

M I C H A E L E S T A B R O O K

Heaven and Earth

been a long hot humid summer
and my wife and I are exhausted
and a little bored and it's Monday night
so we download a video
Oliver Stone's *Heaven and Earth* —
Vietnam through the life of a young
Vietnamese woman and we watch it
and get reminded how completely
horrible life is how life isn't worth
anything not one damn thing because
people are terrible and disgusting and
blood-thirsty and mindless sexual
monsters with all their raping and
killing and ravaging and torture and
snakes and knives and guns, mudpits
and flesh-eating ants, bombs and
grenades and agent orange and there's
so much pure violence three long hours
of pure human violence and hate
and death the Devil himself firmly in
control of humanity and the planet,
and the movie finishes and we turn it
off and the house is really quiet and we

start in right away for no apparent
reason yelling like crazy at each other
and though I hated this film's
despicable lopsided portrayal of
the human race maybe I did learn
something that the only way to stop
the violence is to stop the violence.

MICHAEL ESTABROOK is a recently retired baby boomer child-of-the-sixties poet freed finally after working 40 years for “The Man” and sometimes “The Woman.” No more useless meetings under florescent lights in stuffy windowless rooms. Now he’s able to devote serious time to making better poems when he’s not, of course, trying to satisfy his wife’s legendary Honey-Do List.