

Saturday at the Pre-owned Super Store

by Gary Hardaway

It's every inch a February day.
The sharp wind chills our bones beneath
the sky's deep shroud of misting gray.

We do not want to be here. Need ensnares
and pulls us. We put on its tightened face
which mirrors what each guest will wear

when need compels them here to greet us. They
need, we need. It's a sad exchange. The hours
pass, scenes in a long unhappy play.

