

## **PEOPLE OF THE BOMB**

It began with fear, not famine.

What was missing was an understanding  
of consequences.

Still, the sky held a blue-white innocence.

It would be many years before light  
would become so intense that you could see  
your bones through translucent skin.

Many years would pass before people  
would crawl through the twisted jungle of time.

Silos still held grain, not missiles.

Snow-capped mountains brushed the sky  
and held it aloft.

The bomb may have ended the war, but only  
if history is read like a distant star.

What happened at Hiroshima and Nagasaki  
cannot be easily forgotten, nor forgiven.

Orwell had only begun to imagine how bad  
it would become.

The sky turned white and aged.

If only no bells had sounded.

If only the white flags had flown before  
the strange storm.

If only time had not bolted and changed course.

If only there had been one less Einstein  
and one more Vonnegut.

If only the colors of daybreak  
had not melted our hearts.

David Krieger  
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