

# Insurgencias

*by Gary Hardaway*

The first and fiercest impulse  
is “annihilate them all”  
like mosquitoes bearing malaria  
or Dengue fever. They,  
of course, might welcome martyrdom—

they nurture a medieval language  
for the world inside themselves.  
It spills out like pathogens from  
the puncturing, proboscis-like,

automatic rifles. Like Alexander,  
we would slash the knot  
and let the pieces fall as they fall.

The end will film itself  
in charred, eviscerated bodies

licked by stinging flies.

