

# August 6

*Marden J. Clark*

“Go get dressed. You’re no man for this army!”  
I went, thanking for the first time the crook  
In my spine that stopped me buck naked  
From buck privacy, and took me back to you  
After a three-hour, not a three-year separation.

Together we heard the celebration:  
Hiroshima Wiped Out! With one bomb!  
With one bomb! Now the war will have to end!  
We celebrated with the rest. Celebrated the bomb,  
Celebrated rejection, celebrated your birthday, my love.

For forty years now, to celebrate your birthday  
We’ve had to celebrate the bomb, but on  
A sliding scale: from first exuberance  
To slow knowing to terror now. Your poor birthday,  
Growing on an opposing scale, tonight  
Gets only a bad movie as celebration.

The spine that bought my rejection  
Has cost me plenty since in pain, but none  
Like that of the bomb I failed to feel as pain.

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“The crowning savagery of war!” J. Reuben Clark  
Called those bombs. But we dismissed him:  
Old and embittered. I’m old and bitter now.  
I call him back to witness — against me,  
Against all who would not hear, who do not hear.

The speed of light squared! That bomb still lives,  
Mushrooming in our memories, a ghost in the galaxy  
A thousand times alive in its sleek rude brood  
Begotten of that equation  
On technology, the mushroom prefiguring  
And portending, Cassandra-like, the progeny  
Expanding at the square of the speed of light.

Ah, love, let us be true . . . The ebb and flow  
Are sucking and swelling to a tidal wave!  
Our leaders run like children  
Down the sand in the deep ebb sucked out  
By the coming wave, like children down the sand  
To pluck for their crowns the shining baubles  
Bared before the wave.

We love. That may be all we do or have  
When the wave bursts over us.  
And if the voice of apocalypse be not heard  
We must at least let the silent waves of our love  
Be known: We love.