

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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