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Oedipus Rex Meets Teiresias at Wal-Mart

R. SCOTT YARBROUGH

I can never find a parking spot by the door. What I wouldn't give to be handicapped sometime. Get one of those wheelchair stickers, which, by the way, a clubfoot doesn't qualify. I could kill that guy in the Hummer who cut me off, like he's manager or something. Damn Walmart.

I'm here to return my wife's, "Do it Yourself: Family Tree" PC disk, in trade for a pair of toga brooches. How do you wear out a brooch? Stick it "again" and "again" and "again?" Honestly, sometimes she treats me like a boy; her little Ashton. That was mean. Creon, her worthless brother, just sits around on his ass all day.

"Have a return?" Name tag Teiresias. There's one for the Baby's Name book. "Just a disk; not opened."
"Sure you don't want to take a look at that?"
His blind person stick nudges my foot like a hint.
I hate interrogations. "Well, have a smiley face sticker and give my regards to your family."
I put the sticker in my pocket so Ismene can have it when I get home. "Could I get one more; Antigone will just hang herself if Ismene gets one and she doesn't. Just like her mother."

I find the woman's accessories aisle - Togas, laurels, choreographing chorus cards, herbs for alters, wrinkle cream, drapes, sphinx repellent - then, there they are, solid silver with zirconium heads, brooches perfect enough for a queen. Women don't ever know what we go through to please them, such a riddle.

I check out with just a chorus of people all bitchin'
about how horrible the country's immigration policy is
and the failing economy and the drought. 'This exchange is
going to be tragic,' I think to myself; then, almost like fate;
I get some older displaced farm worker who used to do odd
jobs for me on the mountain behind the house and he
recognizes me, really knows his stuff. Seems like he was in
an awful hurry though; no real time to chit-chat.

I pass the glasses shop on my way to the door and remind
myself to get an eye exam, *soon*. "Be sure and keep that
receipt," Teiresias smiles a cookie sweet dough wrapped
around obesity smile. Where do they get these people
anyway? I hold up my bag, like a secret, like they want you
to, like you found the meaning of life at Walmart. I notice
the sun falling over the red western sky, a candy sundrop
fame flashing gone. How much time have I wasted on this
one errand in the wilderness?

"You might need to return something," he adds.

"You might need to return something," I say sarcastically
under my breath. What a know-it-all. And to think all
I have to look forward to at home is whether or not
the two boys have settled their argument yet.
I might as well wish my life away to retirement
in the white clouds and calm of Mt. Kithaeron.

An Alternate Mirror

DANIEL HIRUNRUSME

Sometimes when I look
Into the mirror I see myself as
Unattractive. So, I found an
Even uglier person to
Marry.