The Manhattan Project

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ABSTRACT

The Manhattan Project is a book of lyric poetry that chronicles the discovery of nuclear energy and its subsequent use as both a weapon and a fuel source. The book is grounded in the aesthetic positionality contained in scholar Joyelle McSweeney’s concept of the ‘necropastoral’, a liminal zone where disparate spaces, such as the classical ‘urban’ and ‘pastoral’, become blurred. The Manhattan Project examines the enduring impossibility of sufficiently responding to the continuing repercussions of the nuclear age and its post-nuclear contaminants through a kind of ‘resurrection’ of lyric meditation, further mutated by both formal constraints and conceptual frameworks.
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THE ATOMS WE CLEAVE
Cruel immortality consumes this iodized garden. Clumps of pine shoots penetrate the sand-filled mass graves of irradiated trees, the mourners of a former forest. Bony wolves prowl an abandoned church, feeding on the flesh their of waning prey.

A graven shade wakes to weave with yarns of arterial tissue on her razor wire loom. Syringes rust in a pool of ruined tiles. A black dog stalks a trio of looters. A girl, crippled from birth, quotes the book of Revelation. From a ring of elegant fungi whose spores x-ray the night, an incandescent nymph springs forth to offer her insoluble kiss to the chapped lips of a graffiti artist,
whose rogue logos decorate the ruins of a decommissioned nuclear plant, husks of images scrawled in metallic spray paint.

The syntax of deep time reverberates in nucleic acoustics. Unhearable songs, living on the Nymph’s unravelling tongue, implant atomic cryptograms in stray genetic phrases. Her eyes shine with a dust of suns, a shimmer of malignant minerals that, when enriched, provide the means to transmute human flesh into a photo of its shadow. Beyond the throbbing graves of robots that shoveled the shredded entrails of graphite control rods from the caving roof of an exploded reactor,
its melted core a portal to the scabbed magma
of adolescent Earth; beyond necrotic acres
of pancaked grass, where two-headed

lambs graze, milked for fibers of spider silk;
there is a glade guarded by hairless faeries
who protect the tree of death, its branches

sagging with tumorous fruits, their pits aglow,
their skins glittering with heavy metals. Grisly
gnomes huddle in burrows beneath the roots

of this mammoth blot of clotted bark. The artist
tastes no fruit. The dead climb out of his eyes,
to expose the hoax of his clocks. The sun rises

in the wrong direction, and even through faulty optic
tissue, the blind bathe in this dawn, bearing witness
to the bursting of an angel’s graceful heart.
THE ARMS RACE
BELOW OKLO

Press your ear against a fossilized nautilus to hear the hum of this natural reactor.

Below and before the colonial mines, before there was fallout, bombs, or shelters,

there was a belly full of light, a lair for balrogs, where a granular fuzz

of uranium crystals tickled the feet of eyeless dryads, their skin embalmed

by stray ions. They once bathed in pockets of superheated water trapped

in porous granite, fed on waves of heat from muddled suns whose pungent rays

pickled the tissues of the earth. They drank the brutal dew of Styx from crystal goblets,
redirecting rivulets to sustain their shrieking stars, whose own songs cut with wild notes sawed from infernal violins, each burst of fission crumpling like a lantern as it drifts into the maw of an ocean trench. Their lost experiments predate us. Pandora’s box unlocked itself, like a forgotten clock striking in an empty house, clotting Oklo’s depths with the chimes of crimson choirs, accompanied by cruel buglers jealous of the swirling worms above. Before our hominid ancestors tread, sleepless, across savannahs sweet with primal fears, restless veins of nuclear fuel blazed in this georeactor, each Precambrian
burst the dream spasm of a body
of ore, a radionuclear twitch.

Neodymium dissolved, mired in aching
heat. Ruthenium threads unravelled

in the raving deep, decay particles caught
in sandstone, clay, and granite. Thermal

neutrons sundered the surrounding umber
stone of these hothouse catacombs.

Carcinogenic steam from Vulcan bathhouses
permeated troughs of liquid heat, where even

molecules boiled, nuclei evaporated. A visiting
necromancer brought all fossils near the reactor

back to life. Calcified skeletons cracked open their
stratified tombs to dance in the antechamber
of Earth’s first critical mass. Nature was never innocent, entrapping hymns within black crystals,
testing her own flesh, carving with water trenches for demoniac sparks, twisted fields tended to grow
the tectonic fauna of dark gardens: uraninite, pitchblende, thorianite, pegmatite, betafite,
lost volumes from a mineralogical apocrypha. The demise of the Anthropocene was written
in these stones. There was a revelation when the mines opened, though the miracle was
merely material. Plunderers dove into the earth for the spoils of new energy. The virus of humanity
prepared itself for omnicide, realizing that their doomsday clocks were slower than they thought.
What need compelled your hands to prod elemental embodiments of chaotic decay, to tinker with glinting flasks of these vicious species of dust? If young Joan of Arc spoke with god, and burned for their exchanges, then what gods communed with you that set your bones ablaze, left you delirious from necrotic marrow? How many hours, O dark priestess of Prometheus, did you carry test tubes virulent with flameless fires, gently slid into the pockets of your lab coats, each inch of their fabric unsinged, yet malignant?

The fraying atoms you interrogated co-wrote entries in your journals, embedded marginal notes between molecules of ink. Reading these pages of cursed prose now requires protective gloves.

Samples kept in the drawers of your desk gave off faint auras, your will-o-wisp companions during winters spent purifying powdered ores. Long after the wheel of a cart crushed your husband’s
skull, did you remember Kazimierz Żorawski, the mathematician whose parents forbade their son associate with a penniless Polish girl? Years after your death, a certain old professor could be seen each day, seated before the statue of you erected at Warsaw Polytechnic, where he lectured. As Red Cross director, you drove a mobile x-ray cart across fields laden with corpses and scorched iron, mending the bones of wailing soldiers. You filled hollow needles with radon, instantly sterilizing wounds as they were stitched, but the book of recipes you cooked your meals with must now be stored in a box lined with lead. The arcane weight of artefacts mangles the steady gaze of history, overexposes fantasies of clarity with scathing rays. What more is there, other than chemistry, for any writing to occupy? The measure of a half-life is subject to estimates, imperfect measurements, and unchecked variables. No one can see what has been, nor what is left to be.
THE WORLD SET FREE

for Leo Szilard & Otto Hahn

The cry of a multitude, screaming in the same lucid nightmare of light, echoes backward, into 1933, but their voices fail to outsing the crinkle of dying rainfall on a brittle London street, where Leo Szilard, incensed at Lord Rutherford’s brazen dismissal of his work, sees the tree of death erupt before him, from the seed of a buried dream. Did he envision what repercussions might arise from the plucking of its fruit? Was it not until that moment at Farm Hall in 1945 when, as a comfortable prisoner of Operation Epsilon, he listened with his colleague Otto Hahn, to the radio broadcast that proclaimed the dropping of the bomb, that his vision broadened, stretching past the border of complicity? Did grim doubt similarly haunt Hahn when, in 1916, he was stationed in Fritz Haber’s chemical warfare unit as a researcher of cytotoxic poisons? A year later, at the battle
for Hill 70, my great-grandfather’s body
bore a new variety of shrapnel: a bubble
of chlorine gas was trapped behind his eye.
In 1938, when Hahn gave his mother’s
diamond ring to his Jewish pupil Lise Meitner,
as a bauble to bribe a German border guard
and guarantee the girl’s escape, did the act
embody the writhing of any mournful ghost,
condemned to spend eternity emptying
the depthless pockets of its death clothes
at the living poor, who see no spectral coins,
and receive no gestures of desperate atonement?
Perhaps Szilard had some inkling, in the fatal
stillness of that morning, waiting to cross
the street, that the eyes of time were on him
and no kind of judgment, even if it came,
would scrub his memory of that crossing
over ragged pavement glazed with rain.
IDEAL ISOTOPES
for Enrico Fermi

