

Broken Arrows

Right now, I have break-up rage
and this 21st century linguistic excitement
makes me suspicious; who needs
irradiated language with their missiles?

Everything is 'hateful', everyone is stunning,
you have the right to be offended.
I found Ronald Reagan's bombs offensive,
I will never get over AIDS homophobia.

I know how to Duck and Cover,
I can't rhyme Attack Warning Signal
or Civil Defence: *Why We Need It*
or America's children Shelter in Place

Oh, I'm tubthumping, I'm somebody's idea of brave
even as I'm pondering lyrics, even pop-songs
of the next decade; Nathalie Imbruglia's line
I thought I saw a man brought to life.

There are stricken submarines
full of nuclear warheads in the sea:
Broken Arrow Incidents
He was warm he came around he was dignified.

In the 1980s we hadn't yet heard Imbruglia sing *Torn*,
I didn't know about the lost bombs under the sea;
that some were yet to sink, stunning, to the ocean floor
in a New York plot-twist

Illusion never changed into something real.
Where are the hits of yesteryear?
Where is the buttery popcorn of America?
I am cold and I am shamed lying naked on the floor