

STACY GNALL

Some Curious End

Animals! . . . created . . . to reveal the human being to man
himself . . . each of them brought to some curious end.

Bruno Schulz, The Street of Crocodiles

Up out of the trailer, the apartment in Harlem, the estate of the estranged
circus stars— All lit true

by the glint of a tooth, you are ending.

With the black bear doped and posed at the county fair. To prove
there's a god, a snake

held in prayer. You are ending.

Because each plush, each basking, each speechless thing you take
for tenderness.

Because the cub you said was precious and felt like a relic. Touched
the place primitive in you.

Saw through you.

Torn right off at the wrist bone / when you started in your / impossible going, gone—

Because you are the provoked:

From whom gave up his ghost to who'll next give up his throat— From what
hung up, handdog sense of love?—

you'll curiously end.

Because a half-tamed thing licks its lips, and you hear your anthem.