fig. 1: diagram of an atom of U-235
Uranium is an actinide metal that appears naturally in ores such as uraninite and torbernite. Approximately 99.3% of natural uranium atoms have nuclei made up of 92 protons and 146 neutrons, making their atomic weight 238. The remaining 0.7% of uranium found in the earth has only 143 neutrons to compliment its 92 protons, culminating in an atomic weight of 235. This second, rarer type of uranium atom is called an isotope (a fusion of the Greek root terms ἴσος, meaning ‘equal’, and τόπος, meaning ‘the same place’). These isotopes of uranium 235 are less stable than uranium atoms containing three more neutrons. Because of their instability, atoms of U-235 are prime candidates for atomic fission, or the shattering of heavy atomic nuclei which results in the release of high-energy neutrons, which in turn shatter the nuclei of nearby atoms, resulting in a chain reaction that produces immense amounts of energy. A series of concentric ‘shells’ of electrons surround the nucleus of U-235, attracted to the positive charge of its nucleus. Figure 1 illustrates the U-235 atom, with its massive nucleus and haze of orbiting electrons. Distilling U-235 from the more common U-238 is difficult, since the uranium atoms are each nearly identical in chemical behaviour.

We yank the deadly reigns of the four horsemen when we seek to enrich the rage of metals dashed into black crystals, coagulations of chaos that disrupt fragile DNA.
fig. 2: diagram of an atom of Pu-239
Four isotopes of the actinide metal plutonium occur in extremely small quantities in uranium-rich ores, as byproducts of uranium’s decay. The vast majority of plutonium on Earth is produced in laboratories. Bombarding uranium 238 with neutrons initiates a reaction which can produce the isotope plutonium 238. Further bombardment of Pu-238 with neutrons produces Pu-239, the most viable isotope for nuclear fission. Pu-239 contains 94 protons and 145 neutrons, making its atomic weight 239. Pu-239 is cheaper to produce in large quantities than U-235, which has led to the element’s use in both nuclear weapons and nuclear power plants. The critical mass of Pu-239, or the minimum amount of the isotope needed to invoke a nuclear chain reaction, is the smallest of all nuclear fuels. An 11kg sphere of high-grade Pu-239 is enough to initiate such a reaction, although certain processes can reduce this amount by half. ‘Supergrade’ nuclear fuel contains 95% or more Pu-239, the remainder being Pu-240, and is used in situations where lower radioactivity is necessary, such as submarines, where crews operate in close proximity to nuclear weapons.

Just as uranium is named after the planet Uranus, plutonium is named after the dwarf planet Pluto.

*We tickle the tails of dragons to animate our forges with their flames. We prod the hearts of demons to decipher their rhythms, only to have our own tissues unwoven.*
Acheron, the river of woe, flows past Charon’s abode. Nearby, gold wolves prostrate before their alpha Anubis. A raft awaits Aeacus, who describes the fate of his grandson Achilles to A Bang, who, as Bull-Head master of a grand estate, held a banquet for the god ‘A’, whose crew of Mayan wraiths resent their extinction at Spanish hands, each conquistador doomed by Coatlicue, the snake-skirted matron of the moon, to live the final moments of their victims endlessly. Aminon, gatekeeper of the Ossetians’ trench, wagers that Apialoovik can’t outswim Tlalok, and watches as their argument erupts. Yonggung Sacha enters the din, insulted by exclusion, while Aita sighs, bearing witness with his unseen twins Hades, Pluto, Orcus, and Dis Pater from their tower above the foam of souls and clash of bladed fins. Old Barastyr scolds his servant Aminon for goading the seabound foes, while the lion Aker
rears at Alpheus, who was washed ashore by the nautical scuffle. From the blur of tar-black waves, Andjety’s hand arose to grasp the gods bickering in the ichor. Aqen, the mouth of time, rallies his throes of allies at Andjety’s rise: Arawn, and Anguta the Mori, Atropos, Angelos, Angra Mainyu, Ban Jian, Bai Wuchang, Chen De and Cheng De, Ankou, and Chitragupta. Cheonjiwang glares into a mirrored wall of iron-blue vivianite, at forces overdue for war, and summons from the glass a noose to rival the rope of Asto Vidatu, used to catch ascending human spirits. Azrael, startled by this act, calls to his kin Bao Zheng, and Barons Samedi La Croix, and Cimetiere, to wake their droves of sleeping banshees and black dogs. The waves, now greased with godly blood, disturb Cichol, whose mist-soaked groans startle Cao Qing, Bian Shen, Chen Xun, and Cai Yulei. They loathe Clotho, who quit the fates for his friend Jiang Ziwen,
to aid Jiang’s bride Cihuateteo, along with Chepi and Cheonha Daejanggun. The last two hide Ziwen’s beloved one beneath where Cocytus’s waters flow where she bids the Erinyes to summon, with shrieking song, St. Patrick’s primal foe Crom Cruach, who resides in Bull Rock with The Dark One, Donn, guarding the sacred souls of faithful Gauls, who once fought with Cu Sith, the giant wolf whose cries could split the moon. Chief Judge Cui decrees martial law, and with his roar brings forth the judge Dong Jie, with whom King Dong Ji nearly shares a name. Culga claw apart their crypts, screeching in the gloom their neverending nocturnes, as the bulge of the snake Degei’s girth erupts, a drum beat echoing in the volcanic gulch where choirs of Di Inferi still hum. Duamutef bellows atop his trove of canopic jars, calling to Cui Cong, who invokes Erebus and El Tío, whose march disturbs Hel, Djall, and Diao Xiao, locked in an orgiastic fit below
the knoll that Ghost King Duzi Ren calls home. Dullahan, Eridanos, and Gao Ren, out hunting near the knoll, awake Fu Po, whose thrumming yawn inspires the Guédé to launch into a polyrhythmic spree with blazing drums. Erio and Guaiwang share a frenetic waltz before Hapi, who whispers to Februss of disarray in the realms of death, an epidemic of war heretofore unseen. Sly Freyja overhears. She brings news to Daebyeol, who bids Danmul Sacha and Ereshkigal spy on King Fan Zhongyan, discern his role in the unfurling chaos. The King’s own spy, Han Yi, hears this and alerts Guo Yuan, who arranges with Gangnim Doryeong, Giltinė, Gorgya, and Hine-nui-te-pō to raise a mercenary force. Along King Han Qinhu’s border, the damned mystic of wondering, Fan Wujiu, chants a tune. Spectral troops flow from Khagya-Yerdi’s peaks that pierce the distant dark. High in this gloom the Grim Reaper and He Wuchang fast drain
an obsidian carafe of baiju
at a diamond table in Mot’s chalet.
The vapours from the liquor waft and swirl,
gossamer threads of reaped abyssal grains,
fermented near the Horned God’s harvest lands,
pungent fields that Menoetes tend
with Lemures and Lamia. Some crops yield
fungi, lichen, mushrooms, and mosses, blends
of rot inspected by Hunhau. Kou Zhun
oversees the fermenting of all draughts,
while Molyz-Yerdi, Liu Cha, and Jia Yuan
taste each new batch from trinitite snifters
before approving shipment to the vaults
of Iku, Mannanan, Libitina,
Liu Bao, Lachesis, and Izanami,
collectors and connoisseurs of the pit.
The souls of Kong Sheng’s spectral infantry
drink deep, witness to Batiga-Shertko’s
Narts and Uburs marching against Satan.
A sinkhole opens. The un-stench of cold
wind spreads, and out crawls Itztlacoliuhqui,
threading a deadly frost across the wold.
Out climb Jabru, Li Gong, Lethe, and Ji Bie,
who storm the distilleries to concoct vile molotovs, mixing spirits with corrosive poisons and venoms they brought from the cauldrons of Kisin and Huang Xile. On reeking plains, hooded Kumakatok use such weapons against rabid Luison and hordes of Manes in gladiator’s garb. Protracted sieges of brimstone castles stir up fallout, burnt blood, and mustard gas, miasmas crafted by Dartsa-Naana, where modern war’s dead revisit their last choking gasp. Mania and Mantus, clad in robes of moth wing perfumed with lotus oil, warn Liu Guangzhong of mad Keres, and her approaching wrath. Hela and Ishtar-Deela charge at Lu Zhongce and their colliding blades create a rift in space, a door for Jihayeojanggun, whose troops pour forth like wine. Macaria challenges Keuthonymous, one-on-one; Huang Shou, Mahakali, Mahākāla, and Kherty start a betting pool. Ma Zhong captures some Mani from Lampades,
whose banners of flame rain bitter ashes
upon Maximión as the former
retreats. San Pascualito gives the rash
host of his lord respite from marching’s norm
to break their battle-fast. He bids Videds
find fodder for a feast fit to adorn
the tables of soldiers allied with Muut.
Perched on a gypsum crystal, Melinoe,
Pana, and Santa Muerte pray for blood.
Videds encounters Paowei and Minos,
and shares in their kill, an auroch of Hell,
its ghostly flesh the prize of Odin’s host.
The table of Mictecacihuatl,
and her counterpart, Mictlantecuhtil,
overflows with benthic fruits, creatures felled
by Namtar, Morana, and Rong Zhen: krill
the size of dogs, translucent sharks with eyes
bioluminous, mermaids caught by fell
fisherman of Ninsusinak’s ilk, sly
eels with razor tails, octopi
and trilobites. Nga, Mors, and Nepthys
join the feast, while Videds chats with Orphne.
With a wail of light, Osiris bursts
into the hall. Tables fly, and the god demands a portion of the feast. Raised from his chair, Ogbunabali cries draw. His allies, vicious kin from distant lands, brandish their weapons. Bands of Mormo shake their spears, Nergal unsheathes his blade, Morta points her staff, Peklenc prepares an earthquake, Qebehsenuef roars, Nenia Dea howls, Proserpina spits out a blood-red seed. The waters of Phlegethon stall, sour waves pouring from the lips of Styx enthralled by cauldrons boiling over, frothed with war. Rhadamanthus grimaces at the hall erupting in antics of wasteful hate. San La Muerte sighs. Shi Tong, unphased, rattles the shackles of his chain gang. Great Seker departs Osiris, wings painted with gore, and calls for Sidapa, Shingon, Shiwang, Supay, Soranus, and the dread Shinigami of Censors Song Youqing, Guan Yu, and Wu Lun, terrors of the damned. Judge Zi He, braced for chaos, warns Xie Bian, master of morning’s rage, to clear his lands.
in preparation for the brisk collapse
of what tenuous peace once held the realms
of death in check, each master of each batch
of souls content, each land and fortress walled
but quiet. Some sick spark or rabid match
struck by a foreign hand set underworlds
at odds, unleashed both gods and darkling thralls
in this abyssal civil war. Whiro
allies with Xargi and Xolotl; mass
genocides follow this triumvirate.
Xipe Totec joins the fray. Through a glass
of red mirrors, Thanatos contemplates
his move, while Yin Changsheng summons Zhou Qi.
Yusai outfits his ships with cannons black
with ancient blood. Judges Wang Fu, Zhang Qi,
Yang Tong, Xue Zhong, Zhao Sheng, and proud Zhou Bi,
meet with Zhu Shun, to journey to Yan Luo,
emperor of the secluded city
Youdu. Under the subterranean moon,
Tien Yan offers secrets to Wuluwaid,
in trade for passage across Varuna’s
tumbling seas. While armies forge their ruin,
the demoness Vanth soars, her torch in bloom,
seeking the entrance to the fabled tomb
at Tartarus’s heart. Uacmitun
wakes in this tomb, stirred by a dream of din
in once-calm waters where the dead were one.
Tuchulcha and Tuoni storm the twin
spires of Wu Yan and Wang Tong’s prison
to recruit inmates for berserk campaigns.
Tusok Sacha, Vichama, and Yao Quan
counterattack as Yeomra looks on.
Zhang Heng, Zhao He, Zhou Sheng, and brave Zhen Yan
bolster the bold assault with forces drawn
from Yum Kimil, Ta’xet, and Wang Yuanzhen.
Yama and Wang Yuan bless their able pawns,
Yamaduta make pacts with Xun Gongda,
Veles march from the wood of suicides
and Almas follow suit. In shrouds of flame,
alchemists that kind Māra despises
slip past Ghamsilg and Melhun, to a dream
of mottled stone. A cry from far outside
the fabled lands and afterlives conceived
by living minds echoes a neural plague.
Scant parchments of bark, lost but still believed,
foretell the obsolescence of the gods
of mortal fears. The universe burgeons with unearthly mythologies, beyond the borders of each comforting fable woven to fill the moments when the fire’s embers die, and dreamlands beyond locked doors tug at the soul’s eye. The alchemists find their portal. Dagon and Yog-Sothoth await each parched soul walking Nyarlathotep’s way and Azathoth shall snare them at the gate.
CRITICAL MASS

