

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.