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.