

NEW LONDON PRIMARY SCHOOL  
EXPLOSION, MARCH 18, 1937

Together indebted to the American project—  
a bride under the umbrella and appointed hand  
holding it—come celebrate.  
Get out of bed. Grow your tomatoes  
again, the way the Lord requests.  
Schools are built for detonations,  
earthquakes, vigilante deeds and minor protests.  
Say what you will about how we control  
to our ongoing apathy. I'm staying home sick.  
Forgive police chief *what's-his-name*,  
after all of the children were pulled from rubble  
—some still in love with their role in the world—  
and how Chief *whatever-his-name* was salvaged  
a mural of The Last Supper that hung above  
the entrance to the school's cafeteria.  
Part of me still believes in absolution  
as a home we construct toward a future  
undertaking, how couples pick a place in the suburbs  
with an extra bedroom, just in case.  
Just to be safe, I've started a spreadsheet  
that itemizes the big debt. The one we likely  
won't be called on, but wouldn't it be nice  
to have a list to offer if we feel  
we're being double billed?  
Just because our donations have come  
up short. I wouldn't want that to stop  
this contribution called *progress*.  
Some springs come odorless, soundless  
as an electric sander and set on bloom.  
We can't watch our gardens at night.  
We can only witness good faith  
pledging allegiance to communion  
before it becomes a supper club:  
each guest on one side of a lengthy table  
as if some dear friend had asked us all to pose  
for the group photo. Take Andrew, hands mimed  
in protest against another pour,  
the responsible Apostle, watchful not to offend  
his host, but quite sure he's had enough.