

EVERY CITIZEN'S DUTY

C.B. Anderson

The crops were in, the meat was cut and stored inside the freezer, firewood to the splinter was measured and stacked by the barn (a cord for every month), and I was set for winter.

I thought I'd have a chance to get some rest, but no—too many other duties beckoned: polite reminders from the dispossessed still waiting for the privileges they reckoned

were owed to them; a bunch of messages from charities to which I'd promised money; requests from interest groups, plump sausages with links to causes seeming almost funny

but for demands they made upon a poor hard-working person who at times could barely afford to pay his tax, much less endure their statehouse vigils skewed toward sharing fairly;

and lots of calls from in-laws wondering how *they* fit in. My heart prescribed directness, but candor looks like piggish blundering through lenses of political correctness.

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