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The Game of "Statues"

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The Game of "Statues"

I swerve the narrow road at low tide,  
the lagoon buffed to silver by the sky.  
The car radio is delivering

the news. An egret  
stands motionless on one leg, then falters,  
labors against grace  
before it finds its element.  
Against the spread of wet light beside the road  
I see from another landscape

Rancho Seco, its huge inverted funnels.  
Around them a gypsy's song  
already coming from the speakers  
thins like blown glass.  
This report just now—they're closing  
the plant, although its invisible Xenon 133 fumes  
pose no threat. This is not

child's play, we might  
be stopped at any moment  
not by the usual bell or whistle; hands  
clapped over the eyes,  
the mouth to remain open  
in a terrified rictus.