Hypothesis, August 6, 1945

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People—not everyone—but some—the ones
Attuned at times to deep realities—
Monks, artists, children—though unversed in war—
Anywhere in the world—Hiroshima,
Of course—in places far away as well—
Must have felt something flinch or shudder or shift—
Not a full premonition, maybe, but
Akin to what a fish in danger knows
Of an unseen poised enemy, perhaps—
Must have felt something just before the bomb
Exploded—just before a tricycle—
Now famous and on view in a museum—
Hiroshima Peace Memorial Museum—
Began to burn and melt in nuclear heat
And lost its rider, almost four, forever.