

Poem excerpted from *Sex on the Brain: Poems and Stories for Men*,  
by Frank Bukowski

## IED

It started out like any other day  
We were just going about our business  
It was my lunch break  
I needed a few things from Sainsbury's  
As I parked and got out the car  
The sliding doors to the supermarket opened  
There was a blinding flash and a bang  
The world seemed to turn upside down  
And this tall blonde woman emerged  
Dazzling as the sun  
She had on this short one-piece dress, belted at the waist  
So red you could see it from the moon  
They say when time began  
You could fit all the matter in the universe on a pinhead  
It didn't seem possible to pack that much beauty into a single being  
Scientists had theorised it was possible  
But nobody had ever seen it, until today  
She looked like an air hostess, a beauty queen  
A film star all rolled into one  
The dress hugged her so tight she must have been born in it  
As she walked across that car park  
Every guy within a hundred yards stopped dead, and stared  
Like zombies in a movie  
As though a bomb had gone off  
As though god had ripped open the sky and pointed down  
Her legs had enough thigh and calf  
To kill half a dozen men  
Even the way she carried her shopping looked dangerous  
Bags swishing and swaying with poise, with elegance  
Her eyes were like Kalashnikovs, her lips an AK47  
Spraying lead all over the car park  
Each graceful high-heeled stride of her long tanned legs  
A slug to the stomach, a round in the shoulder  
Spinning us like tops  
As she walked on her dizzy heels everything jiggled  
Her breasts, her ass, her shopping, her ear-rings  
The ringlets in her blonde hair  
Twenty pairs of eyes following every step  
Connected to her limbs by an invisible thread  
Then she was at the hatchback  
Putting down her bags  
Goddam she even made bending look sexy

When the back was open  
She bent down again to pick up the shopping  
Then leant forward to pack it in the car  
Stretching up to close the door  
Each movement pulled that skin-tight red dress  
Across some different part of her body  
Drawing us pictures of what lay beneath  
Those swollen breasts that were booby traps for the soul  
Her ass a lethal pack of dynamite  
Crammed into a red parcel bomb  
Packed tight and primed to explode  
When she bent down, shrapnel pierced our eyes  
When she reached up  
Killing shards of metal sliced into our hearts  
When she climbed in the car  
A lethal flash of thigh radiated out  
Concussing us, traumatising our brains  
Turning us into idiots  
No one escaped that day  
Every man was scarred in his own way  
She didn't distinguish between civilians  
There were teachers in that car park  
Old guys, young guys, middle aged guys  
Married men, pensioners, vicars  
Off duty policemen, social workers  
Kids barely out of short trousers  
The body armour of their innocence scant protection  
Against the terrible stopping power concealed in that red dress  
She took us all down, everything in her path  
Nothing or no one escaped  
We were just the wrong guys  
In the wrong place, at the wrong time  
We went into that car park as men, and came out lunatics  
Then she was belting herself in, reversing out  
Turning the wheel, driving off  
When she left the car park  
When the debris had all rained down  
When the dust had settled and the smoke cleared  
Someone shouted, 'man down!'

Hope you enjoyed IED. It's published as part of a 700 page collection of poetry and short stories, *Sex on the Brain: Poems and Stories for Men*. You can pick it up for less than the price of a coffee at [Amazon](#) and [Smashwords](#).