

## Wilderness House Literary Review 12/3

*Joseph Gianotti*  
**I feel loosened**

like a jar with the lid about to slip,  
a ripped fishing net,  
the wobbly front wheel on a grocery cart,  
a pencil without an eraser,  
a priest whose congregation has died away,  
an overnight can of soda,  
a classroom filled with a cacophony of students,  
a slackened bicycle chain caught in a cuff,  
a tennis ball clipped by the tape,  
a wildly driven nail bent at the torso,  
and the doorknob jiggles,  
loose too,  
ready to fall out of position.

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### Reaganomics

Our parents worked in the mills.  
Southworks, Inland, Bethlehem.  
For twenty years,  
our dads and granddads sold steel  
or worked in blast furnaces while our  
moms keypunched and cut checks.

We rode shiny new bicycles every summer.  
We caught baseballs with the best gloves.  
Our parents rewarded us  
with stacks of Atari games  
because they could do better than  
the licorice whips and yoyos  
of their childhood.

We waged war with armies of action figures  
flanked across our bedroom floors.  
I even knew a kid with a pinball machine.

In December of 1983, the last of us  
wrested our nine-year-old bodies  
out of bed and rushed downstairs  
to find more loot than ever.  
So many presents, they had gone unwrapped.

We did not know then  
what our parents knew.  
The steelworkers' last will and testament.