

JUMBO

An elephant grew into an enormous elephant in a cage in Michigan, a cage in the center of a small park where the songbirds spit their lavender songs from the elms. Looking into the elephant's brown eyes we saw nothing but ourselves holding extruded plastic elephants in our fingertips. The elephant grew into the cage, the trees grew into the sidewalks, the girls grew into sleek things we could hear diving in their backyards. With its trucks the city gallantly saved the sidewalks. The streets were long and flat and the trucks came slowly, which was cruel and unusual. The girls hid their bodies in shame which was cruel and unusual. As a community we only understood their nudity after graduation, when all the songs of our youth came true, and bored us. The elephant tried to plead with its watery eyes and we all cried. I sobbed louder than anyone but I think it was for something else, and when a bad person offered the elephant a brick he swallowed it gladly and sank to his knees in a perfect imitation of entertainment. And since then everyone else connected with the whole affair died and I had to look at them dead.