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## Monarchs

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# Monarchs

by Robert J. De Smith

The monarchs are flocking—  
Orange lacquered flutterings:

Just the spirit, I think,  
Of souls on Judgment Day.

# His Hand

by Robert J. De Smith

I.  
His hand,  
Etched as curiously  
As Dürer's *St. Jerome*,  
But with motor grime for ink,  
Coaxes my shoulder upward:  
"I believe you're growing."

II.  
As I struggle with a brake shoe spring,  
Mysteries of a new tool forcing awkwardness on me,  
He tries to make me see:  
"You don't want to be a mechanic—  
The dirt—the hours—the hurt."  
(A can of radiator flush,  
Under pressure, once sprayed his eye,  
Burning it; the doctor peeled his eye like an onion,  
Patched it, and prescribed glasses.)

III.  
So here I am—  
Repairing participles,  
Aligning verbs,  
Overhauling paragraphs.  
The ink stains my left hand.

When I finish,  
I think I'll clean some spark plugs.