Under the stands of an abandoned racket court in Stagg Field, the last of a squadron of workers pauses before a mound of graphite blocks enclosed in fresh-cut timber. Sawdust clings to his face. He wipes his brow and his nostrils twitch at the room’s reek of pencils, which he once sharpened en masse as a childhood punishment. He hesitates, reaching for the light switch. The basement room becomes his boyhood bedroom, where in those dreaded moments before fatigue overcomes fear, familiar pieces of furniture would morph, their structures ruptured by shadow. He flips the switch, and the sleeping reactor becomes an undiscovered temple of Babylonian brick, tainted with the soot of burnt corpses; a shrine of Aztec stone crusted with sacrificial blood; a sunken mass of Egyptian granite stained with squid ink; the sand-scarred ruins of a Nubian temple, consecrated with fading ichor; the pyre of a Viking warrior giant, petrified in a mudslide during a Celtic counterattack; a forgotten vault of Hell’s military
fortress Pandemonium, assembled by demons from bricks of compressed crematorium ash and sanguinolent mortar; an unnamed outcrop of suspiciously angular stone on an Antarctic peak;

a Mayan pyramid replete with apocalyptic glyphs; the rusting rubble of Chernobyl; the deadly debris of Fukushima; the remains of a Japanese estate that endured unblemished for centuries, until

a wave of fizzing sprites of light, jostled from their subatomic limbo, swept away its careful order like a frustrated player would the pattern of pieces from a game board. After the success of the reactor,

the physicists involved added their signatures to an empty bottle of *chianti fiasco*, and buried the reactor’s remains in a concrete sepulchre beneath Red Gate Woods. Each year, a choir

meets in Hiroshima, to sing “The Day the Paper Crane Flies”, its melody similar to a lullaby that the last worker to leave Stagg Field heard his mother sing for him to blunt the edge of night.
The final test was carried out in Thuringia on March 3rd, 1945 and destroyed an area of some 500 square miles, killing several hundred prisoners of war and concentration camp inmates. The test weapon was never used because it was not yet ready for mass production. There were still problems with its delivery and detonation systems. A small group of scientists was involved, and most of their documents were classified after the men were captured by the Allies. Documents in Russian, Western, and private German archives were brought to Stalin’s attention just days after the final test. Reliable sources cited in these
documents saw two huge explosions on the night of March 3rd. German eyewitnesses reported a light so bright that, for a second, it was possible to read a newspaper. This light was accompanied by a sudden blast of wind. Eyewitnesses, interviewed by the East German authorities in the early 1960s, said that they suffered nosebleeds, headaches, and nausea for days after the final test. Measurements carried out recently at the alleged test site confirmed the presence of radioactive isotopes. While they had no master plan for developing atomic bombs, the Germans were the first to successfully test a tactical nuclear weapon.¹

TRINITY
The night before, there was a lightning storm. The bomb, hoisted to the top of an iron tower, tempted the anxious sky to ignite the kindling of hubris.

