

Bomb Shelter
Holly Day

I built my bomb shelter because
I want to see what will happen
to my garden after The Bomb.
I fully intend to go in
when the first sirens go off, plan

to shut myself up tight and live
through however many blasts of
intense radiation we all
get hit with. After a month or
so, I'm going to come back up, pop

my head outside, take a look at
the back yard to see how the plants
are doing. It's not so much that
I've seen a number of horror
movies featuring man-eating
plants, poisonous plants, angry plants,
brought to mobile life by a blast
of radiation. It's more that
I just want to see how far this
whole gardening thing can go, to

see what's beyond watering
and basic fertilizing. I
desperately want to see some
beautiful, drastic mutant change
in my garden, to see snaky
tendrils waving threateningly
at me from beneath the birch tree,
tiny green heads snapping at my
feet through the grass, the tree itself
taking a good, hard swing in my

direction. I think that'd be
really cool.

Holly Day's poetry has recently appeared in *Asimov's Science Fiction*, *Grain*, and *Harvard Review*. Her newest poetry collections are *Where We Went Wrong* (Clare Songbirds Publishing),

Into the Cracks (Golden Antelope Press), *Cross Referencing a Book of Summer* (Silver Bow Publishing), and *The Tooth is the Largest Organ in the Human Body* (Anaphora Literary Press).