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The Ani

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The Ani

October, November, December, I've forgotten the month, but I remember the moment I first saw the Ani

perched on the limb of a young tree planted in the divider strip of a parking lot in South Florida, North Miami, Bay Vista

where they used to dump toxic waste in the mangroves, then paved it over and built a university. I worked there

two years. The limb was so slight and the Ani so heavy it bobbed up and down in the breeze.

Clouds loomed above the sea. Tar-black and shining in the sun, its big grotesque beak

in profile, it looked straight at me with one eye glinting like a black pearl. I am the Lord God of this exact place it said. Who are you?