Mistaken for mother battle

Ss . . . ss . . . Dam . . . dam.
Hawkers abandon canopied sheds,
Rub jaws with stony beds,
Rub chests with rubbish dumps.
Mothers throw bodies,
Throw babies,
Under table, under chair,
Too small for such task.
Ss . . . ss . . . . . flash of light!
Dam-dam . . . . . an explosion!
Unexpected hug of buyers and sellers,
Young and old and high and low,
Like dying touch of the dying,
Struggling to make contact with life,
Cancel class, cancel order with one accord.
Ss . . . . . . Dam-dam! Again and enough.

In strangled peace of the second,
The mad man shouts, ‘Sad-dam!’
Blindness descends like a locust
Of misty sand sealing the scene,
Of disjointed order of Bini market.

Hu-hu, Hu-hu, Hu-hu . . . new sound?
Less menacing,
Yet,
Hurried and rowdy.

Dilated eyes peer through tears,
Through clouds of dirt,
Dancing to fluting and drumming
Of thorn trees and sighing wind:
Aftermath of swift flight of light
From her unrelenting thundering chaser.