

## **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 11<sup>th</sup>; 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](mailto:coopermanr2422@yahoo.com)  
303-722-2107