

PETER VENABLE

Enough

Men carry a large sign

خلاص ("ENOUGH")

Barrel bombs strike their street.
Building chunks soars and rains concrete hail
and a few bicycle wheels
on the mass of men staggering in shock
and the others gasping out blood mist.

Dust settles like volcanic ash on their faces,
collecting limbs and flesh confetti
in wheelbarrows and carts. A daughter pedals
a bicycle, glancing over her shoulder,
absorbing red panorama, her amygdala numb,
her right ear deaf,

one more Armageddon her tiny brain
stockpiled over the others.

Peter Venable has written free and metric poetry for decades. He has been published in *Veil: Journal of Darker Musings*, *Bluepepper*, *Torrid Literature Journal*, *Third Wednesday*, *Chrysalis*, *Flying South*, and others. He missed Nixon's lottery by his fortuitous birthdate. He is a member of the Winston Salem Writers.