

# 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.

