

ALTERITY

The penultimate
night of October after
dark I stand diagonal on Comm Ave at the cross-
walk watching rush hour, head cocked to one side. A metal line
trots a dotted zag across the street, bronze stitches paralleling the Mass Turnpike
which runs under. This giant zipper reaches almost to the other side of the river, proves
the whole road was assembled, not carved. Some say All Hallows Eve is an uncanny time of powerful
alterity, when mists thin and the dead move among us again. And the rusty-sprocketed seam's
not quite stapled closed; from in between comes a cool jagged stream of bridge-shadowed
air, a slit something like attenuated daylight, left over from hours ago. The cars begin
to pour across the fault, I feel tons of cement and steel juddering beneath
my feet, sturdy concrete sobbing under the rush and leap, the
weight. An old enemy's hand not here to steady me. My face
hard in the wind. Winter enters now, from this
point forward, a single gapped
month like a black
tooth in a grin.