

One of the expendables

Cape Cod is wed to the mainland
by two bridges, on mild week
ends and all summer fed
by miles of backed up cars.

Right across Massachusetts
Bay, one of the worst nuclear
power plants, clone of Fukushima
leaks into the bay. On its roof

three thousand spent rods.
Vulnerable to hurricanes, flooding,
attack from the air or land
it squats menacing us.

We who live here all year, our
hundred thousands of summer
visitors, we have been deemed
expendable since we cannot

by any means be evacuated.
“Shelter in place” means breathe
in, absorb through your skin,
drink, swallow, eat radiation.

Your home will be uninhabitable
should you happen to survive
at least a while before cancer
dissolves your organs. The land

the pure water we cherish
will be tainted for decades. Fish,
birds, your dog and cats, raccoons,
squirrels, coywolves expendable

too. We count for nothing
compared to profits for a utility
housed in New Orleans where
you’d imagine they know floods.

We’re the throwaway people,
not as real as corporations.
Chop off the crooked arm
of Cape Cod and let us bleed.

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