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The Fall of the Picket Fence

Melissa J. Favara

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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