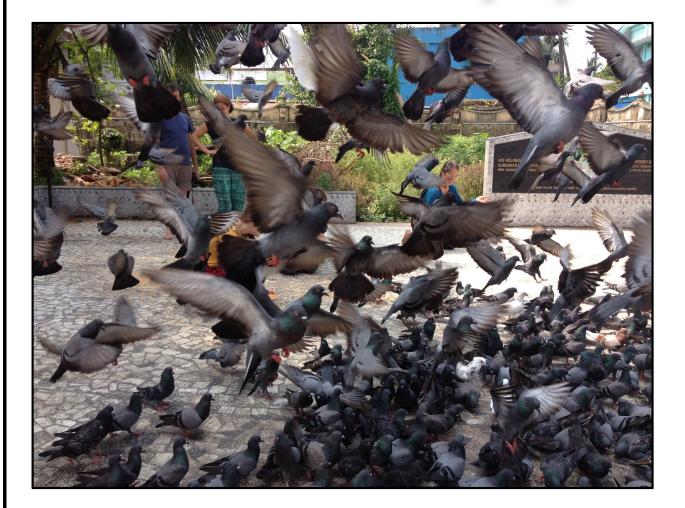
<u>GRETCHEN ROCKWELL</u>

JACK MCGAVICK

The Shape of Your Elbow



all roads lead here so it's no surprise under a hot sun the wad of gum on the cobblestone rebecomes its chewy self everything's milling the everything grist of the big city so dark so inky on the map how could you have missed its eddying current above the sucking of the drain just days ago I stood with the dish soap in one hand scrub brush in the other when it happened just like that—pigeons bloom newly unique from their milling like the flock of bubbles caught for a second in my kitchen window before I flung myself car-first down the interstate to see you apparently in a park surrounded by pigeons in bloom the metaphor long pollinated some pigeon kits survive the shift withstand that sudden jostle and some can't bear the pull of all that impossible space the new shafts of light on the cobblestones every time I blink I'm sure you're gone

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