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One Petition Lofted into the Ginkgos

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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,
n 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.