[kingdoms]
By Matthew DeMotts

i.
there is a dignity in the rust and brick dust; there is a dignity. it lies in
the courts of some abandoned factories on moonlit city limits. there is
a nobility hidden behind the chain-link fences embraced by wanton
grass and dandelions. there is a majesty in the sleeping fluorescent
bulbs dangling like bats over varmint-trodden passages. in every
chipped tile and every dry spigot and every tapestry of graffiti spread
out beneath bombarded windowpanes there is a monarchy. there is a
monarchy in the creaks and groans.

ii.
our coup began before dawn broke, after raucous drives in the rain.
petrichor and darkling fog still clung to our noses with tenacity. we
were piled into our makeshift war chariot, a tired sedan, belting out
half-remembered shanties. we swerved through the gates and
stormed the castle with bricks and bottles and baseball bats, glossy-
eyed and smiling for war. we battered the porcelain thrones and sinks
with our splintering louisvilles, shattered the mirrors with our brick
missiles. every window was a target, every corroded pipe a
monument to tear down. we stomped on the crusty needles of long-
gone junkies and pissed on the walls and all the while laughed and
hollered as we pillaged the kingdom. when the sun rose over the
puddles, we had already disappeared.

iii.
there is a dignity in our pills and tablets; there is a dignity. it lies in the
milk-soggy remnants of our morning cereal. there is a nobility hidden
behind our forgotten moments and liver spots. there is a majesty in
the looming bills and taxes dangling like bats over our bureaus. in
every missing hair and every birthday candle and every broken
promise there is a monarchy. there is a monarchy in the creaks and
groans.