

Black Friday Crime Scene

by Phoebe Wilcox

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Her name was Christine
and she was nailed to the cross
of their lust
and their greed,
and their vengeance,
and their bullshit
until finally one day she yanked out the nails
and got down off the cross
and thought to herself
about how maybe
she should take the thing apart:
reduce, reuse, recycle.
Saw it up and build a vessel of her sorrow
and set sail to a watery supermarket
where she'd say NO, NO, NO
to all who would take a number at her deli
(as if the wealth of her resources
constituted their convenience store).
Yes, the truth is that
Orders of life and love and pain
never come all sliced up
And ready to go.
Nothing is ever convenient
or cheap.
And this particular store
Right now
In the neighborhood of her heart
Happens to look like

A goddamn Black Friday crime scene.