At dawn, the observers sheathed their eyes behind protective glass. There was a wave of thunder from the tower, and a scream of light. Some experienced a lingering green glow behind their eyes, as if their optic nerves had crystallized, fibers of human cells transmuted into strands of candied opal. In the aftermath’s aurora, the sky adopted an orange tinge when stray electrons mingled with Earth’s magnetosphere.

Metallic powders sprinkled from the frothing cloud, whose blushing hive of sparks hid microscopic cysts of isotopes. Inside this cloud, resurrected warlords
roared, their fuming armies charging through
geyzers of infectious grit, eager to infiltrate
the future with their half-lives. In this cloud

of unknowing, every atom sang in unison with
kamikaze rage. Bunker designs and faux structures,
crushed by later blasts, would deflate into mounds

of rubble like the buildings of a child’s toy village,
kicked apart by grinning siblings. The stunned
team caught the sun in the desert’s throat,

a decomposing strobe of red, lashing
their tissues with its tail of fire. The test site
echoed with the crack of Baphomet’s whip,

a gale let loose from some lifeless plane of flame
that hickied their skin with an eerie kiss. Knives
of light sheered the air and walls of red cracked
amid plumes of violet and blue. The air folded apart around the body of the cloud, a celestial wound snowy with metallic ash. A seismic ripple described, in passing, how the bomb’s threat would creep beneath all discourse of war, promising a Niagara of fire to drown each killing voice in the silence of its peace. From the base of the bomb’s chromatic cloud, a skirt of noxious cream descended, forming a conical gown, in a tableau pirouette of corrosive silk.

Above the gelatinous gaggle of dust (a brain of frail, molten lobes), smoke rings blown from Lucifer’s lips billowed, spreading their toxic thrall.

Less than a month later, a bust of Mary was recovered from a cathedral in Nagasaki, her eyes blackened by a new species of light, the visage of the atom’s age.
GHOSTS OF LOS ALAMOS
VALLES CALDERA

They fly you in blindfolded, over wide mountainsides drowned in sunlight. The terrain you cannot see

mutates from umber cliffs and dusty shrubs into grasslands as gold as yellowcake. Generals scramble

to smother a global war, a manic brushfire fed by oiled steel. You are a bubble in their think-tank, their

brute force cadre of tinkerers richly commissioned to scour invisible realms for elemental secrets. Amid

a ring of peaks in the Jemez range, smoke seeps from fumaroles. Sulfurous mud boils, the saliva of a lock-jawed
caldera. This volcanic grave is a barred door, on whose steps they hide the locksmiths that they caught to forge keys from non-existent molds. In aerial photos of the region, shadow-blackened craters at the caldera’s heart form a paw-shaped pattern, the footprint of Cerberus. How roughly do you dare to tug at such a leash? The act of taming remains a violent process. Come into the fold and posit ways in which humanity might coax misfit isotopes toward subatomic civil war, goad atoms to renounce their
fragile yet familiar molds. Help us perfect a process of atomic distillation and a flurry of precise incisions levied upon swarms of unseeable, humming yolks, innocent nuclei subject to fatal surgery. Eclectic clouds of electrons struggle to cling to planetary bodies of protons and neutrons, while technicians sweat at metallurgical looms, where they entomb and exhume volatile rods encased in concrete. These graphite mausoleums enable the pursuit of destructive constraints. Stray neutrons knock units of their brethren
apart, as if jealous of such cohesion. Warring rogues clatter through unstable collectives, shatter weak points, break symmetry, disrupt stability, rupture and rend. Humanity has taught the building blocks of matter to adhere to our wars. Yet after each violent salvo, graceful radiation laces untouched glades, brittling floral tissues. Subtle waves infest our charted seas with martyred particles. Contaminants of varying gradation settle to invade. Choirs of lyres bloom in unison, punitive tones lamenting plutonium’s decay.
Amid wind-combed sagebrush and sedge grass
a top secret hovel appears. Makeshift parties
in this military nowhere, fuelled by punch
spiked with lab alcohol, offset late-night
sessions of chalkboard chatter. Talk of death
toll estimates and explosive yields mingles
with the cries of coyotes fleeing unseen hunters.
In the wet season, an incessant murk of mud
swallows sleek automobiles, and hastily
dug wells often cause bathroom taps to offer
earthworms. What more fitting a terrestrial Hell
could green students, idealized by swift learning,
have found themselves invited to? Technical
assistants heft a rectangular metal case
into a newly-established lab, a glorified cabin
where scintillation counters will measure
the tipping point of an orb of plutonium-gallium
alloy, surrounded by neutron-reflective bricks
of tungsten-carbide, the whole assembly
glistening like a mound of treasure plundered
from a sickly king. Undisturbed, the sphere remains as cold as a ball of ice incubated in a copper cylinder to garnish a chic drink, or an unpainted globe submerged in the ether described by medieval mystics. This heart of plutonium, born in response to an enemy that employed a heart of iron, catches two reincarnated students of Ptolemy’s lost spells in its soul-snaring glare of bright blue light. In those supercritical instants, the core doses each spectator with lifetimes of sunlight, a brightness blossoming apart the living formulae of their unshielded cells. Afterward, the heart will lurk, inert in its pile, waiting to become the linchpin of a prosthetic sun and boil the sea in a towering fume of froth at Bikini Atoll, a flower uncoiling to unleash a salvo of pestilent pollen. Science will learn, soon afterward, that the era of the dinosaurs ended soon after the appearance of the orchids.
INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX
for Christopher Dewdney
THE ENCORE FOR DR. FAUSTUS
THE DAWN OF OUR FALL
THE SLEEP OF REASON
THE DRAGONS’ GRAVEYARD
THE COURT OF THE FATES
THE NECROPASTORAL REVERIE
MILITARY INCIDENTS
DULL SWORDS

Flint tools fracture and snap in cro-magnon skirmishes. Pig iron blades fail in showers of shards. Scimitars detach from worn hilts. A blunt scythe fails to fell a bunch of wheat.

A broadsword, mid-forged, clatters to the floor of a blacksmith’s hut, its red-hot point warped by the impact. A pair of butterfly knives succumb to rust in the unmarked tomb of an assassin.

The edge of a glaive, caught in the crevice between two cobblestones, splinters its pole.

An apprentice metalsmith makes a minor error while forging a samurai’s katana and incurs the forgemaster’s wrath, exacted with a bamboo staff. A torturer bends the blade
of a prisoner’s prized rapier in a vice before the swordsman’s eyes. The digestive juices
of an anaconda corrode an explorer’s machete. With Rome awash in a citywide fire, a gladius
melts in the debris of a spilt kiln. An avalanche in the Swiss alps crushes a custom zweihander
and its wielder. A pirate’s cutlass buries itself in silt at the bottom of the Pacific. A shipment
of falchions tumbles down a gulch, along with its caravan. A pharaoh’s khopesh cracks,
improperly packed for shipment to a museum. A tarnished katar fails to penetrate an enemy’s
February, 1950:

Ice collects on the air intake of a British bomber equipped with a mark IV nuclear bomb. The plane jettisons its cargo, which explodes over Alaska’s Inside Passage. Canadian authorities are not told what kind of ordinance the bomber was carrying.

March, 1956:

A Boeing stratojet leaves Florida’s MacDill airforce base, carrying two containers of weapons-grade nuclear material. While the material onboard could not have caused a thermonuclear explosion, neither the jet, nor its crash site or debris, are ever found.

