

Wait Till The Wind Blows Toward Utah

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Wait till the wind blows toward Utah, said the General:
Too many Californians with too much sense to let us
Drop it on them.

How come? asked the AEC man.

I'll

Tell you, said the General, as a faraway look
Crept in his eyes out there in the Nevada desert:
I'm getting prophetic—Utahns are suckers for punishment;
Nobody's more gullible. In a few years they'll have
Their people in Congress yelling for leaky wet-eyes.
They'll tell California, sure, you can build
Your power plants here—you can have the power
And keep our irrigation water forever—
As long as you leave us the smoke! What are a few
Million tons of particulates if we can keep
Good old Los Angeles clean and add a couple
Of extra jobs to the payroll!

Surely you exaggerate,

Said the AEC man.

Not a bit, said the General;

Why, they believe in nature food and home
Remedies made of cayenne pepper and apricot pits.
They answer chain letters and join pyramid plans.
What more do you want? They're taken in by anyone
With a phony diploma or a foreign decoration.
A bogus war record can get you in Congress. . . .

All right already, said the AEC man. I believe you.
The wind's aimed straight at St. George now. Fire
Your bloody bomb and I'll tell them how safe they are.

