

Sad Cloud and Happy Bullets

There are bullets,
there are bullet points
from the Latin, *bullā*, leaden seal.
In ancient days, the lead seal
closed some document away
from prying eyes not qualified to see it.
Now, the lead rips opens,
reveals the truth
to the eyes of all.
The lead slashes and we learn
of a cruel doctrine, hard to accept,
bow to, and to obey.
and the bullets spiral down—
a lipstrick case
(lipstick is often red), a condom
dribbling sterile seed.
An ossuary of skulls beneath,
rainbows above—rainbows define
trajectories of the bullets—
no promise in them,
except the one
that earth will be destroyed
by fire—the fire next time.
A cloud seeks shelter
in the mayhem sky,
hides behind the false rainbows,
hovers above the bombardment,
tries to avoid vectors of cover-fire.
Another cloud withdraws,
is out of range, out of
the firestorm, the prised
tracer line of lead.
A saddened cloud set
in fragmented sky.

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