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Miracle at the White Eagle

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Sean Brendan-Brown

Miracle At The White Eagle

I popped the Coors, metal moist 24
ouncer; smoke poured from the hole.
The genie materialized, giggled, “Thank
god you drink. Thought I’d be trapped
in there forever.” He offered three wishes.

“Anything?”

Anything.

First came the finest bottle of ambrosia,
and it was. Second, I asked for a good
wife and she danced from the jukebox
goddess-lithe but when I embraced &
kissed the heavy-breasted coin-collared
holograph my lips passed through hers
onto the face of a trucker.

Furniture was destroyed, glasses
smashed, first I was winning then three on
me so I wished for peace, brotherhood,
safe passage; the genie crossed his arms,
grinning, and I sailed through frigid air
atop a tattered carpet which crashed halfway
across the Nisqually.

“Sonofabitch,” I said, clawing up
the muddy bank. “I set you free. You
were drowning in beer and I freed you.”
But he was gone; beadles & bolts, infinite
anility, church bells smothered by a SeaTac jet.