

# Black Bombers

*by* Gary Hardaway

I dreamed again of black bombers.  
Each night, they look a little different -  
More sweep to the wings, perhaps,  
A shorter tail or larger intakes —

But the same, in essence. Moonlight  
Strokes their curves with satin sheen.  
They're beautiful, as fast things are —  
Ferraris at Monza, thoroughbreds

At Churchill Downs, a V-2, poised.  
They're beautiful as purposeful things are —  
Industrial beam cranes painted safety  
Yellow, catenary bridges, Hoover Dam.

The missions never change:  
To plant a bed of fast-blooming  
Flowers of annihilation  
Across an unspecific plain.

The missions never include knowing  
The mission's larger purpose, just  
The small, horticultural role  
The bombers play. In dreams, I never

Find this odd, nor the fact  
I'm both admirer looking on  
And crew looking out to count  
The blossoms bursting yellow, orange,

Red and black. I only know  
To count then brace myself

As we bank, hard left, and fly away  
At terrible velocity.

