

# Aliens

by JON SWAN



To the aliens who descended  
in a shower of light particles  
that assembled at last into shapes  
familiar from docudramas

tabloids at checkout stations  
and other reliable sources  
with the wide childlike eyes and face  
narrowing on its way to the chin

clean shaven hairless as a scalded  
chihuahua and given to wearing  
highnecked tunic shirts to conceal  
the absence of an Adam's apple

yes you there hovering  
overhead with your brights on:

I refuse to accept your credentials!  
Who do you think you are more alien than?

We have a man at the wheel down here  
who's doing eighty-five in reverse  
He's steering by the rearview mirror  
and pays no attention to Stop signs

Yield? Why on earth should he when God  
is his co-pilot and this is His country?  
Nothing alien is alien to us.  
You should get yourselves naturalized.