February, 1958:

A fighter plane collides with a B-47 carrying a mark XIV nuclear bomb, which is jettisoned. The bomb, still lost in the Wassaw Sound, should have been equipped with a ‘dummy core’. Congressional testimony from former defense secretary W.J. Howard in 1966 claims otherwise.
March, 1958:

A Boeing stratojet leaves Hunter airforce base, carrying a coreless mark VI nuclear bomb. The pin that locked the bomb’s harness fails to engage, and the bomb falls on a playhouse, nearly killing two nearby children, and creating a 70-foot crater.

January, 1961:

A B-52 stratofortress, carrying two mark XXXIX nuclear bombs, crashes after suffering a fuel leak. Both bombs land without detonating, however only one of the four safeguards for each bomb remains intact. Much of the nuclear material from one bomb is non-recoverable.

March, 1961:

A B-52 stratofortress carrying several nuclear weapons runs out of fuel when its crew, some of whom were prescribed amphetamines to combat fatigue, refuses an emergency refuelling. The aircraft crashes, but none of the nuclear weapons detonate due to safety devices.
January, 1964:

The vertical stabilizer of a B-52D carrying two nuclear weapons snaps off in a blizzard. The aircraft crashes in an Elbow Mountain meadow and three crewmen die. The bombs are recovered. Investigators learn that both the navigator and the tail gunner succumbed to exposure.

December, 1964:

A B-58 attempting to take off from Bunker Hill airforce base skids off of an icy runway, colliding with an electrical box. The aircraft catches fire, and the nuclear weapons onboard are scorched. Radioactive contaminants released by the weapons are confined to the site and removed.

December, 1965:

An A-4E skyhawk falls into the sea from its aircraft carrier, during a training exercise in Subic Bay, near the Phillippines. The plane, along with its pilot and the B43 nuclear bomb aboard, are never recovered. The pentagon releases no information about the loss of the aircraft until 1989.
January, 1966:

A B-52G bomber collides with a KC-135 tanker while refuelling in mid-air. The tanker explodes and the B-52G crashes. The bomber’s cargo, four Mk28 hydrogen bombs, remains onboard. Conventional explosives in two bombs detonate, littering the crash site with plutonium.

January, 1968:

A cabin fire in a B-52 bomber prompts its crew to parachute to safety. The bomber crashes in Greenland’s North Star Bay. Conventional explosives detonate in all four of the bomber’s hydrogen bombs. Although a clean-up is performed, much of the radioactive material from one bomb is not recovered.

September, 1980:

While performing maintenance, a technician accidentally pierces the fuel tank of a Titan-II nuclear missile in silo in Arkansas. The silo explodes. Conventional explosives in the second-stage portion of the missile’s warhead detonate. The warhead’s failsafes prevent a loss of radioactive material.
BENT SPEAR

August, 2007:

At Minot airforce base in North Dakota, personnel mount six AGM-129 nuclear missiles to a B-52H heavy bomber. The warheads were intended to have been removed from the missiles, but proper handling protocol was not followed. Four commanders and several personnel were disciplined.
EMPTY QUIVERS

With precision, an obsidian arrowhead nicks the finger of an amateur fletcher.

A bowstring snaps, whipping backward in a blinding lash. A batch of bows, their wood mistreated, fail to bend. The treated leather of an archer’s quiver dissolves in a family crypt. Straw targets, packed too loosely, allow arrows to pass through them, injuring a passing squire. The head of a legionnaire’s spear detaches in mid-air.

The firing mechanism of a crossbow jams. Harpoons bounce off the blubber of a whale. Ballistas burn. A slingshot snaps. A ninja drops a throwing star,
blowing her cover. A longbow, enshrined in a private collection, turns to charcoal in a fire set by a pyromaniac. Throwing knives from an ancient battlefield shatter under a farmer’s plow. A weathered stone, once thrown from an ancient sling, becomes the centerpiece of a zen garden. A cannonball barrels through a suburban neighbourhood, escaping an experiment on a nearby firing range. A musket ball explodes in its barrel, embedding shrapnel in the eyes of a union soldier. A minigun overheats, its barrel glowing molten red. A luger jams, foiling a suicide attempt.
FADED GIANTS

With a fable-worthy swing, David blinds Goliath with a stone held in a homemade sling. Later, Moses slays Og, King of Bashan. Species of Nephilim, angelic half-breeds who escaped Noah's flood, wither away in the windswept corners of defensible desert kingdoms: Anakites, Emites, Amorites, and Rephaites. Their bones evaporate in heavenly reclamations. Gogmagog flaunts his bastardized name in the hills of Alvion, until Corineus heaves him from a cliff. Joshua banishes Anakim.

Uj-ibn-Anaq, who stood knee-deep in the open ocean, slips and drowns in the Mariana Trench. The Ana, artisans of human lifespans, succumb to cancer.

Daityas fall before the gods they fought in jealousy. The Si-Te-Cah experience total societal collapse, driven to cannibalism by human foes. A snakebite finishes Orestus.
The body of Ajax resurfaces, each kneecap the width of a discus. Odysseus blinds the Cyclops. Heracles defeats Antaios. An oil spill smothers the last of the fifty-headed Hyperboreans.

The Laestrygonians commit ritual suicide. Odin and his kin kill Ymir, who was born from droplet of meltwater hanging from a poisonous icicle. Kerlig the hag laughs herself to death. Fafnir morphs into a hoarding dragon, a ripe target for Sigurd. Freyja retreats to avoid a celestial civil war. Neringa’s heart gives out in a contest with a dragon-fighting Isopolini. Paul Bunyon, forced to eat his ox, chokes on a bone. A mortar shell blows the Bergmönch to bits. Antero Vipunen, the giant shaman, relinquishes the three words of a powerful incantation to the god-hero Väinämöinen, after the hero opens his grave and skewers him with stakes.
NUCFLASH

because one sun
was not enough
RAIN OF RUIN
CLEAR SKIES

We belong to the wind of a late dawn.
Local schools refused a pupil marred by scarlet fever, deafened by the virus, as if time had dialated locally, advancing age's slow decay. Silence encroaching on the child's pristine sense, rejection fostered an autodidact and numeric artist. His recompense, discovering a landmark equation raised from the mulch of his readings. Intense
we are groping for words.

live on
TESTIMONY

There was a flash, like a thermal lance of magnesium. White clouds spread out from the glare, a morning glory blooming in the sky. There was a blast of steam. I felt weightless, as if I were an astronaut. I was blown into another room. When I regained consciousness, I found myself in the dark. I was caught under something which prevented me from moving. I thought maybe I was having some kind of nightmare. The dust was rising and something sandy and slimy entered my mouth. My clothes had turned to rags. Thinking that my house had been hit by a bomb, I removed the red soil.
and roof tiles covering me. It was as if a box of matches had been struck by a hammer. It smelled like a volcano. I heard people crying for help

and for their mothers. The cries were coming from underground. There was a sheet of fire in front of me. A whirlpool of fire approached from the south. A tornado of flames, spread over the width of the street, approached from Ote-machi, burning my ear and my leg. I didn’t notice these burns until later. What impressed me strongly was a 5-or-6-year-old boy with his right leg cut at the thigh. He was hopping on his left foot.
to cross over a bridge. After a while, it began to rain. The rain was black. The fire and the smoke had made me thirsty and there was nothing to drink. I opened my mouth and turned my face to the sky. Maybe I didn’t catch enough rain, but I still felt thirsty. The fire didn’t subside.

The river was filled with dead people and with survivors who came there to seek water. I could not see the surface of the river. I took care of the people around me by using the clothes of dead people as bandages. Hiroshima was covered with only three colours: red, black, and brown.
The fingertips of corpses caught fire and the fire gradually spread over the bodies. A light gray liquid dripped down their hands, scorching the skin.

I saw the father of a neighbouring family standing almost naked. His skin was peeling off all over his body and was hanging from his fingertips.

I tried to talk to him but he was too exhausted to reply. After the bombing, I felt paralyzed whenever I saw the sparks made by trains or lightning. At home,

I could not sit beside the windows because I had seen so many people wounded by pieces of glass. I sat with the wall behind me for ten years.
I wonder whether there are microphones installed here?

