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Holy War

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Molly War

Fat dew drops sit like Arrogant Buddhas on my Hood.

They quiver and stare at me Contemptuously as I get in And start the engine.

The needle on the speedometer climbs, And the Buddhas smash Into each other, forming Bigger and bigger Buddhas.

They jostle, holding back and Gathering strength, Preparing for the assault As the needle continues to climb.

As the needle reaches sixty,
The horde of Buddhas comes rushing at me
In all their fury, smashing,
Splashing, sending me into a vortex
Of smeared vision.

We struggle, the Buddhas and I to see. They jiggle and grope over the glass, And suddenly their line breaks and they're Scattered into nothingness, leaving my Hood and windshield littered with Dot-like corpses.