

# Wednesday late, Friday early

*by* Nonnie Augustine

In Paris cartoonists were murdered today.  
Soldiers of the pen and ink drawing, black and white or multi?  
Mufti: a Muslim legal expert who is empowered  
to give rulings on religious matters. So.

No. No fair. Unfair. Foul. Took my breath.  
I lost my breath twice today—once reading about murder,  
once rushing toward a place I wanted to be,  
only faster than was wise.

Shoot the Piano Player,  
shoot the cartoonists.  
Shoot. Cartoon. Oooo sounds.  
Bad moon rising.

I giggle when I am nervous and I wish I wouldn't do that.  
I wish for aplomb. Always aplomb and that rhymes  
with bomb and will there always be more bombs?  
Would you plant a bomb? Neither would I.

*From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia, edited:*

*A Kalashnikov rifle is any one of a series of automatic rifles based  
on the original design of Mikhail Kalashnikov (born 1919, died 2013)*

*It may also refer to:*

*The Kalashnikov Concern (where they make the guns)*

*Victor Kalashnikov, a journalist and ex-KGB officer,*

- *Oksana Kalashnikova, a professional Georgian tennis player or Marina, an historian and freelance journalist*

*Creative works include: "The Merchant Kalashnikov", an 1837 poem by Mikhail Lermontov, an opera based on this poem and a 1909 film by Goncharov, a Danish punk band of the 1980s, an Italian punk band, still playing, the Neo-Kalashnikovs, a New Zealand alternative rock band, a brand of vodka, the Kalashnikov cocktail and a chess variation which requires great patience.*

Patience born of dependency.

Patiently born dependency.

Bourne Supremacy. Jason Bourne  
shoots his Kalashnikov in Paris and London,  
lets it rip anywhere and everywhere  
the quick need arises.

I am not a political poet.  
We are all of us political poets.  
Take a breath. Take several.  
Take away the K-guns from their grips.

"Violence is the last refuge of the incompetent." Isaac Asimov.  
Not Kalashnikov, Asimov.

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