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A Poem About The Photographic Imprint I Would Leave If A Nuclear Bomb Hit Nearby As I Took Out The Trash One Night

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A Poem About The Photographic Imprint I Would Leave If A Nuclear Bomb Hit Nearby As I Took Out The Trash One Night

Take the trash out, dad says.
Grudgingly, she grips the two sides
of the plastic parcel and with a heave
hauls it over her shoulder. She

pauses at the door. A plane rumbles
overhead. She dashes on tiptoes
towards the end of the driveway,
hoping to make it before the bomb hits.

She thinks of her family, and the future.
How close would the mushroom cloud
have to be to incinerate her on contact?
Will she be discovered thousands of years

later as a Pompeiian, a shell of a person
walking the trash out next to a battered Buick
in the driveway of the remains of a house in
West Virginia? Will she be a great mystery

like the Ice Man, arrested in the prime of her
development by nuclear war? What will they
say about her neon green shoelaces and high
tops? Those things will last, won't they?

Trish Klei '97