

# Deep in the Hard Part (2)

## DEEP IN THE HARD PART, 2

By Robert Bové (May 2006)

(Part 1 [here](#). "Them Bones" [here](#).)

### *Ready, Steady*

*The story we are in comes  
as we go to meet it  
in smoke, in dust, in sand,  
with nylon ropes lowered  
into caves of twisted metal,  
into bunkers, tunnels and wells.*

*So many hands on so many threads,  
so little water, so little light.*

*On the steps down, disappearing behind us,  
commerce, luxury, the weary—  
up from below, echoing, foot falls.*

### *Vectors*

*Clear blue skies released seeds  
of perdition, parasites driving  
jets.*

*That much is known. This, too:  
some here, on the ground, turned  
their backs, ran away, back to*

*news desks, classrooms, film sets,  
to concoct prognoses reassuring  
to those addicted to constant comfort,  
convenient for those predisposed  
to contempt.*

*The sons of perdition find them  
open, compatible.*

*The favor is returned—one virus  
shaking hands with another,  
a mutual recognition of intellects  
grown cold.*

### ***With Caesar in Gaul***

*They are not like us, the ones we face.  
No uniforms, no flags, no enlistment centers.  
The ground we take today  
we took last month.  
We race from fire to fire.*

*Here, no victory is complete—and we know it.  
Here, we find no allies—just defectors  
rotating in and out of our camps.*

*The local people face us with uncanny unity,  
formed of religion—a mutual understanding,  
now weak, now strong, born and reborn,  
despite their own quarrels, enmities and betrayals.  
Do not read too much into their opposition to one another.*

### ***In the School of Hate***

*In primary class  
walls are papered with  
scrawled lines from Koran,  
copied by children,  
selected by teachers,  
and hung with light chains,  
student necklaces.*

*In phys-ed classes  
the walls are hung with  
sets of heavy chains,  
sizes short to long,  
and flat knives reserved  
for the most special  
anniversaries.*

*In chemistry class  
fertilizer sits  
to be studied not  
for agriculture  
but for properties  
useful to bomb making—  
and there are more chains.*

*Biology class  
is reserved for boys  
who want to grow up  
to be physicians  
to the self-flayed  
and to the women  
who survive beatings.*

*In Geography  
we take up the mosques  
of Amsterdam and  
minarets of Rome,*

*of Ile de Paris.*

*We dream new borders  
for Eurabia.*

*In Media Lab*

*we are taught to run  
Le Monde, Der Spiegel,  
The Guardian, and  
BBC, for that day  
when they plead, weeping,  
Take it—don't hurt us.*

*Here, in house of hate,  
whip a man, and he  
will remember his  
lessons for a week.  
Teach a man to whip  
himself and he will  
apply his lessons  
forever.*

### ***Quiet, Now, in Brooklyn***

*To recall what beauty in the world  
reflects, if only in a moment—  
first frost melting, warm fall morning—  
and beauty from beauty  
remade with human hands.*

*To recall what we are  
who would project our eyes  
our blood outside solar system to see  
planets up close, and more stars—  
despite those who would blind us.*

*Sleet now glistens on  
maple flowers under lamplight,  
morning star unseen  
behind overcast—  
all under wartime.*

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