

## *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.