

Petition for Nuclear Freeze

*In the brief interface
Of the moment's light
Dangling time like the poise
Of a dancer's heel
Before the final prouette,
Across galaxies
We search impervious planets
For familiar signals.
We probe the stars with silver*

*shafts
For some new land bridge,
But stars are veiled and silent.
Unseen watchers who perceive
The devil's dance of nations
— The great lethal video-game —
May know it comes tomorrow,
that
Last astounding flash in the
dust.*

*We will not have time
To go the path of Atahualpa,
Emperor of the Inca,
Shall leave no steles like his
To mark our fleeting presence.
Only the feathers of our fiery
selves
Sunken to ashes,
Blown on implacable winds.*

Mary Tallmountain