LZ Some Hill Somewhere
—Fred Rosenblum

it became no shock
to discover the floor of the earth
deeper than it appeared
on the ass end of a shit hook

its crew chief barking at us
as we fell
like a green excretion
from the whup-whup hover —

bird droppings
if you will
our ballsy salted squad leader
stood there
still in a rainy red smoke mist

calmly looking down upon us
... a welcome back
to the cryptic contact message
in his borrowed from lee marvin eyes

below
our sane hearts pumped
a reality of ripples
into the ruby infusion
of rainwater and blood —
down there
in that bombed-out
bowl of butchered meat in the mud...
the scattered deaf mute carnage —
some of our brothers and some of them
cartilage and tendon ribbons
end over ended
with splintered bone

lying there
listening to the chattering swill —
a cook-off of brass belts feeding
the white hot
sludge-muffled maws

snorting hogs ...there in the torpor
and the tumble of Kalishnikovs
and B-40s performing
a perfectly deadly medley
of hair-raising melodies

and again
I called on those
almighty powers that be
while the senior squid
worked on this kid
whose red marimba...of a ribcage opened
for all the gods to see