**August 6th**  **Alison Fell**

In the Enola Gay

five minutes before impact

he whistles a dry tune

Later he will say the whole blooming sky

went up like an apricot ice

Later he will laugh and tremble

at such a surrender, for the eye

of his belly saw Marilyn’s skirts

fly over her head forever.

On the river bank, bees drizzle over

hot white rhododendrons.

Later she will walk the dust,

a scarlet girl, with her whole stripped skin

at her heel, stuck like

an old shoe sole or mermaid’s tail

Later she will lie down

In the flecked black ash

where the people are become

as lizards or salamanders

and blinded she will complain

Mother you are late, so late.

Later in dreams he will look

Down shrieking and see

Ladybirds, ladybirds.