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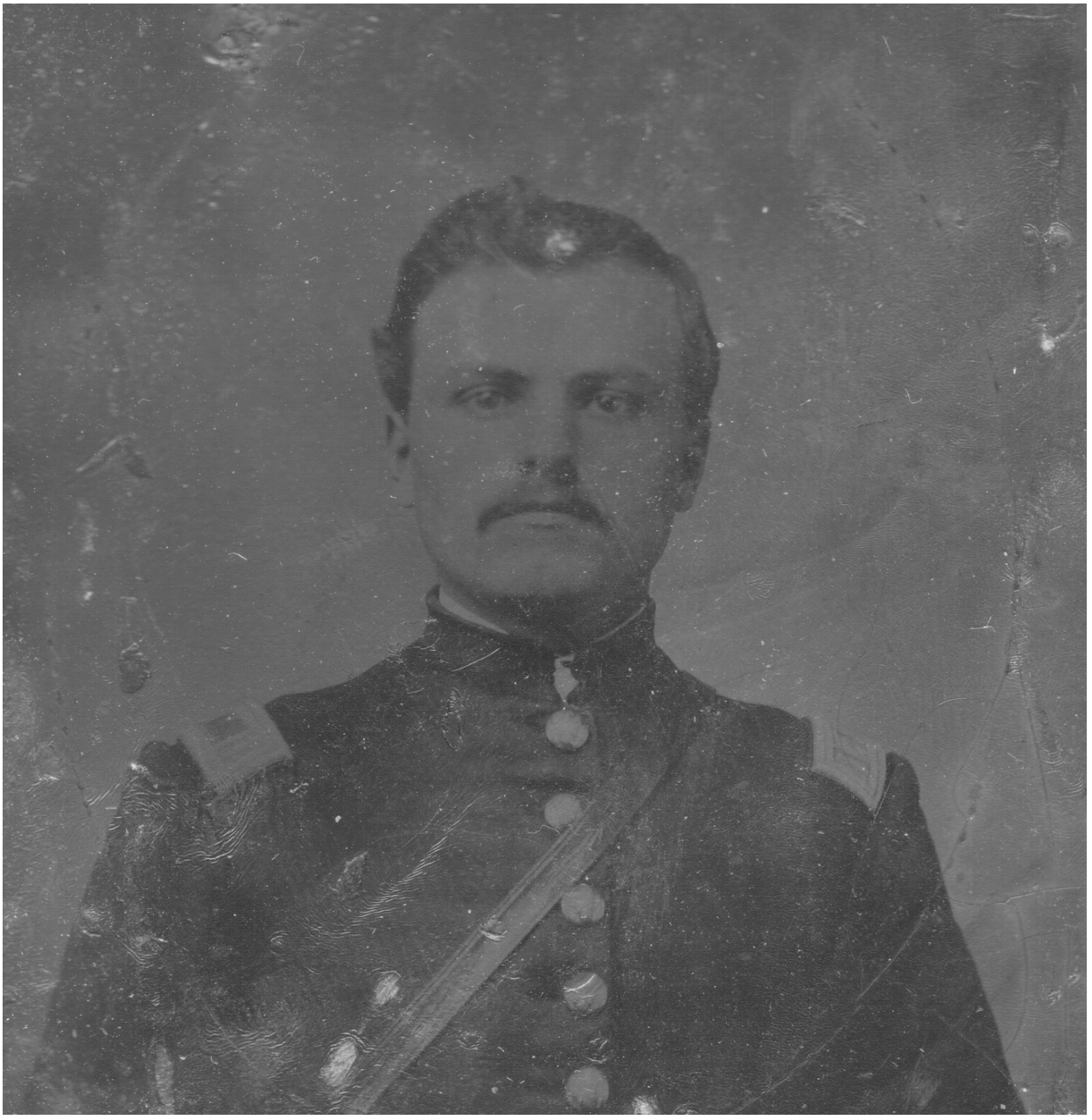
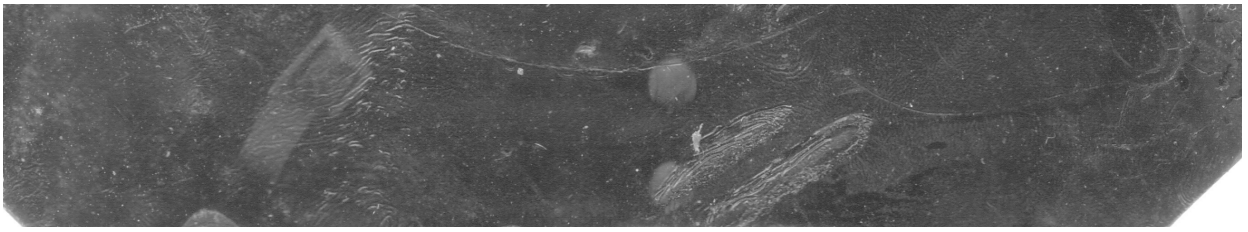
The Plan

Robert Thibadeau

Sep 9 · 2 min read ★





My great grandfather, Joseph Harney Thibadeau, Captain U.S. Colored Infantry 1863: Raised a South Carolina Regiment of Colored Men to invade Georgia.

Made and put beneath an eye

A model of the ocean side

To check the plan and check the dye

And time the distance of the tide.

Once all is there in proper fit

It's wheeled into the study room

To plan the plan of what was writ

Which signed the distance of our doom.

A craft of nuclear design

Is placed upon the tiny sea

And designated Of The Line

Sent in utmost secrecy.

It is to have within its shell

An engine built to feed on sand

And send a nation into hell

By eating up most all its land.

It is decreed to time the threat:

To prowl the sea until the force

Of this nation must be met

And then to send out signals Morse,

Which tell us that we are to die.

(By then the air within the room

Is heard to laugh an evil cry

And then it simply sat in loom.)

The plan is ended as the toy

Devours model, legs, and floor

And then shuts off a sense of joy

Pervades the room with loud uproar.

At end a distant sound is heard

A sound just like the little ship

Something like a flapping bird

The feeling is that it is it.

And then the flap is felt with force

The room is sunk into a stare

Hearing horrid signals Morse

We strike with one that eats up air.

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History: Published in Archon, Winter 1969, Vol 6 No 2. Literary Magazine of Emory University

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Poetry

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