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Llyn Clague A Triumph

On a not very good day, the sun shining without mercy, *to-do*'s hanging over you like a cliff and *I-did*'s tiny as pebbles, suddenly you face the triumph of an enemy, or at least a rival.

Praise, promotion, public acclaim: success earned you've yearned for.

A not very good day now a very not good day, the shadow of *to-do*'s giving you a chill, *I-did*'s scattered as dust, and the sun shining without mercy.

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Closing The Deal

This morning he is Nate, leaving home, walking down the street.

The sun is bright for January, winter already weary.

White-haired, wheelchair-ed, partially paralyzed, enticingly confused.

"You won't," on this he dwells, "have to pay any more bills."

He smiles, even flirts. Knows, with his glistening hair and dark eyes,

women find him sexy. I bet you were – you still are – a beauty.

Sign here. Take your time, love. Those bills will be taken care of.

You'll be taken care of. Don't worry. For you I'll even hire a lawyer.

Sign just ... here. The deed to your house, Candide.

Normally, he is not much for whistling. In the January sun leaves are rustling.

Through pursed lips blows music – his favorite blues.

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All Agree

"Save the system," says the banker. Money is the blood in the body of society.

"Save the system," says the lawyer. The rule of law is the skeleton of order.

"Save the system," says the businesswoman. Enterprise is the muscle of success.

"Save the system," says the intelligence chief. Like impulses leaping across synapses, information is the *sine qua non* of security.

"Save the system," the reporter repeats what is said by those she interviews.

"Save the system," says the preacher. Faith offers hope to those in need.

"Save the system," echoes the mother at the end of the line strung out the door.

"Without my unemployment check I am lost. Save the system."