

# Secure

*by Gary Hardaway*

The silos lie beneath the ground  
in bat-shit crazy western states.

Inside one, Lesley Stahl presents  
a pair of clean-cut twenty-somethings

charged with cold war protocols  
served by antique computers

(floppies the size of LPs) run  
by code last written and understood

by tech guys either dead now  
or drooling in old age homes.

No ones knows how to fix them  
but no one knows how to hack them.

This is the Minuteman tine  
of the three-tined fork

we can stick into the modern world  
when it's done-- a MAD triad.

It's better to think, instead,  
of Kim Kardashian, Justin Bieber,

and the closing price of shares  
in Berkshire Hathaway.

