

## **The Mother**

— of All Bombs

A shower of bombs have been dropped  
And tweeted by some light punching  
Of fingers from a pair of arguably “small” hands  
On a small device.

Along with the news is also  
The endearing detail that  
The news of the bomb dropping  
Was passed on at the state lunch  
From one world leader to another  
When dessert was served—  
Dropped like an additional  
Topping on the cake  
Which had to be eaten and digested  
For the rest of the day.

In our time and age  
The heaviest things in the world  
Are done with the lightest touches  
Lighter than most of our daily chores.

And after the day has passed  
And the cakes digested  
Came the Mother of All Bombs  
With no further cakes served.

It bullied the meaning of the Mother  
Forever into something else.

We've lost it  
Along with our sense of gravity.

