and sap, devour-
landed, but just lay there. The community laughed, thinking the fearful thing was a dud. They did not know what happened after.

Having heard the gentile laughter, Daisy proceeded to turn round again, releasing her deadly venom as she did, with great force plastering the women, children, old and infirm on the walls of the shelter.

The fossils are still there, they say, monuments to great American might.

I only heard this, mind, and have no way of verifying its authenticity.

I can only pray it won’t happen in my own land.

-Valentine’s Day, 2003