

# 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