

1945

**:I was at my friend:
David Mintz's house
in August: His mother ran**
into the room and told us that it
said on the radio that the army dropped
an atomic bomb: I looked across the street:
My house looked the same: There was no fire
smoke in the sky in the direction of Clinton School:
"Where?" I asked: "Japan;" she said: Serves the mean
shits right: I thought seeing the newsreels of naked babies
screaming on railroad tracks in Shanghai and Nanking in my
inner radio city music hall: march of time: translux of the past:
I had never heard of an atomic bomb: I realized in my marrow
it was a strange alien of death: I wondered what an atomic bomb
could be: I had a vision of a huge polished stainless steel barrel
with many raven black iron rivets and a death ray engine in a
chrome dynamo inside a giant mysterious radio tube with a
lightening bolt painted on it with a very clean snow white
bristle hair little engineer in a blue sateen tuxedo like
the Nicholas Brothers wore in a journey to a star and
white wing tip shoes standing on his head inside
a pyrex beaker over a burner on a lead
table singing his silver tenor of the galaxy
heart out in billowing white smoke from
fire-spitting electric switches: deftly:
dutifully: he's patrioticall y flipping
numerous intricate solid copper
levers: sing ing with good cheer:
God bless America's Bomb from
God: He is all for the USA and
relatively wholesome fun for all: The
Big Guy just gave us the dough and
the know-how to get the ultimate
autumn foliage: