

# HAIR-TRIGGER ALERT

by Daniel Helsing

A pear-shaped four-foot cylinder,  
rusty, dented, pierces the seaweed sand at  
Haskell's beach. I wonder what military tactics  
were practiced here, I say. The tide is coming. Nuclear

war blends seamlessly with the afternoon sky. Don't  
touch it, you say, it might blow. The crumbling piers  
behind us, still barbed-wired, suggest the 1940s.

Warheads

explode beyond hearing. Water breaches  
the seaweed barrier and soaks our feet.  
We should go.

Beach hoppers skip around our toes when twilight  
approaches. Let's at least  
watch the sunset.