

Indiana-stan

First: HE rounds

their kicked-up smoke dust
same color as whatever earth they strike.

Nothing seen we know them
by bellows thumping bare hills

beyond the bombed-out tank hulks
we were supposed to hit.

A thunder you can set your watch to.

Next: illume rounds

packed light and smoke
and shot too low

start fires in the tall grass.
Imagine these man-made stars washing

night like photograph half developed.
In daylight, just ash dragging fields

that aren't allowed to burn.

Of course: over there

if the wheat crops, or the poppy
harvest go to roast, we won't

wait for the fires to die out safely.
We can leave as soon we start them.