In the Republic of Fear

Glen H. Brown
College of DuPage

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Wisdom and madness flew together in an arc of night.
With crazed eyes and clenched toes, they winged without sleep and rumbled in a fever of impatience, launched by megalomania. Like big-time killers, the armchair commanders lit up the international arcade.

"The world could wait no longer," we were told, and we rushed into the unknowable, our world tilted by a Desert Storm, slowly choking in a fiery air.

We were not shown the faceless or dismembered. But we listened with false calm as sorties unleashed a raucous sky, leaving behind bursts of imagination and salvos of fear.

How was it to live among threats of glass and concrete, mustard gas, sirens and foreboding clouds of hydrogen sulfide? When we dropped our payload, the smoke rose from behind upturned thumbs.