

# Dear Atom Bomb,



I confess—you were my high school obsession. You bloomed inside my chest until I howled. You shook me with your booming zillion wattage. You were bigger than rock and roll. I lost days to you, the way you expanded

to become more than even yourself. In Science class movies, you puffed men like microwaved marshmallows, raked blood from their insides, and always I could feel your heat like a massive cloak around my shoulders.

You embarrassed me. You were too depraved for dignity, not caring whose eyes you melted, whose innards oozed; you balled up control in your God-huge palms and tossed it into the stratosphere. Oh, Atom Bomb,

I miss you. These days my mind is no incandescent blur but a narrow infrared beam spotlighting bounded fears: cancer in a single throat; a shock of blood on the clean sheets; a careless turn from

the grocery store lot into the pickup with the pit bull in the bed. Oh, Atom Bomb, come back. Take me away from the twitch in my leg, the cracking lead paint, the lurking salmonella. Sweep me up in your blinding

white certainty. Make me sure once again that I'll live till the world's brilliant end.