

# THREE FOR NAGASAKI

## I

the world is twisted  
in each breast  
a woman in the house  
and the heart-felt windows  
open

night wanes  
light floods  
objects scamper  
after names  
and the fountains  
of the risen day  
gush through the veins

## III

the humble pay  
in installments  
of their own  
a child or two  
an arm  
a scream

the humble pay  
for wrongs they cannot help  
nor suffer under

roundabout vengeance  
sung mass  
upon your roof  
Nagasaki  
and a more handsome Eucharist  
never went up  
since the blood and flesh of Christ  
peopled the sky

the children  
dark Hamelin  
the children  
piped by a cloudy sky  
they slipped laughingly  
out of their mother's arm  
and half way down to school

## II

no Buddhist  
and no Christian  
fought

no man  
no woman  
and no child  
died thus  
but victims  
and victors

victims

victims  
and victims  
of incurable death

victims

victims and victors  
of incurable death