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K.D. Bridges

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July 16, 1945

K.D. Bridges

*I*t was the brightest bright.

The tremendous burst
of light through the
black welder's glass
as though the sun itself
had been destroyed.

The plume,
like an upside-down
ink drop in a bowl
of milk, beautiful
in its shape, rose
like our apprehension
and cast a shadow
over the eyes watching.

A wave of heat
lashed at our faces,
the force of it
a fury and anger
at its creators.

The sound
followed behind like

a thousand storm clouds
or the voice of God,
calling out. That of an
angry father admonishing
a child who
has done wrong.