With a bit of cunning, we may get something out of this.

They are hiding us from their own people and that is the amazing thing.

They have money and in consequence have time.

We will certainly have to work together with the Anglo-Americans. No one has any money in Germany.

I would have no pangs of conscience in making neutron sources for the Americans.

We will have to pay for having been here.

The day before I went away I said to my wife
“I suggest we commit suicide”. I had reached that stage then.

It is the future that worries me.

For the sake of the money, I should like to work on the uranium engine; on the other hand, I should like to work on cosmic rays.

This is the chance to earn a living.

Once I wanted to suggest that all uranium should be sunk to the bottom of the ocean.

I always thought that one could only make a bomb of such a size that a whole province would be blown up.

I thank God on my bended knees that we did not make the uranium bomb.

What do you think will happen to us now?
CHRISTMAS ISLAND
for Ted Blackwell

At Christmas Island
I saw three atom bombs being dropped.

They gave us photos of the tests,
which I have somewhere.

We had a routine. Some would have
anti-flash goggles and sunscreen.

You had to turn your back, kneel down,
and hunch over. Like when you’re a child
and you press a flashlight to your skin, you could see a red glow and the shadow of your bones.

There wasn’t a mushroom cloud. It was stranger than that, this glowing mass climbing through the air like a ball of serpents. It burned the sky for three days, blinding all of the birds on the island.

It was only when their chicks hatched that the birds could see again.
PLUTONIUM VALLEY

for Craig Dworkin

Alkali accrues in lands where rain refuses to fall, where wayward pools of brine evaporate, splitting planes of hardened clay with radial cracks. Brittle crystals beard the hardpan rims of ancient lakebeds, legions of salt writing into the earth with sharp but fragile letters. Colonies of dormant halophiles huddle in the long drained tributaries of Styx, alien archaea thriving on thin films of saline. Water leaves behind the minerals it cannot carry to the clouds. Golems disguise their clastic bodies in the natural rubble of barren hills, glare at military personnel from the mirrors.
of their dreams, sand looking through sand. The troops build façades in this wasteland,
each set of phantom dwellings an offering crafted for each bulb of flame. Tall flowers
of fluorescent smog seize the helmeted masses, poorly braced for awe. Those
standing drop to their knees, mach fronts shuddering the ground. Branches of thunder
spread, leaving lines of Joshua trees aflame, like the fodder of a Pagan rite.
Observers in Vegas attend bomb parties at dawn on hotel rooftops, breakfasting
in the distant glow of hydrogen fusion. Crystal glasses sing with the resonance of every blast.
THE EAST URAL RESERVE

Pine needles acidify the soil in the shadow of a spruce, a profaned radius fit only for alkaliphilic flowers.

Language profanes the pages it stains with imposed meanings, low notes in a droning symphony. The decay of actinides and lanthanides requires millennia to complete. The slow crumbling of bloated atoms, not unlike cardiomegaly, stresses all surrounding life, each clan of cells subject to ceaseless rebellion from an unparchable fount.

The bodies of irradiated heroes await dissection, pieces in a macabre museum, their near-naked limbs slack, yet alive with mutagenic heat. The more deftly a poison hides, the more insidious each belated fear becomes. Strange meetings in a sickened system threaten to sour Soviet rivers, corrupt the sacred veins of the Motherland. The ever-faithful
ritual of radiation whispers, in each fistful of hail smattering the pale miles of Siberia, in the perishing air of Cossack heights, a blessing for untrodden meadows, the gift of humanity’s enduring presence.

The unfailing obituary of *Homo Sapiens*, resides not only in the cargo of fragile probes, but embossed in the clays of every test site, in core samples yet to be extracted, and in the genetic records of affected fauna. For decades, joint cleanup efforts fail to remove the semantic weight of particles of powdered sunlight from remote barrows dug to stash enriched caches of plutonium. Such residue remains woven into each new snowfall. What wayward snowflake may contain a frozen grain of oblivion’s brine and dissolve on a child’s tongue? What bells will roar at the making of such fatal inscriptions?
THE ARGONNE INCIDENT

Three lead-lined coffins, shipped to their respective funerals, protect the mourners from the dead and spare, momentarily, the Earth from the burden of decay embedded in irradiated bodies. If custom still dictated that a pair of coins be placed on the eyes of the deceased, would they too become enveloped by the same curse of livid atoms?

The simplest flicker of inattentiveness caused by some stray thought or memory wandering through the mind, a bar of notes from a childhood song, the ghost of your favourite ice cream flavour, a notion of some ridiculous love that never was, and never would have been, might open the door for death. In this case, prompt criticality from a control rod withdrawn
too far, gave rise to a wraith of steam 
known as a water hammer, which hurled 
a twenty-six thousand pound reactor 
two meters into the air. A shield plug pinned 
one man to the ceiling, a searing spear 
tossed by Belial’s ilk. Investigators sifted 
through logbooks, with their best questions 
prepared. Did corrosion or wear cause 
the rod to stick, and prompt too harsh 
a pull? Was sabotage a possibility, 
some hatred between the three 
that seethed beneath the surface, 
some affair or grievous injury left 
to enrich itself, uncontrolled, until 
it went supercritical, erupting in that 
single motion, a freak murder-suicide? 
The most dreaded conclusion admits 
to a mistake free of the comforts of intent.
THE HUMAN FACTOR

A flood of corium sludge bores through steel, lead, and concrete with fleets of subatomic jaws, chewing and subsuming whatever substance it happens to touch.

Frantic employees fiddle with inoperable equipment, relying on inaccurate dials, as others compute the radius of the potential blast. Citizens are herded from their homes under the un-tunes of sirens and the clarions of alarms. Megaphones blare, protestors resist, news anchors swarm toward a story. Less than two weeks prior to the partial
meltdown, the film *The China Syndrome* depicts an identical event, and even

mentions Pennsylvania, the unfortunate state where Three Mile Island resides.

A single, ambiguous indicator light and a poorly-placed pressure gauge set a cycle of assumptions in motion. Each operator remains soundly trapped by seemingly infallible tools, repeating ineffective procedures with increasing frustration. The reactor only cooled after a fresh team arrived to replace the old.
Draped in red and gold, the Soviet submarine K-19 awaits its christening. Russian officials ignore tradition,

and a man, rather than a woman, releases a champagne bottle tied to the end of a pendulum of rope.

The bottle fails to shatter against the submarine’s steel hull, an insufficient omen for the horrors ahead. No amount of prayer will heal the eyes of those blinded by the radiation leaking from a shoddily-assembled reactor, repaired multiple times under intense duress, miles below subarctic waves. In such conditions, the mind becomes nothing more than a cerebral oven of radiation, barely able to hold the image of a lover in its frail and failing tissues. What ill luck, that those living under a system so stubborn should endure a procession of such insidious reminders of the costs of harnessing
the atom’s arcane power. Some sorcery of forces must have conspired to impart so harsh a lesson on so hardy a people.

The ghostly lake shoals of industrial Hamlets present rocky beaches to the curious tourist, while various institutions offer guided tours of Pripyat, and the zone surrounding the Chernobyl plant. Embark on this excursion, but remember to burn the clothes you wore when the tour ends, since you have no way of knowing what may have found its way to the thresholds of your skin. As you pass the last military checkpoint, your appointed guide will remind you that to stray too far from your group incurs the harshest penalty. You pass through the gate, and the spell begins. Some part of you will never leave this place, and vice-versa. The narrow road deteriorates. Rabbits drift across cracked asphalt, grazing on grass and lichen, sponges
for belligerent isotopes. What leaves remain seem to leer at your intrusive caravan, as if their every cell was comprised of a multitude of eyes.

