

BLACK FRIDAY

Let me forgive you, the-famished-farmer for pillaging the granary. You should absolve me also for joining the long line. The turkey is consumed. We have thanked the thankless. Nothing is left of it but bare bones like our empty wallets.

In a time like this, we need deals, deep discounts, marked-down stickers—red tag, yellow tag, blue tag and shoes with soles intact, faded denims like our confused hearts.

It is dark outside like a mortuary. The old car coughs and puffs fog on the driveway. You and I both dream four new tires—glossy, good tires, still whiskered and scented in a foreign factory.

Light bulbs are busted in our bedrooms a long time ago. It will be a war for light bulbs, tools, toys or what not. You, the-monk see candles flaming on the retailer's altar—shelves full of light-bulbs burning and illuminating the faces of the consumer-gods.

It is harvesting time in aisle fourteen—cheap cheese, dairy and poultry for the rainy day. It is panic and predicament in the garment section—Chinese-made woolen jackets fifty-percent off, fabric woven by child workers, head scarf and sweatshirt for quarter of a dollar.

What do ants collect before the winter? Grass seeds, nuts, dirt as well as cadavers of other ants.