

Rockets

Do you believe, Mr. Hickam, in a place called Ludlow
Where brown, brittle grasses now offer their skeletal bodies to the gaping sky
Old train cars are hot to the touch
Emphatic union stickers coat a small stone monument's sensitive, breathing, pulsing skin
I believe, Mr. Hickam, in a place called Ludlow and
I believe, Mr. Hickam, in the sanctity of your mother's painting.
Few miners come trudging past my door, Mr. Hickam
But it comes to the same thing, Mr. Hickam.
They were miners in Ludlow, Mr. Hickam
And I scream, Mr. Hickam, with 11 small children and 2 tired women
Charred and broiled and twisted by the National Guard
In a tent colony in Ludlow.
Not all adolescents with only a black spot on their lung
To look forward to
Are so privileged as to overcome tribulation
With a boyish, charming, disciplined foolishness
Which ultimately entitles them
Not to a grateful place in a collective, soulful humanity
Uninfluenced by waving flags which become funeral shrouds again and again
But to
The American Dream
That dripping orange popsicle which hovers behind the moon
Which John Kennedy so desired to reach.

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