

A War Film Documentary

—Stanley Noah

Stars are
falling while
people are
leaping from
shore cliffs of
Okinawa, April
1, 1945—
Americans
now on the
beach
with gathering hours. Civilians

were told the
invaders are
red-horned
demons. The
horror. The
floating corpus
delicti of lies in
motion, up and
down with
every tide, tides
coming

in going out,
balanced by
the timing
of the moon's
forever
indifference,
whimsical
clock. Bodies
beating on
sharp rocks like
dead fishes. I
have seen

this event
many times in
my studies.

The one
woman
standing a
breath a
moment, the
letting go.

And then I
close my eyes.
Don't want to

see the divine
wind and waves
again. Don't
want to see the
inevitable
pungent
demise.
See mother with
child, dangling
all the long way
down.