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Who Will Deliver Me From This Body of Death

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Who Will Deliver Me From This Body of Death

TANIA RUNYAN

—Beast XVI, bronze, 1959, Lynn Chadwick
Frederick Meijer Gardens and Sculpture Park

I get it: bronze monster in the garden,
modern despair among the rhododendrons.
He's a pancaked boar with a dent eye
and stump snout, a baggage
of triangles atop chopstick legs.

They say *Chadwick's sculptures*
evoke suffering and rage. I want to say, beast,
that you are lovely in your darkness.
In the heat of my sin I would lay my head
on the cool edges of your body, a waterfall

of Lazarus' fingers. If I let you loose
they'd shoot a dart in your rump
before you could lumber through the park
head-butting children and snapping the tendrils
of Chihuly glass. But you wouldn't do that.

You would sink into a secluded pond
and snuffle the lilies and cattails,
then silently watch the sky in the water
until curtains of emerald algae
rippled from your skeletal back.