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First I heard a serpent rush of steam.
It got louder, the snakes of Asia
hissing all at once.
Then one tremor, tender as an orgasm.
My console twitched with
a nervous tic which would not go.
I puzzled at the calm which followed:
thought of Lusia checking output at her plant.
Then rumbling began, an angry god below my feet.

When Reactor 4 blew up it threw me flat.
Looking up I saw the throb of dials gone mad.
Alarms howled, people ran away from the core:
an eisteddfod sang in all of hell's flat keys.
Fumes jabbed acid fingers down my throat,
pipes shrieked steam, charmed me to my knees.
I dimly saw my boss, a sallow foetus,
tearing switches, blubbering tears:
he was promoted to Chernobyl only last month.

The devil's mad hand never faltered.
Graphite spewed a nervous incandescence
and klaxons wailed far past dawn.
I'm in some clinic now: spacemen brought me here,
their crackly suits spitting light.
In bad dreams fire hoses spray inside my skull.
Lusia brings flowers as if I am already dead.
She senses the gleam inside, the gruesome candle
which consumes me, cell by cell.