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Election

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when the chosen helicopter
over their destined porticos
planned communities neon green
economies their histories
stretched out like heavenly sails
a heron hunches
in the river I punch
my ballot worried
about my father's health
insurance and the leaky ceiling
plip plip goes the light
in the scattered tupperwares
trees shake anxiously
in the storm my mother
calls she needs me to care
for her which seems unfair
creak creak the bones
of the old doorframe
if I sold all my possessions
I could purify the waters
of whole countries I'm dying
to get back to the book
I'm reading where
the poor are air
lifted to a hidden planet
washed in glory you can see
it glisten on their foreheads
something Jesus said
on a dismal morning
blue haze rising from
the furrows far
out in the subsidies
my candidate fires rifles
stumps in diners plastic

bags flap from fence posts
like waxy flags no one
touches their eggs
my candidate says
the train is most convincing
if we tie you to the tracks
I think of the boy enthralled
by the parade my own kids
safe at school they
text me smiling suns
they know I'm not all bad
I'm here to celebrate the miracle
of getting out of bed
halfway between this place
and an enormous cloud
where we're all vapor
we never suffer
everyone crowned
with the same white hair
my candidate screams
in the trees a torn silhouette
strung from power
lines he folds my vote
into a perfect crane
she flies ungainly
through the atmosphere
my body slides so easily
between the rails
what have you done to prepare
for your own death
he says your one true calling
the sun's white blister
throbs in the sky
three ravens on the trestle
sound the alarm

