
“SALUTE TO POLICE OFFICER DOYLE:
CHAMPION OF ELEPHANTS”

—*Headline, Circus Watch News, 1992*

Consider the red of it and the white—the sting of dung
in your nostrils. Consider the pachyderm,

six deep in a Conga line led by the matriarch.
Imagine the neon air she dances beneath

as she balances on a ball, then bows.
Picture, then, the surge when she breaks

from her levee.
Show me how to bottle a hurricane,

and I'll show you how the world ends:
fifty-seven armor-piercing bullets

and a policeman, slumped into the grass,
crying into his hands, gunpowdered fresh.