

## Fall Of The Leafe "Guilt Threat"

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Gusts of rain outside.  
Almost sleet.  
A smart-ass populated pub right next to ground zero.  
All idiots with ringing ears watch a breath drain away at  
the heels of a blast.  
Only a coal of a cigarette alive, twitching outside the  
bloody window.  
Outside, where diesels cry their cold.

Inside a million warm homes, football on channel two.  
Death feast on channel one, watched as

it were a ballgame.  
Elsewhere, there is someone holding a medal and  
blithering two thousand words a minute about guilt.

A sort of threat that one too.  
Which is why his room is soft and round.  
Which ones of those words, dreams, ghosts are his?  
Waiting endless hours for the call, for a voice that  
would say how the bullet meant for the bird had  
wandered away.  
But no.

Should his illness spread in the public, things could get  
serious.  
Machines might not work if the right buttons are not  
pushed.

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