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## Blind Dogs

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Ryan Benedetti

## Blind Dogs

Now the fog is clinging to the lake.  
It is the eighth day since my accident  
in the desert. The fire goes out.  
I smear black pitch on my hat  
and on an old pair of leather gloves.  
It is a lung-healing scent.

I paddle out and driftwood knocks  
against the raft. Even the hawks  
hump their backs to the spring storms.  
I look at all the branches going by  
and imagine my enemies moistening  
their lips with balm. They send dogs for my body.

The dogs are blind. Their hearing  
is poor. Their snouts are flattened.  
I spend the rest of my life trying to cure them.  
I meditate hours and hours and nothing  
at all seems to happen. During the night  
they sit on me and blink their eyes.

I hold my left hand under my testicles,  
while in my right I hold a cigarette.  
I warn the dogs that they sit on green  
and tender grass, that the walls and the floor  
of the tunnel are damp, that they must leap  
several hundred feet into the dark green pool.