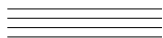


C A L L O F D U T Y I N T H E
V I D E O B U N K E R



H E N R Y H A R T

He hunched toward the screen
his face a bruised moon
luminous as gun posters taped to walls.
If the sun wormed into his bunker
he put on Ray-bans.
If a mourning dove's lament
pierced his windows
he clamped on headphones.
Zombies with swastika arm-bands
staggered from holes in his computer
into a fusillade of bullets.
He lived for kills
sparking through wired fingers,
for tallying neck hits and headshots.
The dead were only numbers.
They never touched him.
The last time his mother touched him
he stopped emailing her
from the basement.
At school he wanted to change
his socks every hour,
to be invisible as wind
hustling dead leaves across asphalt.

When he drove to Sandy Hook, black shirt
 camouflaging his mother's blood,
 the sky was a blank screen.
He was ready to shatter
 the glass door of record books,
 silence anyone who could touch him.