

# 1972

*by J N MacNeill*

A sunny early-summer evening.  
Glad to be alive.  
Some way ahead, a loch,  
the home of submarines whose missile stock  
could purge the world of humans,  
good and bad.

A flash across the sky!  
What's that?  
In shock, I wonder if they have ...

I reckon light would reach here first,  
before the hellish blight  
of thermonuclear flying filth would rock the sleepy scene.

No point in turning.  
Might as well go on.

The silent land is telling me to look,  
to breathe,  
to take in well,  
as twilight slowly darkens into night.

The next day, clouds, a gusting wind, a spell of rain.  
No heavenly light.  
No burning hell.