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## After the Election

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## AFTER THE ELECTION

Sean Thomas Dougherty

*your house was bread**Larry Levis*

what book is opened what hand-drawn pictures of saints what  
 humble shrouds ruby'd in the earth's flooded grief there in dog-  
 hearted exile let the roses sweep exhausted on the ground at the  
 feet of the strikers crying for bread in the poor drizzle against  
 factory windows someone is sewing the map of the world of  
 what should be human with sound in the rooms of bare bulbs  
 in the unkempt child's hair in the mother's gold comb in the  
 music of trucks in the calling and the kiss like little trumpets  
 there is a love that is thick as the breath from loaves cooking in  
 a crowded kitchen where the amputees bow their heads to read  
 the map that stops us from lying a new life will enter like a long  
 walk through the state of ruin to love this city will celebrate 6:32  
 P.M. a boy raises his bicycle in the city of what could be what  
 should be he unrolls a map a red bicycle with silver rims and he  
 rides past cathedrals Italian restaurants bodegas wheelchair races  
 greenhouses cookie shops Tai Chi ballets in the parks where the  
 jails have been turned into print shops beauty parlors bakeries  
 breathe the warm bread on the kitchen table we have spread the  
 map run our fingers over the avenues of lentils the boulevards of  
 sangria eggplant *arroz* chutney couscous la conga in a bakery box  
 in a blueberry muffin in the breaking in the bowing in a bottle  
 of milk in the newspaper where the pages are blank and we lift  
 our crayons with our new bodies where we draw like umbilical  
 chords like kite strings the lines that lead into the never known  
 mispronouncing the new words no one has yet to define this  
 new gospel crossing the last eclipse this cartography we claim  
 toward a new refuge this new passage rising into these houses  
 of bread inside you.