

John Gosslee

## Chapter of Loss

Will you pray? My mouth is still.  
The green bottles till off the bridge.  
The stickers worked onto grocery carts,  
bumpers, subway car ceilings,  
say I'm done with the accents  
and also, the tongue is dead  
in the wreath of my teeth.

My friend's bushy browed father leads us  
through the black tunnel  
to a cliff wall hole over the river.  
He flicks water from a forming stalactite  
onto the rubble headed towards  
the open mouth of the ocean.  
We toss rocks to knock a rubber hose  
loose from an electrical wire  
and when his father does, we go.

