

NUCLEAR NIGHTMARE

Spidery contrails mark the sky above the Pacific ten miles high.
Two Valiant bombers wing their way, over Christmas Island's coral bay.
Three thousand men sit and wait, Frightened, not knowing their fate.
Loud speakers, around them sound, their relayed message from air to ground.
"Final countdown, one minute." They say, "Sit behind a tree and face away,
put your hands over your eyes, push your head between your thighs".
"Ninety-Eight, Ninety-Seven, Ninety-Six, all systems go for the final fix".
Three thousand guinea pigs we are, never knowing if tomorrow will be.
"Ground Zero! Bomb Gone! Aircraft Away! Cover your eyes until I say".
Silent seconds ticking past, no big bang, crash, or blast.
Then, suddenly nightmare in the sands, through closed eyes, my bones! My hands!
Intense heat, creeping ... slow through my body, no burns to show.
Panic! I sneak a look; Nothing in sight, nothing at all but blinding white.
I tell myself, everything okay? Xray? ... Heat? ... Twas the Gamma ray.
A minute passes, the Loud speakers sound. "You can stand-up now and turn around".
There, half the horizon, half the sky, filled by a mushroom Ten miles high!
Like a huge sun changing colour, growing, expanding, getting fuller.
A stem of water a half mile wide, thirstily sucked from the Ocean's tide.
A minute later we watched in awe, travelling outwards from the core,
A beautiful halo, leaving clear blue sky, vaporising clouds in its path that lie.
Watching the halo pass overhead, brought a roar, a terrible dread.
A hurricane wind of strength so high – it threw us about frightened, we cry.
Many were hurt and many now dead, to benefit all of mankind they said.
Fallout radiation is a killer of men, caused by Uranium, Plutonium and Hydrogen.

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