DMV

To a mixed-up Roman, it might mean
five hundred five which is about the same
number as my place in the queue
among my fellow citizens, whom
I have come to admire as we wait
to be questioned and fingerprinted,
to cover our eyes, first one then the other,
to read from a diminishing list
of letters on the wall chart, to sit
with a cane sliding unnoticed into an aisle,
to cup the elbow of an elderly parent
as the line snakes on, and to sigh and shake
our heads as the photo guy takes
a coffee break, to state our political parties
or assert that we have none, to agree
to donate our organs, or not, to look into
each other’s faces and see that what
we have agreed to is not always to our liking,
before our number flashes on the screen.