

JONATHAN FINK

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.