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## Wish Dolls

Carrie Jordan  
*Denison University*

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## Wish Dolls

I.

A man  
wrapped himself  
in waves of color  
that glowed against  
his naked yellow skin  
as he knelt in silence  
and touched his forehead  
softly to the earth.

Feathers floating  
above his braids  
soaked up the wind  
and lifted his heavy head  
to the sky,  
followed by hands  
which fluttered  
like wings of an insect  
stuck in a web.

Chanting in tones  
to crack valley walls,  
he gathered up the clouds  
where gods await the call  
of the chosen few  
who protect men and women  
from the bite of wild dogs,  
the sting of enemy spears.

II.

A young girl,  
hair in snarls,  
and flannel pajamas  
twisted like a straight jacket  
from too many restless dreams,  
awakens in the dark  
and jumps from her floral bed  
which turns black as night  
and devours children.

Hands struggle  
in and out of drawers,  
like a nervous thief  
in the blinding dark,  
for a small yellow box  
the shape of a coffin,  
her link to comfort.

One by one  
she raises tiny dolls in tiny braids  
dressed in green, blue, red —  
lines them like braves  
instructing them with whimpers  
to call to the heavens,  
to drive fears to the wind,  
to protect a small child  
from clawing beasts  
that prowl in the night.

*Carrie Jordan*