

Prosperity

by James Sage

Not two months ago,
In the scarce season when man has most,
My neighbor followed bird-tracks in the snow.

Across the broken fields, across the desperate fields,
He followed the printer's fleeing message.

Not for food, not for clothing,
Not for protection or survival,
He pursued the little tragedy,
He acted out his pleasant role,
He presided at the climax.

Yet my neighbor was unsatisfied;
These one-act plays lacked novelty.
They were pleasant enough,
They were sporting enough,
But they needed more thrill and excitement.

I pause and wait and listen.
Across the broken fields, across the desperate fields,
My neighbor follows my tracks through the snow.

