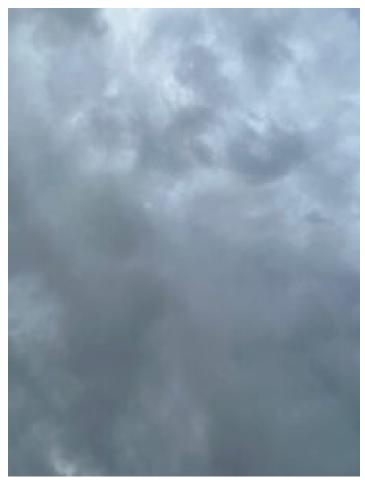
## New Poetry by Peter Mladinic: "Fist"



AIR THICKER THAN / image by Amalie Flynn

In Okinawa I made a fist and my fingers stuck together that stop over night my one stop before Danang, between two worlds, the flag burning, tear-gas U.S. and the Vietnam rat-tat-tat automatic fire, the LBJ How many kids ... and the sandbag fortified bunkers. Didn't

see anyone die, only the dead.
In Okinawa, planes
on the runway, the air thicker
than Danang's.
The smell of napalm,
how real for some.
I stood holding a metal tray
in a chow line, slept
in a top bunk, spit-shined boots
so their tips were mirrors.