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Fourth Of July -- 1962

the sky fell down this morning
splashing around the swimming-pool
I was annoyed
having just tidied up the patio
but my wife smiled
shook her head in fact
don't you realize the sky fell down?
yes, and look at the mess it made!
I'm a patient man
so I spread the canvas chairs and awnings to dry
only trouble was the sun had fallen on the roof of our house
and was caught behind the chimney
nothing would dry in that vacuous greyness
I grumbled
the damn luck I have would make a saint swear
sh! she said it could have been worse call the firemen
before the roof starts burning
I'm burning! I guess I was sharp
I was planning on a swim how can I swim?
with all those pieces of sky filling the pool
I'll probably cut myself into an American Flag

Something Clean About A Bullet

in the casual weekend war
a technician will push a button
and return to his science-fiction paperback
or perhaps a blond-haired bomber-pilot
will drop a pot of meltiness or nerve-gas or bacteria
and return to his suburban home to play with his young daughter

I want the one who's destined to stop my breathing
to do it neatly and with passion
looking into my eyes as he squeezes the trigger

-- Ottone M. Riccio