

But the Sun Also Sets

by Jerry Ratch

I've lost interest in the limelight since I've come to understand that I'm not meant to be in it. We walk past the Porker Palace and see crowds of the rich with piles of pig in their hands, stacks of pork piled up on their plates as they swirl among the crowd. And it is so loud in there. There is always a low roar coming out of that place. The rich are so happy since the Great Recession that has reduced the middle class to a state of non-existence. So there are only the rich now, and the poor who wait upon them, piling on the pork and pouring more wine and polishing their toenails and rubbing their feet.

And those of us who are on the outside, smoldering, as we walk past. One day someone is going to toss a match into that incendiary scene, and they will be seen on the news pouring out of the Porker Palace while balancing their unfinished stack of ribs and bacon strips and piles of blubber with their shirttails on fire.

They say that the sun also rises. Yeah, but the sun also sets.

