



of conservative voters; when,  
dropped by an atrophied arm,  
the stainless steel pot clatters  
to the kitchen floor, and long after  
the ritual of mail delivery  
has ceased its comforting  
punctuation, and after the fine ash  
of incinerated trash has filmed  
the school windows—those who  
have strength will push open their doors  
and send out their suffering dogs.

Those dogs will glance nervously  
over their shoulders as they descend  
the sagging porch steps beside  
the basket of curling geraniums,  
wagging their tails in the wan hope

characteristic of their species  
(so long accustomed to the sound  
of our languages over their heads),  
but who will begin soon to fend  
for themselves, to form a better government,  
a more perfect union, with a pure code  
constructed of growls, more suited  
to the new world—*the world*  
of accelerated mutation that will be  
their inheritance. To forget us  
will take them less than a generation.