

Nightmare

—Mike Sukach

All the stars scattered like kids in a fire drill
space ripped open, these aurochs and satellites
rained like cats and dogs, flak and spent casings,

“fucks” and “oh shits” squelched through forests
and cities, car crashes were on that frequency
and I think my ear was bleeding from the chaos

and no one could avoid the aurochs tumbling
like cinder blocks tossed off the edge of the sky
and smashing into the forests and cities, a scream

stretched out across the jagged horizon vanishing
into TV static as fizzling satellites whistled overhead,
and the aurochs weren't dying the way you think

they thudded into earth, tables, chairs, and ammo
crates, righted their mangled raging auroch bodies
and began feasting on satellites and the kersplats

the kind you see on cartoons but it's not Wile E. Coyote
just some poor red splatted schmuck like we all are
being overrun by aurochs at least three stories tall

and then, Doc, the nightmare began like it was all over
and then I realize I'm staring down the sight of my rifle
at everything the size a of marble and the earth was drifting.