Summer 1994

Blind Dogs

Ryan Benedetti
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.