

# Molotov Cocktail Poems

*by Gary Hardaway*

What poem could match  
the Nazi-cooking power  
of burning gasoline  
through chinks of Panzer armor?  
None I ever found  
and scratched across a paper pad,  
circa '72 through 2000.

Now the enemy dons such cunning uniforms.  
Simplicity of gasoline in glass  
will never be enough.  
The new theaters require C-4 poems  
and poems stealthy as computer viruses  
to counteract the shape-shifting squadrons  
of the new millennium's blitzkrieg.

