

## Bombers

Bombers  
zoom  
this morning over the redbud, the stone-crib:

warming up  
over a wing of the garden:  
gunning.

I slept so little,  
this day's a dream  
in ether, making all plants numb.

But my perceptive heart  
hears, and sees, the opening  
figures of my husband, my children

rising  
blooming into film  
(always white) as toy soldiers

sailing toward my opened arms.  
I close my eyes, recalling  
those snails, silver rows-of-bullets

nailed on a rosebush  
while my man & children  
rush forward.

After. . . bombers are gone, the whole sky & garden are lined  
the silver of *Movietone*.  
Or rockets in dream.