

Consider the Living

by Sara Fitzpatrick Comito

The jets sounded pilotless this morning
as we buried one of the breeding stock.

We'd like to rise up like privateers against
the scurrilous machinations of the airport
ferrying its privilege. But we're not at war
with the world. We have papers.

This city lot contains all our authority,
we've seen it through from seed to deed.
The chickens scratch over the mound for
fresh worms. The bank won't come today,

we got a continuance.

