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Gabriel Gudding

ONE PETITION LOFTED INTO THE GINKGOS

For the train-wrecked, the puck-struck,
 the viciously punched,
the pole-vaulter whose pole
 snapped in ascent.
 For his asphalt-face,
his capped-off scream, God bless
 his dad in the stands.
 For the living dog in the median
car-struck and shuddering
 on crumpled haunches, eyes
 large as plates, seeing nothing, but looking
looking. For the blessed pigeon
who threw himself from the cliff
 after plucking out his feathers
 just to taste a falling death. For
the poisoned, scalded and gassed, the bayoneted,
 the bit and blind-sided,
 asthmatic veteran
who just before his first date in years and years
swallowed his own glass eye. For these and all
and all the drunk,

Imagine a handful of quarters chucked up at sunset,

lofted into the ginkgos—
 and there, at apogee,
 while the whole ringing wad
pauses, pink-lit,
 about to seed the penny-colored earth
 with an hour's wages—
As shining, ringing, brief, and cheap
 as a prayer should be—

Imagine it all falling

into some dark machine

brimming with nurses,

nutrices ex machina—

and they blustering out

with juices and gauze, peaches and brushes,

to patch such dents and wounds.