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**Blind Dogs**

Ryan Benedetti

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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.