

Caravan of Wounds

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I woke one day in the land of the nearly dead,
riding across the plains, fleeing a sky
tsunami overhead. I piloted a great

many-legged vehicle made of bones,
and picked up passengers as I went; they lay
by the no-road, extending a thumb or three

fingers or waving a foot, whatever wouldn't flee
at first opportunity. Freedom is a longing
in every piece and part, duct tape a wonder

for holding selves together. City appeared
on the horizon like a storm growing upward
from the ground. No borders, no walls

separated urban meat from vasty dry—blood
everywhere, red dust thickening to brown
as it clotted. We—now a caravan of wounds

ourselves tumbling into town—bandaged the world's
flesh with our bodied gauze, singing with one throat
medical hymns and antiseptic madrigals,
stitching together songs of grace.

