

# WHITE SANDS

White.  
White beyond white.  
The white heart  
Of the white sun.  
White heat.  
White of bone.  
White of seed.  
White before white.  
White within white.  
The white of men  
White in their power,  
The white that defies death,  
The white that is death.  
White the altar of war.  
White its heart.  
White its soul.

White the house of war.  
White the Vatican of war  
*Mea culpa* (repeat)  
Forgive me,  
Fathermother,  
For I have sinned.  
Cleanse me  
With the pure white  
Sand of war.

And quiet.  
Forgive me with quiet,  
Quiet so loud  
It fathers unforgiving-  
The quiet of temples,  
Of synagogues and sepulchers,  
The quiet of silence,  
The quiet that mothers suffering,  
The quiet beyond sand,  
The quiet echoing the rumor of war.

White the Christianity of war,  
White the Judaism of war,  
White the Mohammedanism of war.  
White the government of war.  
White the Bible of sand.

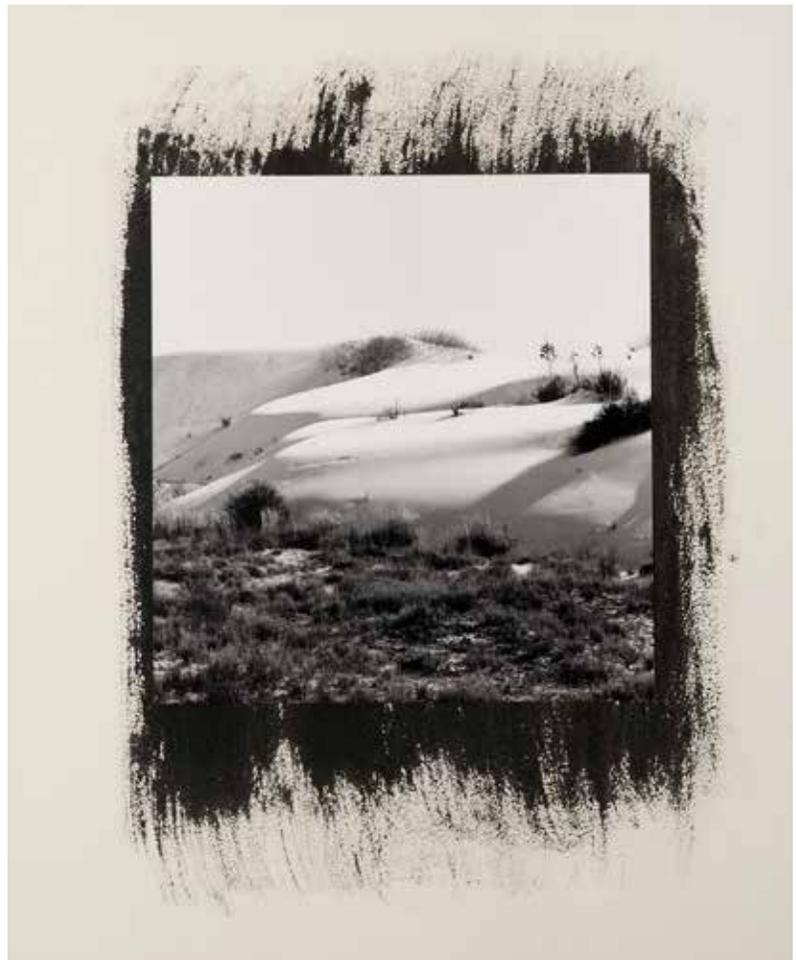
And change,  
White the change  
That knows no change.  
Sand in its sameness.  
This white sand river  
Forever on the move:  
North or South.  
White moving East;  
White moving West.  
Circling.  
Rising.  
Drifting back to whiteness.  
Wind beginning  
Already to erase  
Even its own moving.  
Each white footprint  
Falling in upon itself,  
Erasing any trace of you,  
Any trace that you  
Were ever here.  
You-  
Or anyone like you.

Sand.  
Pray for sand.  
Pray for the divinity of sand,  
For white sand,  
For the inhumanity of sand.  
Condemn us  
In the sand of war.  
Bathe us in sand.  
Baptize us in sand.  
In sand will we be forgiven.  
Forever and ever  
Amen.  
White sand,  
Unreal sand.  
Sand that gives,  
And sand that takes.  
Listen:  
Here is the voice of sand,  
Whispering in whiteness-  
White sound  
So close.  
White so close to the machine.

Black jets  
With the heaviness  
Of statehood  
Cleave the canyons of sand  
Like furious birds.

Remember sand  
Sand so close to the memory,  
To Ground Zero,  
To the practice run:  
Big Boy  
Little Boy  
Any Boy.  
U-235.  
Plutonium.  
All within walking distance.  
Who can say  
What the sand saw.  
Listen:  
This is the poetry  
Of plutonium.  
Blessed is Pu-244,  
Born of destruction,  
Of neutron bombardment-  
Half-life: 76 million yrs.  
Blessed is Pu-239,  
Fissionable isotope  
Slipping slowly  
Into the marrow  
Of your white bones.  
Forever.  
Whispering to you,  
Reading you  
Your rights.  
You have the right-  
You have the right to-  
You have the right to forget.

Remember  
First and foremost  
Remember  
Your right to bear arms.  
The right to bear arms  
Is power.



In power is death  
In all its whiteness.  
In power is exploitation.  
In power is taking-  
Without asking,  
Without praying.  
In power is forgetting.

Forgetting to remember  
Hiroshima  
August 6, 1945.  
Forgetting to remember  
Nagasaki  
August 9, 1945.  
Remember this sand;  
Remember this silence.

Remember this:  
You do not need to know  
The composition of blood  
To know truth.  
You need only know  
That sand moves slower  
And lasts longer.