There is communion of the beasts and so their bodies sing: an elephant (her gray chest rising) trumpets on her side, the sound an otherworldly sound, like stone gates pried apart. An ape stands vigilant beside the bodies of three others. Reaching out, he prods them with his hand, unrolls their fingers then releases them. He snarls and grunts, then sits and bows his head, his shoulders slumped. Four sables slash across the ground, their dark fur glinting, gone, like minnows in a stream. The cages of the Pavlov Institute all howl, the long-doomed choir with windows sewn into their stomachs, bodies thinned to bone.