

Jonathon Jacobs Blows Up Stone Mountain: The Second American Civil War

By Robert Cooperman

After Iraq, my nightmares were IEDs
exploding me awake, but now it's a fight
I can believe in, not a bogus war dreamt up
by rich crackers who hid from Vietnam.
I got sent back and back and back to the desert,
even after I'd stopped believing killing Arabs
was going to keep us safe from the Taliban,
and that life-taking was the only job I could get.

These peckerwoods in Guns for America
love symbols—their flag's a semi-automatic
spewing tracers on a Stars and Bars background—
They're about to get a symbol they won't forget
for as long as they mist over at *Gone with the Wind*,
when their folks bull-whipped mine in Slave Times.

Stone Mountain's sculplings of those Reb devils,
Davis, Lee, and Jackson—all on proud horseback—
are going to blow higher than a special effects scene
of exploding bridges, or anything I set off in Iraq;
and with them, there goes any thoughts this war will end,
with all my brothers and sisters dead, in two weeks.

But there's this tiny warning voice in my head:
the Gun boys will blast something we hold sacred,
and on and on it'll go: like Iraq. Best not to think
of consequences: just finish the wiring, and blow
this KKK-cliff I've hated since before I was born.

A Member of Guns for America Gains Possession of a Limited Nuclear Device: The Second American Civil War

By Robert Cooperman

We've let those lefty bastards
stick around too long, but this baby

will turn the tide like a tsunami:
Once I blow the Brooklyn Bridge,
and send radiation into the air
like the “Ghost Riders of the Sky,”
we’ll see how much fight
Society for Progressive Change has.

Me? I thought we’d win the war
with a couple of shotgun blasts,
then watch those pussies run
like frightened school girls.
But for folks who claim
they don’t believe in guns
they’ve been sniping our foot soldiers
and leaders; then in the first real battle,
they were wickeder than Apaches.

But once the Bridge goes bye-bye,
and takes out all the cars, buses,
bicyclists, and pedestrians,
that’ll take the fight right out of them
like a trout that knows, sooner or later,
it’s dead, and lets itself get reeled in.

If New York’s uninhabitable
for a few million years, no loss.
I was one of the many who cheered
for 9/11, after a month had passed
and we could go back to being true,
blue Americans who hate everything
about that Satan’s cesspit of blacks,
beaners, immigrants, and Jews.

Society For Progressive Change Acquires a Limited Nuclear Device: The Second American Civil War

By Robert Cooperman

Ted says he knows how to transport it safely
and how to detonate it, and that he’s picked out

a target, and best for us not to ask where,
though he enjoys the secrecy a little too much.

All this in retaliation for Guns for America
setting off one on the Brooklyn Bridge,
the deaths terrible, contamination even worse.
The gun boys never really thought New York
was part of their country, just pretended
to mourn September 11th; in secret, they gloated
the jihadis had done them the world's biggest favor.

So Ted set off like an old lady who drives
only to and from church, so he wouldn't
be stopped by the state bulls, all in the pay
of Guns for America, at least enough of them
to make the trip like infiltrating enemy territory,

which it's come to, with this war that won't
ever end, and which we know we can't win,
only make sure they don't either: no one sane
enough to say, "We're destroying the country."

But no one, not even me, seems to care anymore.

Robert Cooperman
2061 S. Humboldt St.
Denver, CO 80210
coopermanr2422@yahoo.com
303-722-2107