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Portrait of Indianapolis, November 2012

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JULIE HENSON

PORTRAIT OF INDIANAPOLIS, NOVEMBER 2012

Children, Broadripple is burning & the girls are getting sick.

—Margot & the Nuclear So & Sos

It's a mess. The Thai place
in Fountain Square. That bookstore, the box
in its basement full of a dead man's wigs.
My father, who art not here, who art in heaven, possibly, possibly
not. Anything north of 34th is asking to burn, typical Rome,
typical martyr move, the intersection on College
selling quilts, blocked off since

the pedestrian got hit-&-run-killed leaving with sushi.
Here I am, Julie of *Yeah I live right off Rockville*, of ode
to the township line. Where is the cemetery
with the statue of Christ in the center,
the one that makes me whisper Jesus every time I pass?
Oh grief is like reverence made from Popsicle sticks.

At some point I was attempting to *live local*, but I couldn't
afford it. Neither could I bring things back from the dead,
not even a little bit. Not even half-baked, not even Lazarus
who already knows the drill.

Is it sacrilege when I drive the old streets, check
if people I know are hanging Christmas lights or if
someone is driving to Kroger on 16th street to buy tofu
to eat in the dark? It's easiest to say *it happened like an accident*,
rather than *the place is cursed*. This city coated

RIP RIP Rest in peace, Daddo. Write it underneath
any bridge. What small protest. Oh grief
is like graffiti. Julie of. Below that, what about a likeness?
Two arms, ten fingers, etc.