

Smelling of Death:
Four anti-war haiku

By Ed Higgins

Smelling of death
C-4's faint bituminous odor:
The roadside bomb

the AK47's steel kiss
The barrel's small o
concentrated in leaden thought

In the chamber's nest
a fertilized zygote
snug in its brass case womb

the boxed dead,
grief gifts waiting
beside open graves.