

## Floodgates

My barber says its a lock:  
one day, some wacko  
in the heat of war or desperation  
will dust off and use a nuke.  
I argue 800 billion U.S. bucks ought  
to keep the nuttiest wackos in check.  
No no, he insists, just a little one,  
a tactical one is all it'll take  
for the floodgates to open  
and doom us all.

Then he drops me in my tracks --  
what in human history, he snorts,  
argues for holding back? We're animals,  
after all, just animals.

I disagree, maintaining  
wisdom and restraint will hold sway --  
so he levels the coup de grace:  
even god, he pauses to cross himself,  
even god in his wisdom and restraint  
didn't spare Sodom and Gomorrah.  
A lengthy hush falls over us, broken  
only by the snipping of his shears  
as my thick mane falls around his feet.

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