

Anne Clark, Poem For A Nuclear Romance

What will it matter then
when the sky's not blue but blazing red
the fact that I simply love you

when all our dreams lay deformed and dead
we'll be two radio-active dancers
spinning in different directions
and my love for you will be reduced to power

the screams will perform louder and louder
your marble flesh will soon be raw and burning
and kissing will reduce my lips to a pulp

hideous creatures will return from the underground
and the fact that I love you
will die

you don't have to sleep to see nightmares
just hold me close
then closer still
and you'll feel the probabilities pulling us apart