

Suburbia

Mild mannered duplicity where
every meter is measured and weighed for value.
On the fringes of the yellow-hued city
a community of clones lies in wait
within their geometric subdivisions of space.
Carefully walled off behind chain-link and wood
they peek through the cracks, watching
for the misguided mongrel that mistakes
the manicured greenery as something more
(Hunkered down, eyes casting about, ears alert
for the soft pop of the pellet gun,
not understanding their mistake).
Carbon based simplicity with nothing
beyond the norm, variation being frowned
upon and usually scorned. And
as the night wanes they sit in front of their
twenty-one inch color televisions watching
the late local news and occasionally
glancing out the window to make sure the Joneses
aren't getting too far ahead.

Richard Bist