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Tales of Grief and Destruction

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Gary Myers

Tales of Grief and Destruction

I am watching my hands closely today
Sometimes they want to fly like birds
North south
It's a problem to which everyone has an answer

Put your hands in your pockets they say wash them
Pet your dog he has come home at last
But things are not so simple anymore
My dog died during yesterday's hurricane
Strangled by a scarf from a neighboring town

I sat in the corner of the room hands over my eyes
Thinking of wheelchairs careening down rain-soaked streets
There was a loud siren from a passer-by
My dog was thrown from a sinking ship by a reluctant sailor
And I could not get my hands to do what I wanted

It had been raining for days
My dog licked my hands feverishly circled the room
I thought about moving south or north
I whistled an hour on the veranda
A distant roar crept through the suburbs
My dog was struck by a bus and died in the
hands of a tearful passenger

Loving a killed dog involves the hands
It can't be helped
Folded hands like a haystack in one's lap
All night I was thinking to the sound of crickets
The hollow whistle of nighthawks overhead

Whenever my hands are those tame pigeons in the front yard
I am sad
Though I've grown used to tame pigeons
The way I've grown used to my tired feet
The summer swings of my weak legs running after my dog

In the distance there was a tail of smoke rising
My dog ran into a burning house and could
be seen dashing from room to room
He licked the windows wildly
I wore gloves and felt hopeful

Hands in the guise of hands appear subdued harmless
Though capable of imaginative acts
The men who pulled my drowned dog from the river
wore gloves
I watched from the road hands in my pockets
A neighbor's scarf around my neck
Buildings tumbled along the surface of the earth