CALL OF DUTY IN THE VIDEO BUNKER

HENRY HART

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.