

Flying Fortress(Nine o Nine), Ash Slade

the world paused and suspended motion
on October third, when a fireball
explosion lit-up old nine o nine. like
burned-out lights on the edges of cul-
desac roads, seven wicks were snuffed
out in plumes of smoke. the de-icing
building collapsed, the runway turned
into a messy morgue.

like a bomb struck by a match chaos
erupted in the clouds. a soldier's roots
stripped to scrap, strewn wild on the
cold burial ground that houses the sap of
loss.

the chiefs read off a hotline number for families
to call. responders set out to lend a hand.
mothers and fathers on their knees no pills to
curb the edge. at the podium, the governor
echoed a lunch meat speech to the newsroom
sea. pencils scratched on pads when asked
about the crisis, he sealed his lips.

the bucket above poured out, as the seraphim
blew into their wings like tissues. a place in
black, waiting for the next flash bulletin.

lives incinerated like bonfire ash dragged by a
whirlwind gust. training to put back together
bits you can't mend.

as the world takes a nap, families mount a
restless guard. their core crumbles and creaks,
and the floor caves in. a glowing light is lost at
record speed. their biography told upon burial
in the brittle ground. clans move on from
stolen lives, remembering the loss.

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Bio: Ash Slade lives in a small Connecticut town.
He enjoys collecting poetry books, journals, and
pens. In his spare time, hobbies include: spending
time with friends and family, reading, and
shopping. Past publications include *The Blue Nib*
and *Circus Of Indie Artists: Nevermore Edition*
edited by Dale Bruning.

Favourite Poem: *The Raven* by Edgar Allan Poe