1973

One Reader Writes

Joe David Bellamy

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deadly impact the
collapsing vertebrae the
neck snapped loose at the
medulla oblongata the
windows exploded the
mouthful of debris and the
siren-like whistling of the black winds of
chaos

ONE READER WRITES:

She would see it in Time Magazine: a picture, himself in the foreground, still strapped to the seat, bent double across the belt, chin on chest, elbows limp, hands drooping and swollen, one shoeless foot two inches deep in muck, slightly deformed at the ankle, collar and cuffs amazingly spotless, a bolt from the tail-fin blown like a needle through his liver, blood and yellow bile oozing out through the stain on his suit, slowly filling the chromium ashtray in the armrest, cigarette butts rising to the top, overflowing; rust already setting in, melted plastic, pieces of burnt cloth, the ruined spirals of aluminum girders, lymph and ectoplasm flowing green in the mudpuddles folded unused vomit bags stirring in the wind.

21 Joe David Bellamy