The trees detest the leaves they toss, their nakedness a stark objection to the chromosomal origami performed by bastard generations of rogue heavy metals. Spear gangs of marching grass patrol the edges of the road. Through the bars of starving trees, swamps rich with atomic rot peek through the tragic splendor of another miscarried spring. What sap sleeps in the trunks of these diseased woods? What honey waits in globulant hives? What fungi run amok among networks of roots? The road briefly becomes a lagoon of asphalt shards, jostling you from contemplation.

As the spell decelerates, the curse settles. Photos taken by the first journalists were exposed to such high radiation that the negatives turned black, an auto-censorship. Even vintage maps of the area remain dangerous to handle. When the reactor blazed, fireman fought...
the flames, but in such otherworldly heat, their water only broke apart, adding hydrogen to the exposed maw of the roaring core.

Their spectral faces, gnarling at the aura of a spilt atomic kiln, arrest you as the caravan continues past abandoned high rises, their walls fluttering with dying life. Inside one such building, your guide explains how intrusive photographers have repositioned debris in order to compose more poignant snapshots of the tragedy, unearthing objects that might have remained buried, or placing fraying children’s toys on beds.

You wonder how words might be rearranged, to artfully emphasize or ironically detract from such images of unfathomable misery.

The weather changes. As you approach the edge of the vigilant lid built to entomb the first crumbling sarcophagus of concrete to cover the reactor, the tut tut of rain on the corrugated roof of the giant lid reminds you of a funeral that featured rain, the coffin smattered with
droplets as pallbearers hefted the polished construct, designed to sterilize death, into the hearse. Any smiles brandished during such rituals dribble like paint too heavily applied to the face of a doll. As you pass the metallic arch, the dead reactor rises from behind the black water of rolls of undeveloped film, a cathedral of rubble under a thinning moon.

Your guide points out that, in order to prevent the contamination of an aquafer that leads to the Black Sea, workers dug a tunnel beneath the ruptured core as its slobbering magma crept toward them. The labours of the slaves of Menelaus come to mind.

The slaves carved a labyrinth for the king’s dark beast, half man, half bull, a national disgrace hidden at the expense of the subjects of the state. Warped by their task, the excavators stumbled back into the light, each sore with the same menacing contagion.
An accidental sprinkle of contaminated sand on your tongue could trim a decade or two from your lifespan. The makeshift miners dug without protective gear, shirtless and maskless. They drank water from open bottles, in that Hellish sauna of frenetic atoms.

On the roof, a problematic litter of graphite debris stalled all other cleanup operations. After robots failed to clear the detritus, humans were alternately commissioned to collect the insanely radiant fragments with shovels and lead vests. These volunteers, christened ‘bio-robots’, enjoyed the same free vodka given to those selected to act as ‘liquidators’; brigades of such patriotic youths removed radioactive dust, and patrolled the countryside with rifles, killing cats and dogs, whose fur acts as a flytrap for radioactive debris.

For a moment, you try to picture winter here, hoarfrost on scored mortar, fields of snow as quiet as marrowless bone.
The sun breaks down for the day, with one last, incendiary breath. The sky flushes with a lover’s blush. You lie, suspended somewhere between guilt and serenity. The noxious stalks of nearby moss puff out a deadly incense. Death’s coat has brushed against your own. Iodine cleansed your childhood wounds, but slightly modified, it has deprived a generation of its basic health. You wrap your exhausted heart in a hotel duvet, and its familiar yet eerie smell escorts you to a dreamless sleep.
CAVEAT CLEPTA
for Darren Wershler

Corrosion en repose rules minefields
of miscellaneous slag that, when
explored, will explode softly

inside you, and in days will cause
your body to fail. Quizzically, you
stumble, ambushed by a foreign

malady. You scoop a glowing blue
powder from the inside of a stolen
machine. You share the novelty.

A friend offers some of the bright
substance to his daughter. The toddler
decorates her flesh until it glows.
RISING WATER

The elderly bow to the young, resigned to preserve the growth of trees that they will never see grow tall enough for shade. They journey to where Geiger counters peak, to where the air twitches with subtle corruption and the sea whines with seeping confusion.

Birds worry in their nests, while the restless moon tugs at the bedsheets of the Earth.

In the most contaminated shreds of space, the volunteers remain serene, neither rushing
nor hesitating. They fret over no wicked surprise that might drain fast their well-fermented mental cask of past experience. Battered by the tender storm of time, they wear the humblest smiles, approaching the site of a triple-meltdown. Escaped particulates snarl from within the blood of the affected populace. Dead wasps, embalmed with pollen, drain from declogged eaves troughs, their limp bodies as bright as soggy warning flags.
DOOMSDAY MACHINES
SALTED BOMBS

Scabrous scribes rave at the advent of doomsday. Scavengers scrape radium from watch dials, extract cesium from stolen lab samples, raid factories that manufacture smoke detectors for their americium, and dismantle glowing rifle sights for thorium. Cell by cell, each dream degrades into a fractured simulacrum. The vigilant heft the remnants of their blasted hopes into shallow ditches, but the pieces burn with supernatural fire. Unseeable flames devour their devoted hands. The dour immortality of death endures, amid retaliating grass, within the changeless grins of irradiated billboards, and in each cringe of failing stone. Nests of rebar rise from pools of screws, cloaked in a burning mist of livid decay. Every well brims with water sore with iodine. The faces of a drowned warriors frown
at bony fisherman from the carapaces
of Japanese crabs. In the expanding night,
Artemis waits to soothe each fevered soul,
to strike with her winter’s graceful whip

of frost, a mother’s damp cloth forced
on a burning brow, the gesture severe
yet gentle. To be dead is not enough
to avoid such love. When her time arrives,

she will salve each wounded chemical
text, reset all clocks, fill in each fissure
split and splitting, reconcile each division,
wipe aside each unresolved conflict,

each unrevised error, each microscopic
stillbirth, each contorted nuclei. The forests
can afford to wait, but can enough ragtag
bands of families endure, scattered across

Yugoslavian hillsides, sheltered from black rain
by the sculpted arms of abstract cenotaphs?
They find refuge in the mouths of ruins, on whose
concrete tongues they parlay with starvation.
ANTIMATTER

a titan term
it meant art
i rant at met
mite ant rat

nit matter a
titan tamer
at a trim net
met in attar

taint me art
emit tan tar
at trite man
rant at time

taint a term
art meant it
STRANGELET

letter sang
letters nag
gentle arts
largest net

let strange
sleet grant
tenter slag
gentle star

last regent
stag relent
largest ten
antlers get

nettle rags
tangle rest
DESTROYERS OF WORLDS

for Moez Surani
UNITED STATES

Current Stockpile: 6,800

Alberta
Crossroads
Sandstone
Ranger
Greenhouse
Buster-Jangle
Tumbler-Snapper
Ivy
Upshot-Knothole
Castle
Teapot
Wigwam
Project 56
Redwing
Project 57
Plumbbob
Project 58
Project 58A
Hardtack I
Argus
Hardtack II
Nougat
Sunbeam
Dominic
Fishbowl
Storax
Roller Coaster
Niblick
Whetstone
Flintlock
Latchkey
Crosstie
Bowlie
Mandrel
Emery
Grommet
Toggle
Arbor
Bedrock
Anvil
Fulcrum
Cresset
Quicksilver
Tinderbox
Guardian
Praetorian
Phalanx
Fusileer
Grenadier
Charioteer
Musketeer
Touchstone
Cornerstone
Aqueduct
Sculpin
Julin
RUSSIA
Current Stockpile: 7,000

First Lightning
Joe 2
Joe 3
RDS-4
RDS-5
Joe 4
RDS-9
RDS-37
Tsar Bomba
Chagan
UNITED KINGDOM
*Current Stockpile: 215*

Hurricane
Totem
Mosaic
Buffalo
Antler
Grapple
Vixen
FRANCE
Current Stockpile: 300

