

Peter Henry

ODE TO ZONING

On Wednesday nights, the neighborhood doomsayers gather.
They parade around the neighborhood proclaiming
the subdivision will end tomorrow.

They pass out leaflets the color of emphysema
taking nominations for a savior to lead them into a post-suburb order.

I'm that someone.
It's been foretold by the stars on the evening of my birth,
which were actually rings on the ten thousand pinkies of the night.
It's been foretold by the dead, breaking their concentration
as they counted up their invisible money.
It's been foretold by the rain, on the way to its regular pot-luck
with a casserole of dew cradled beneath its arm.

The doomsayers gather outside my front door, chanting my name
& I slip in among them, disguised as myself.