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## The Fall of the Picket Fence

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## *The Fall of the Picket Fence*

The city breathes  
like a dying man,  
the river's stagnant wheeze,  
a black lunged cough.

I rest here  
on this slab, the concrete  
chemical eaten and crumbled.  
Water seeps through  
the browning rib cage  
of a carp who  
reaches through the  
oily black sand,  
grasping for air.

My head drops  
to my hands.  
I exhale,  
lean back,  
my eyes take in the  
grey sky.

Behind me  
the wind moves  
a skeleton branch  
against a fence -  
a death rattle.

(cont'd., new stanza)

At my silent feet  
the river slides,  
a vein of rot,  
a perished city's  
zombie blood  
draining away.

*by Melissa J. Favara*