

*Apocalypse Now*

*Do you smell that? Napalm, son.  
Nothing else in the world smells like that.*

Now when I feel  
the world folding  
me to stuff me into  
a cardboard box  
fixed with yellowed tape,

now I can see  
I am not one of those  
soft-handed little men  
enveloped in gray suits  
languishing in faceless shadow,  
bladder shy pissers  
sporting pajamas as they  
sleep on periwinkle sheets  
dreaming of every day  
stifling contralto cries  
into pillows reeking of flop sweat,

now I can tell  
I am roughhewn oak,  
splinters for tender skin,  
yet resplendent –  
adorned with a king's  
feast over my bulk,

now I can feel  
my animal heart grown  
too large gnawing  
to burst forth  
with fangs dripping  
blood and saliva  
like Polyphemus  
burbling wine  
and bits of man-flesh,  
single eye monomaniacal  
in his cave home,  
iridescent glare  
from the darkness  
while the shipmates  
rend clothes and hair,

now I know I will  
not my quietus in quietude  
make but yawp and bark  
and drink the green  
exploding round,

now I burn to ashes,  
sometimes the flame,  
sometimes the gasoline,  
but always kinetic,  
always ready to devour,  
orange yellow  
red blue tongued,  
to eat and be eaten,  
voracious and delicious.

*I love the smell of napalm in the morning. . . .  
It smells like victory.*

– Jeffery Greb