

The Comptroller's Dream

by Reverie Koniecki

watch this turn to
arms and shoulders

see how the skyline
bends fog's fingers

windows feel this
bridge connect nowhere

to somewhere wait
for the comptroller

to cherry pick her blue
signage as she measures

this generation from burden
to expectation to guilt

watch how quickly this
frontage road empties

you from highway to
avenue to intersection

to the closed road where
your mother stands

hands on hips acutely
angled elbows extended

anxiety cocooned by
her featherless wings

your daughter will
forever be your past