

A R J U N R A J E N D R A N

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## The “Fallout” Poem

I look up from the drones  
Firing at me at will  
In this post-apocalyptic landscape

My heart is a Geiger counter  
in this land of radioactive hills,  
Brahmins outlined against  
retro futuristic advertisements

The *crozzled* horizon mutates  
while clouds mushroom into being-  
shots penetrate my armor

Three Nuka-colas later  
I step over raider corpses,  
no bullet grazes my skull

I am Daddy’s boy  
I like to aim for the head  
I love Yum-Yum Devilled Eggs

There is nothing to forgive  
in the Capital Wasteland  
its handful of dust

The sky is darker than an overseer's soul,  
the end isn't complete  
but I remember to say grace  
for the dog-flesh and the mole-rat meat.



Originally from Bombay (now Mumbai), **ARJUN RAJENDRAN** works as a technical writer in San Antonio. His work has appeared in *Switched-on Gutenberg*, *The Pittsburgh Quarterly*, *Pratilipi*, and *Cha-* Hong Kong's first literary journal.