Gerboise Blue
Agathe
Aldébaran
Canopus
Achille
Xouthos
CHINA

Current Stockpile: 260

Project 596
CHIC-2
CHIC-3
CHIC-4
CHIC-5
CHIC-6
CHIC-7
CHIC-8
CHIC-9
CHIC-10
CHIC-11
CHIC-12
CHIC-13
CHIC-14
CHIC-15
CHIC-16
CHIC-17
CHIC-18
CHIC-19
CHIC-20
CHIC-21
CHIC-22
CHIC-23
CHIC-24
CHIC-25
CHIC-26 (aborted)
CHIC-27
CHIC-28
INDIA

Current Stockpile: 120

Smiling Buddha
Shakti-1-1
Shakti-1-2
Shakti-1-3
Shakti-2-1
Shakti-2-2
Shakti-2-3 (cancelled)
PAKISTAN
Current Stockpile: 130

Chagai 1-1
Chagai 1-2
Chagai 1-3
Chagai 1-4
Chagai 1-5
NORTH KOREA
Current Stockpile: 15
FALLOUT
THE MANHATTAN PROJECT

*The Manhattan Project* is a book of lyric poetry which draws its theoretical basis from Joyelle McSweeney’s book *The Necropastoral: Poetry, Media, Occults*. McSweeney describes the necropastoral as a liminal zone, containing “the manifestations of infectiousness, anxiety, and contagion...present in the hygienic borders of the classical pastoral...[a] location [that] stages strange meetings.” (McSweeney, 7) The necropastoral explodes binary distinctions such as ‘urban vs. pastoral’ and ‘natural vs. manmade’, arguing instead that both human influence, from our pollutants to our reshaping of the environment, and nature’s re-infiltration of previously human-occupied areas, constitute a kind of exchange, an osmosis of poisons, pests, roots, and chemicals across various membranes. The notion of the necropastoral urges us to ask how what we consider ‘natural’ has always already been contaminated by human activities, while also pointing out the pervasive and vengeful infiltration of ‘natural’ forces in ‘urban’ environments. *The Manhattan Project* grounds itself in the aesthetic of the necropastoral in order to resurrect the tonal and imagistic elements of the pastoral and the lyric for the post-nuclear age, conveying not only that these forms cannot be ‘resurrected’, but also that what emerges from their lead coffins is a far stranger beast.

The first poem of *The Manhattan Project*, “The Atoms we Cleave” (a phonic imitation of the phrase ‘Adam and Eve’), describes a ‘tree of
death’, the antithesis of the biblical ‘tree of life’ and an emblem of pollution. Eve is replaced with “an incandescent nymph”, and Adam with a graffiti artist. The line describing a “girl, crippled/from birth, [who] quotes the book of Revelation” refers to the child of the main character in Andrei Tarkovsky’s Stalker, a film rife with necropastoral imagery involving spaces that both infest, and are infested by, nature.

The next section of poems, entitled “The Arms Race”, spans the discovery and militarization of nuclear energy, beginning with fission reactions that first occurred in Oklo, Gabon, approximately 1.7 billion years ago. The poem “Below Oklo”, argues that “nature was never innocent”, revealing not only that human beings were not the cause of the first fission reactions on Earth, but also implying that the discovery of this energy source was inevitable, given our appetite for energy. The poem “Radioactivity” chronicles Marie Curie’s discovery of radioactive elements, the pursuit of which led to her death. The poem ends by lamenting the seeming inability of language to convey emotive urgency, and thus to do more than occupy the ‘chemistry’ (ink and paper) that incarnate it. The poem “The World Set Free” dramatizes Leo Szilard and Otto Hahn’s well-intentioned contributions to the atomic science.

The long poem “Ideal Isotopes” begins with a brief description of the radioactive isotopes Uranium-235 and Plutonium-239. “Ideal isotopes” is a
single canto of 239 lines of terza rima (using near rhyme rather than true rhyme), which obeys the metric constraints of iambic pentameter. The poem contains references to 239 religious deities associated with death, depicting the process of atomic fission as a kind of civil war taking place in the underworld.

The poem “Critical Mass” unfolds a scenario in which a worker preparing to leave ‘fermi’s pile’, a graphite reactor used to initiate and study nuclear chain reactions, experiences visions of structures, analogous to the pile, drawn from human history.

The poem “Thuringa” plunders the BBC article entitled “Hitler ‘tested Small Atomic Bomb’” by Ray Furlong, repurposing excerpts from the text as poetry. The account describes Nazi efforts to create a tactical nuclear weapon towards the end of WWII.

The following poem, “Trinity” (isolated in order to emphasize its significance), chronicles the first successful test of a nuclear weapon, using imagery inspired by photographs of nuclear tests.

The next section, entitled “Ghosts of Los Alamos”, contains three short poems. The poem “Valles Caldera” introduces the setting, emphasizes the status of the caldera as the site of an ancient supervolcano, and describes the enrichment process. The poem “The Demon Core” pays tribute to poet Michael Lista’s book “Bloom”, an extensive account of an incident where several scientists were exposed to astronomically high levels of radiation. Finally,
the section of visual poems “Industrial Complex” responds to Christopher Dewdney’s visual poems.

The next section, “Military Incidents”, appropriates the United States military’s nuclear incident terminology in order to chronicle nuclear mishaps. Where related incidents have not yet occurred, the section’s poems instead respond to the metaphors themselves with fictional scenarios.

The section “Rain of Ruin” memorializes the victims of the Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombings. The first poem in this section, “Clear Skies”, erases the transcript of the Enola Gay, the military aircraft that dropped the two atomic bombs. The second poem, “Testimony”, amalgamates the testimony of Japanese survivors, as collected by journalist Jesus Diaz in his article “This is how it Feels to be Under a Nuclear Attack”, presenting various survivor accounts as those of a single, unnamed individual.

The book’s final poem, “Operation Epsilon”, re-presents excerpts from the British government’s transcription of the ‘farm hall tapes’, secret recordings made by British intelligence agents of several German physicists under house arrest at Farm Hall.

The following section of poems, entitled “Contamination”, presents accounts of incidents of nuclear pollution. The poem “Christmas Island” re-presents Ted Blackwell’s description of nuclear bomb tests that he witnessed. “Plutonium Valley” dramatizes the United States’ tests performed during
operation plumbbob in the 1950s. “The East Ural Reserve” comments on the Kyshtym disaster, where a chemical explosion released large quantities of radioactive material. The next poem, “The Argonne Incident”, speculates upon the cause of an explosion that killed three nuclear plant workers in the United States. The poem “The Human Factor” explores the fallibility of both human-made instruments and reasoning, which conspired to cause the Three Mile Island partial meltdown. The poem “The Elephant’s Foot” responds to the Russian K-19 and Chernobyl disasters, presenting a narrative involving a tourist on a trip to Pripyat. “Caveat Clepta” comments on the theft of radioactive material from a derelict hospital in Brazil. The following poem, “Rising Water” depicts elderly volunteers who aided in clean-up efforts after the Fukushima triple-meltdown.

The next section, “Doomsday Machines”, depicts three types of plausible nuclear weapons. The poem “Salted Bombs” depicts a post-apocalyptic scenario, caused by the use of nuclear weapons designed in order to maximize fallout. The next two poems, “Antimatter” and “Strangelet”, are sonnets in which each line is the anagram of its poem’s title.

The final poem, “Destroyers of Worlds”, lists all nuclear weapons tests performed thus far, as well as all countries’ respective reserves of nuclear weapons, drawing from Moez Surani’s Operation, which lists the code names for all UN operations.
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Ken Hunt’s written work has appeared in No Press, Rampike, and Matrix Magazine. His first book of poetry, Space Administration, was published in 2014 by the LUMA Foundation as part of Hans Ulrich Obrist and Kenneth Goldsmith’s 89+ Project. For three years, Ken served as managing editor of NōD Mag., and for one year, he served as poetry editor of filling Station. In 2014, Ken founded Spacecraft Press, an web-based venue for experimental writing.