

## Carpet bombing

Missing the bus to the Bahamas  
I place you in several untenable positions  
& imagine I'm in love. It's easy  
like bitterness without remorse  
& my tongue slides over some skin  
that looks famous but thankfully isn't  
as a thousand smart bombs obliterate  
reason. There's little collateral damage  
& the perfect sky begins to smile  
like a stupid song selling jocks  
while a burnt baby shouts: *winning*  
*the war's the easy part dickhead*  
it's holding on later that counts.

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