

NOCTURNE WITH IED

The pond beside the dump
 bubbles with blue froth;

milk cartons and black bags float
 like dead fish. A man's head

pushes through, severs the surface
 of the water, red wires

pour like linguini from his mouth,
 the pockets on his vest

overflow with nails, screws.
 He crawls up

from the pond, a trail of black
 sewage saturating

the ground behind him. When he takes
 three steps—then stops—

leeches try to twist
 free from the patches

of beard on his neck
 and with both hands he pulls

the wires from his mouth
 like a rope from the back

of his throat. I see the silver fuse,
 its widening sphere, and from his
stomach—a beige mortar round
 he births through his teeth.