

At Last the New Arriving

By Gabrielle Calvocoressi

Like the horn you played in Catholic school
the city will open its mouth and cry

out. *Don't worry 'bout nothing. Don't mean
no thing.* It will leave you stunned

as a fighter with his eyes swelled shut
who's told he won the whole damn purse.

It will feel better than any floor
that's risen up to meet you. It will rise

like Easter bread, golden and familiar
in your grandmother's hands. She'll come back,

heaven having been too far from home
to hold her. O it will be beautiful.

Every girl will ask you to dance and the boys
won't kill you for it. Shake your head.

Dance until your bones clatter. What a prize
you are. What a lucky sack of stars.

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