

## 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