

# The ARTS Page

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## *Hiroshima*

The man who dropped death on Hiroshima  
Rings bells in the cloister, has taken vows.  
The man who dropped death on Hiroshima  
Put his head in a noose and hanged himself.  
The man who dropped death on Hiroshima  
Is out of his mind, is battling with risen souls  
Made of atomic dust who are out to attack him.  
Every night. Hundreds and thousands of them.

None of it's true.  
In fact, I saw him the other day  
In his front garden, there in the suburb—  
With immature hedges and dainty roses.  
You need time to make a Forest of Forgetting  
Where someone can hide. Plainly on view  
Was the naked, suburban house and the young wife  
Standing beside him in her floral dress  
And the little girl attached to her hand  
And the boy hoisted up on his back  
And cracking a whip over his head.  
And he was easy to pick out  
On all fours there on the lawn, his face  
Contorted with laughter, because the photographer  
stood  
Behind the hedge, the seeing eye of the world.

*Marie Luise Kaschnitz*  
(translated by Eavan Boland)

## *Be Nobody's Darling*

Be nobody's darling,  
Be an outcast.  
Take the contradictions  
Of your life  
And wrap around  
You like a shawl,  
To parry stones  
To keep you warm.

Watch the people succumb  
To madness  
With ample cheer;  
Let them look askance at you  
And you askance reply.

Be an outcast;  
Be pleased to walk alone  
(Uncool)  
Or line the crowded  
River beds  
With other impetuous  
Fools.

Make a merry gathering  
On the bank  
Where thousands perished  
For brave hurt words  
They said.  
But be nobody's darling;  
Be an outcast.  
Qualified to live  
Among your dead.

*Alice Walker*

## *War as a Drug*

"I could not come down from the high produced by the action. The fire-fight was over but I did not want it to be over. So, when a sniper opened fire from a tree line beyond the village, I did something slightly mad. I walked up and down the clearing, trying to draw the sniper's fire. 'C;mon, Charlie, hit me, you son of a bitch,' I yelled at the top of my lungs. 'HO CHI MINH SUCKS. FUCK COMMUNISM. HIT ME, CHARLIE.' I was crazy. I was soaring high, very high, in a delirium of violence. I was John Wayne in Sands of Iwo Jima. I was Aldo Ray in Battle Cry."

*Vietnam Vet*

"I was boiling with a mad rage, which had taken hold of me and all others in an incomprehensible fashion. The overwhelming wish to kill gave wings to my feet. The monstrous desire for annihilation, which hovered over the battlefield, thickened the brains of the men in a red fog. We called each other in sobs and stammered disconnected sentences. A neutral observer might perhaps have believed we were seized by an excess of happiness."

*German Vet, 1918*



meets every Thursday 7:30pm, Please contact (847) 331-3286 for the meeting location.

All are welcome. Peace by more leads to more peace.

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