

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.

