

Took half your face and both your eyes.
It left you nothing but paralyzed.
And mushroom clouds, they left behind
Our cities crumbling,
But I don't mind.

The ether tastes like nausea.
A permanent distraction
From the waking world outside.

Rain down.
"Gloria? Gloria? What's wrong?"

Like skeletons on ecstasy,
An epileptic dance party.
So shut your mouth and don't you scream.
Just hold my hand girl, and dance with me
To the sound of severed hands clapping
At our untimely funeral.
Bombs wrap children 'round swing sets.

And man's new nuclear paintbrush
Redrew you on earth's canvas;
A skull where your face should be.

In the sound of falling rain,
In the flames, and the fallout,
I hear the echoes of an empire
Calling out your name.
A ghostly sonnet,
A saw-toothed serenade,
And through the smoke I hear 'em singing,
I hear 'em singing,
"Gloria."