

# Time of the Missile

**BY GEORGE OPPEN**

**I remember a square of New York's Hudson River glinting between warehouses.  
Difficult to approach the water below the pier  
Swirling, covered with oil the ship at the pier  
A steel wall: tons in the water,**

**Width.  
The hand for holding,  
Legs for walking,  
The eye sees! It floods in on us from here to Jersey tangled in the grey bright air!**

**Become the realm of nations.**

**My love, my love,  
We are endangered  
Totally at last. Look  
Anywhere to the sight's limit: space  
Which is viviparous:**

**Place of the mind  
And eye. Which can destroy us,  
Re-arrange itself, assert  
Its own stone chain reaction.**

