

JONATHAN FINK

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## **Bombs Fall Near a Zoo**

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.