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To Sturgeon

Danielle Cordaro
Western Michigan University

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To Sturgeon
Danielle Cordaro

Whose animal are you?
To suck the mud
biologic bag, stomach
tough enough to hold
bales of chicken wire.
Not digesting. Only
holding on. When you're
found floating unbelievably
belly up, like some unfortunate
Goldie or Gus, you'll be
hailed in with a crane
and opened, and out
will come your stuff:
rolls of asbestos,
skeleton of a toy poodle,
stop sign,
golf balls, deflated basketballs,
innumerable stones,
cans,
and scores of fish
hooks, thousands of them,
caught in a thump of your stomach and
shined by the acid there.
They'll look like a jackpot,
a fortune.
Someone lucky will get to
pull the dirty gloves from
his hands and
plunge them
into your guts
just to fell the glint and glance
of all that.