

A Perfect Day at the Market

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For A. Camus

The woman at the hypnotist's
booth claims to be able to cure suicide

urges. First she deprives her victim of consciousness
of consciousness, then she says life is worth living

and never snaps her fingers again.

When she goes to jazz clubs
hundreds of lives hang in the balance.

Most of the other booths at the market are dedicated
to endless handkerchiefs and landscape photos.

The presiding sentiment is that one must always be prepared

for another handkerchief. Some people
are still making bead geckos, and everyone else is

still not buying them. If not for pretty girls
I'd never buy anything (today, four bars

of home-made soap.) I was blinded
by white Daffodils in the sun at noon.
My perfect day at the market was ruined

when you told me my mother had died
in her sleep. Some days

later, I recalled how happy I was
at the market and promptly became so again.

There are two truths and one of them is unspeakable.

