The Maximum Effective Range

for the victims at Virginia Tech, April 16, 2007

The diameter of the bullet is .22 inches and the distance of its maximum effective range is thirty yards, but further when fired by anger fueled with paranoia, curving with the earth, falling in a graceful, parabolic arc, unlike these thirty-two dead, one suicide, twenty-six wounded. The muzzle flash of a Walther P22 discharging one hundred rounds is orange; the results maroon, spilling out into a hallway from under a dorm room door. In an expanding color wheel of panic and space: thirty hungry ambulances, three hundred terrified parents, a shocked nation of three hundred million. But the old man who holds the door closed against the fury, inches and moments from death, sixty-two years removed from the six million dead of Auschwitz, of Buchenwald, reduces the maximum effective range in a classroom considerably, while the echoes of the shots and the moans of the dying carried by the howling winds of that day reach distant shores far across an ocean named for peace, and the maximum effective range of the sounds somehow amplified and heard by heaven, washes over the ears of an unrelenting God.

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Published online in *Lily: A Monthly Online Literary Review*, Vol. 5, Issue 2, June 2011; finalist in *The Lascaux Review* 2014 Prize in Poetry.