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It Will Never Be Enough: A Fable

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Pat McKeage *It Will Never Be Enough: A Fable*

The wind drew in self sighs, emitted low
chattering moans, while inside the children
gathered around the stained covered table.
One dog stretched out by coal-banked fire,
the other pacing about. Cats perched in smudged
corners stared out with yellow slit eyes.

Drunk were the children, their eyes seeing double,
minds spinning within seasoned cycles, bodies growing
with despair as they railed against the faraway mother,
a stick like figure still driving her children after lo
these many years, her voice burrowing out--

"No matter what you do, it will never be enough."
"No matter how hard you try, it will never be enough."
"No matter how much you love me, it will never be enough."
And, as if on cue, the children raised their glasses and, in
manic rage, howled, "It will never be enough. Bang!
She's dead."

They clapped and prayed.

A hundred miles west and in the same hour, the mother
stepped out, out from her low-slung home, out to her
November-numbered garden, out onto the frozen sloping field.
A bullet slammed through her ancient head.

The hunter, new to the area and target shooting,
was stricken with remorse.

Upon hearing the deed,
the children lay terrified between cold sheets.

Later, much later, a hooded figure shuffled
out from the forest, out across still frozen fields,
out to the dread-filled spot, performed her incantations,
wiped the slate clean.

Thunder god, waking from his winter sleep,
drew up an eyebrow, took note.

Tiny children danced and played. . . .